HYMEN'S PRÆLUDIA:
OR,
LOVE'S MASTER-PIECE,
Being the Second Part of that ſo much admired ROMANCE, Entituled *CLEOPATRA.*

Written Originally in the French, *and now rendred into* Engliſh
By R. LOVEDAY.

EVAND.
Quid magis optaret Cleopatra *Parentibus orta*
Conſpicuis, Comiti quam placuiſſe Thori?

LONDON,
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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THOMAS Viſcount CRAMOND.

MY LORD,

SInce you gave me the honour to be known and oblig'd to your Lordſhip, my ambition has ever been ſtudious to render a fair account (not only to your ſelf, but the World) of my acknowledgement, ſuch thoughts as theſe have ventur'd this poor offering to your Lordſhips hands, and though the forwardeſt of them can give it no better title, than my greateſt attempt to need your pardon, yet I know your nobleneſs can ſeparate the thing from the intention, and if the one deſerves to be us'd ſeverely, I hope the other may anſwer for it ſelf at the bar of your Candor: Thus the Divinity commands and accepts our *Prayers*,

though little humane Devotion goes ſo beautifull to Heaven, but it carries blots & blemiſhes enough (contracted from our frailty) to need forgiveneſs. I ſhould now ſtrive to deprecate your Cenſure, for preſenting your Lordſhip with ſuch a double piece of imperfection, both in Fountain and Stream, in its ſelf, and in its Pedegree, it being no better than a hand with three fingers torn from an imperfect body, or an abortive birth, ſnatch'd out of Natures hands before ſhe had finiſh'd it; but your acceptation is able to make it appear leſs crooked, as well to the common Eye, as the thoughts of,

My Lord,

Your Honours moſt humble,
and ever faithfull Servant,

LOVEDAY.

READER,

FOR *I am not* Prophet *enough to ſit thee with an* Epithite, *I have once more hazarded another* parcel *of my* Diverti ſements *to thy peruſal, obſerving the method of a* Turkiſh Feaſt, *where Cuſtom allows but one* Diſh *upon the Table at once, but if this clogs thy* ſtomack *no worſe than the former, thou ſhalt not ſtay longer for more* variety: *to anticipate thy own diſcovery, if thou haſt not read the fore-going Part, thou wilt finde this but like a piece broken off at both ends: I have only this to ſay, there can be no perfection in a Part, while the whole is incomplete; and if the Story takes its leave abruptly, it does but the ſame with all the reſt yet extant that ſucceed it, which doubtleſs the Author intended ſhould grow up together, like the yong* Organs *of a Natural Body, till Time ſhould ripen them to a complete proportion.*

To

To his Dear Brother M. *Robert Loveday*, upon his ſecond part of *CLEOPATRA.*

COuld I with Penſil copie ſo,
As thou with Pen haſt drawn this piece,
The famed Maſters I ſhould out-do
Of both the Empires, Rome *and* Greece:
And wᵗ the old Samian *ſaid, prove true in this,*
As Souls, ſo Arts, their tranſmigration is.

This grain adds nothing to thy Store,
And want of ſkill bad me not write;
Yet Love ſaid do, though it be poor,
'Iwill borrow luſture from his light:
A piece of Gum that from a free heart comes,
May ſhew true Love, as well as Hecatombs.

A: LOVEDAY.

To his honoured friend M. Robert Loveday, *upon the unexpected publiſhing of his excellent Verſion, of the Second part of* CLEOPATRA.

THE world is twice in debt for this ſurprize,
That you are pleas'd once more to bleſs our eies
With what they durſt not hope for. For t'was thought
That the rich treaſure which your Pen had brought,
And did with ſuch ſucceſſful Art refine
From the ſcarce yet diſcover'd Gallick Mine,
Had been for ever lock'd up from the light,
Being too good for a bad Ages ſight.
But you are ever good, and let us know
What to your ſelf, we and our Language owe.
Coriolanus, by your ſmoother dreſs
Made more attractive now, can hope no leſs
Than his own Crowns, and *Cleopatra* too,
If noble actions well expreſt can woe.
Go on, dear Sir, our Engliſh tongue advance,
Even to the admiration of *France*.
Do not henceforth provoke our appetite,
But fill us, as with hope, ſo with delight.

J. Coles.

To my honoured friend and dear Brother, Mr. *ROBERT LOVEDAY. upon his happy Progreſs in LOVE'S, MASTER-PIECE.*

WEre I the *Muſes* Darling, and had been
Bred at the brink or limpid *Hyppocrene,*
Or were I He who with his ſacred Lyre
To th'Virgin Quire
Dictates the rules of Eloquence and Arts,
And quaintly to Anatomize the Parts
Of each deſerving Mortal, I ſhould here
Yet (juſtly) fear.
Leſt my too mean Elogies ſhould detract,
Rather than add to a piece ſo exact,
As this Production of thy pregnant Braines,
And happy Pains.
Thy Lines all other's Labours ſo excell
That only to themſelves they'r Parallel,
And merit more Applauſe than can b'expreſt
By Verſe ill dreſt.
Readers (if Juſt) will raiſe thee Trophies higher,
Than Modeſty permit thee to deſire,
And notwithſtanding Others vain Eſſayes
Give thee the Bayes.
Yet that I may the Obligations pay
Due to thy Worth, I ſhall take leave to ſay,
The ſowreſt Judge of Wit muſt grant me this,
None but LOVEDAY *could write* LOVE'S
MASTER-PIECE.

J. Wright.

HYMEN'S *Præludia*:
OR,
Love's Maſter-piece.

PART II. LIB. I.

ARGUMENT.

Emilius *begins his Maſters life to* Tyridates. *Characters his Father King* Juba, *whoſe power, pomp, and life, prove a ſacrifice to* Cæſars *fortunes. His birth and education at* Rome. *He is ſtruck with* Cleopatra's *Infant-beauty, as ſhe is ſhew'd among the ſpoil in* Auguſtus *triumph. The rare example of* Marcellus *amity in reſigning his claim to* Cleopatra, *carries them both to the* German War. *Their brave behaviour there, and return.* Tiberius *becomes his* Rival. *Puts a cunning trick upon* Coriolanus, *which enſnares him in a jealous error.*

LOVE never had more cauſe, in ſo little Elboe-room, to employ all his puiſſance, than in that houſe, where *Tyridates* and his two illuſtrious gueſts reſided; and ſcarce could the whole extent of his Empire, ſhew three nobler Slaves, whom he had fettered with more glorious chains.

The *Mooriſh Prince*, the *Brave Stranger*, and the *Parthian*, ſigh'd at the ſame time for ſeveral objects; and, as the earth could not boaſt any more worthy to light up their amorous flames; ſo it would have been difficult to have found, in the ſtock of Mankind, three ſouls more capable of ſuch paſſions, as they had power to kindle in hearts leaſt ſuſceptible of love's impreſſion. Oh could the night (blind as ſhe was) have ſeen thoſe refin'd fires, that fed their luſtre in that little retreat, they would have clear'd her complexion to a beautiful day, had they had an equal commiſſion to ſhine as well as burn. The *Stranger*'s deep wounds had ſo enfeebled his body, as they ſeem'd a little to leſſen the violence of thoſe reſentments, wherewith *love* & *grief* had inſpir'd him; thoſe that lighted upon *Tyridates* (which were ſo favourable as they could ſcarce be felt) left his thoughts an entire liberty to work upon the ſtate of his *Love* and *Fortune*; and the *Prince* of *Mauritania*'s, (though ſomthing deeper than his) yet not enough to unbuſy thoſe ſad conſiderations, and leave him leiſure to regard his bodily health, in ſo cruel an indiſpoſition of his mind. All things that had power to renew his anguiſh, came flocking to his memory ſo freſhly, as if the whole time, and all the accidents of his life, had ſtill been as young as at the moment of their birth; when after his officious thoughts had examin'd every good and ill, that trod their ſucceſſive ſteps in the courſe of his Fortunes, they came to hint *Cleopatra*'s ingratitude, that almoſt threw him into a ſwoond, with the torments of *grief* and *deſpair*.

But oh what a number of bitter plaints and hollow ſighs did that ſad remembrance tear from his mouth and

and heart: and how fitly did the blacks of the night ſuit with the mourning which his ſoul had put on: to him the darkeſt ſhades were far more welcome & agreeable than the brighteſt beams that could ſpring from the active treaſury of Light, and not well enduring the day, ever ſince the eclipſe of thoſe fair hopes that enlightened his ſoul, he found ſome comfort in an obſcurity conform'd to that of his ſpirit, that helpt him to wrap it in a dull cloud of heavy thoughts: And thus having quitted the care of himſelf, the day appear'd, before the repoſe of his body could give an hours calm to the ſtorms of his mind. He no ſooner ſpy'd the new-born light ſhoot it ſelf through the windows of his chamber, when, ſaluting it with ſome ſighs, *How importunate is this bright intruder!* (cry'd he) *how ſenſibly doſt thou aggravate the vexations of a wretch, which ſhould be intomb'd in an eternal night? All the objects thou doſt offer to mine eyes, ſerve but to wake a rememberance worſe than the cruelleſt death. I can breath no Aire, ſee no Sun, nor behold a Heaven, common to me and* Cleopatra, *that does not prompt my memory with her diſloyal change. Ah! how much more happy had I been, that thou hadſt ſeen me periſh in thoſe actions, wherein thou didſt light me the way to glory, that I had rather taken an eternal leave of thee in thoſe occaſions, that the world thought worthy of ſome remembrance, than to ſuffer ſuch a fatal preſervation, to be trod upon by the malice of injurious Fortune, and poſſible, to ſee my ingrateful* Cleopatra *wrapt in the armes of the ſubtle* Tiberius.

In the armes of Tiberius, repeated he: *Ah Son of* Juba! *chaſe that baſe thought from thy Soul, and*

recover the knowledge of thy Courage, that never yet forſook thee in any accident of my life, which thou beganſt with the loſs of all thou wert born to; Parents, Crowns, *nay the whole* glory *of thy Houſe, which at the firſt opinion of thine Eyes, thou ſaw'ſt expos'd in thy Perſon, to the ignominy of a* Roman Triumph; *thou haſt carryed it through pains and perills, with toyls of body and minde, capable to overthrow a common* Conſtancy, *and at laſt muſt end it by* deſpair; *yet ſuch a deſpair, as will never leave a blot upon thy memory, not tell the world thou doſt either degenerate from the* Roman Education, *nor that* Illuſtrious Extraction, *which thou took'ſt from ſo many* Kings. *If thou muſt dye, (as it is requiſite, ſince thy hopes are periſh'd) if poſſible, thou ſhalt throw down thoſe with thy fall that caus'd it, or at leaſt follow thy Fathers ſteps, who took his repoſe upon the point of his own ſword, becauſe he ſcorn'd to ask it elſewhere, after the fading of his glory, and the fall of his Empire.*

He had enlarg'd theſe plaints, if his *Squire*, who overheard divers of his ſighs, and underſtood ſome interrupted words, had not come to the beds ſide, and asked how he felt himſelf. *I am but too well*, ſaid he, *and with grief I feel, that my body is not brought low enough to ſuite my mind.* The Spuire was about to reply, when he heard one of *Tyridates* Servants at the door, that came from him to enquire of his health, and know, if a viſit from his Maſter would not incommode him; *Emilius* was commanded to return him a very civil anſwer, which, within a ſhort time after he had carried back, the *Parthian Prince* enter'd the Chamber, and approaching the beds ſide, bad him good Morrow. The *Maurita-*

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nian receiv'd *Tyridates*, with acknowledgments full of affection, and after they had ſpent their firſt Civilities, having caus'd him to ſit down by his beds ſide; *I ſhould deem my ſelf highly oblig'd*, ſaid he, *to the care you take of my life, if every thing (in the condition it now is) that conduces to its preſervation were not hateful; however I hold my ſelf infinitely bound to your good intentions, and do offer in requital to that noble care you take of it, all the remainder that* Love *and* grief *have left at my* diſpoſal. *Your life is too pretious, too glorious*, ſaid Tyridates, *to deſerve the neglect of any thing that may concern its ſafety; Report hath acquainted me with ſome paſſages of it, memorable enough to ſet it at a high value in every Eſtimation, of which I am confident few perſons can be ignorant, and yet I think there are fewer know the particulars of your love to the* Princeſs Cleopatra; *for my part, I underſtood no more of it, than hath already entered every vulgar ear in the* Roman-Empire; *nor have I gleaned any thing from the Common report, that could content my deſire, to be better inſtructed in the ſingle paſſages of your fortune, I know not if my curioſity be pardonable.*

It is, ſaid the Prince interrupting him, nay more, I am not loath ro preſent it with a clear ſatisfaction, indeed not willing (after the receipt of ſuch generous favours, with the rare proofs you have given me of your vertue) to debar your knowledge of the leaſt particular. 'Tis true, you may have learned ſome accidents of my life, that are but too well known; but 'tis impoſſible you ſhould underſtand thoſe of the moſt importance, unleſs you receive them either from mine or the mouth of Emilius, *from whom I have nothing concealed.*

It ſhall be then from Emilius, *if you pleaſe,* (reply'd *Tyridates*) *I will take this ſatisfaction, as well becauſe the has told me you have taken little reſt this night, and therefore it will require a good part of this day, to repair your loſs of ſleep, as becauſe he will give the relation more at large, and poſſibly more true, than your modeſty will condeſcend to, which in all likelyhood would either ſilence or diſguiſe ſome of your braveſt actions.*

I have done nothing, ſaid *Coriolanus, which the greateſt modeſty might not own and utter; but ſince* Emilius *has more credit with you than I, I am contented he ſhould give you the full recital of my life, without the leaſt reſerve of any particular.*

After this permiſſion, *Tyridates*, thanking the *Prince*, quitted his chamber, and took *Emilius* with him, who was willing he ſhould have that morning given him to recover his reſt: but before *Tyridates* would engage his attention to this ſtory, he went to viſit the *gallant ſtranger*, for whom his care was not leſs than the *Prince* of *Mauritania*; his obſervation of ſo many markes of grandeur in him, make him regard him with a high reſpect, and a marvellous eſteem; but at the Chamber door he met the *Chirurgion*, who diſſwaded that viſit, telling him he had great hope of his cure, but it was not ſafe for him to receive and repay the Civilities of any perſon that morning, becauſe ſtriving to ſpeak, might impair his preſent condition, and retard his recovery.

Tyridates ſtop'd at theſe words, and after recommending the continuation of their care to his officers, he retir'd to his chamber with *Emilius*, and (forcing his reſpect to accept of a ſeat) *Since the Prince your Maſter,* ſaid he, *has given permiſſion, let*

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me deſire an entire relation of his life, without omitting the moſt trivial paſſage your memory can hint, or interrupting the narration of ſuch things as you may think have already reached my knowledge; for I have taken nothing but confuſed notions, from publick Rumour, *which often diſfigures the truth of things not perfectly known.*

Sir, ſaid *Emilius, though I ſee my ſelf engaged to a long narration, I ſhall ſtrive to pay my obedience to yours, and the Prince my maſter's commands, as well as I am able.* At theſe words, making a little pauſe, to range, with ſome method in his memory, the things he had firſt to utter, he began his diſcourſe in this manner.

The Hiſtory of Prince Coriolanus, *and the Princeſs* Cleopatra.

NEver had any life ſo ſad a beginning as my Maſter's, and in ſo ſmall a number of years as compoſe his age, never did Fortune play ſo many tricks with a *Princes* Deſtiny; yet this I may ſay, and truth can witneſs it, my Maſter ows nothing to her, but has loſt all by her: at his birth ſhe took away his Crowns, Parents and Liberty, ſhe has ſince endeavour'd, and does ſtill continue to do him miſchiefs, more ſenſible than his firſt loſſes; but all the favours ſhe ever granted him, were ſtill forc'd from her by his vertue.

He was born poor though lawful Heir to two great *Kingdoms*: born a ſlave, though Son to the moſt potent *King* in all *Affrick*, he ſaw the light

and his own ſhame together, and commenc'd his life to appear in an action, which made *Cleopatra* reſign up hers, nor would himſelf have done leſs, had his age been capable to have ſhew'd himſelf the ignominy.

The great *King Juba* (whoſe memory ſtill keeps its beauty without a blemiſh, was *Monarch* of both the *Maritania*'s, and ſupported himſelf with a puiſſance that ſtruck terror in his Neighbours, and would have made him conſidered by the whole earth, as Maſter of the greateſt part of *Affrica*, if his unlucky choice of the weakeſt party had not ruined him, and his fortune done homage to that great mans, for whom fate had reſerv'd the univerſal *Empire*. His dominion was of a grand extent, his Court pompous and flouriſhing, and that Authority which the terror of his war-like vertue exercis'd upon his borderers, rendered himſelf little leſs than Soveraign of the third part of the world. In this eſtate he lived, and lived with an untroubled glory, when after the defeat of the great and unfortunate *Pompey*, the fragments of his ſcattered forces, rallied themſelves again in *Affrica*, under the conduct of *Scipio* and *Cato*: *King Juba*, either out of friendſhip to *Pompey*'s memory, or jealouſie of *Cæſar*'s greatneſs, joyn'd with his Enemies, and help'd to ſwel their thin forces with a puiſſant Army; Back'd with this conſiderable addition, they three oppos'd the torrent of *Cæſar*'s fortune, and not only arreſted the courſe of his victories, but by ſome remarkable advantages they got at the beginning of the War, the whole world began to queſtion his ſucceſs.

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At laſt their malicious fortune conducted them to the plain of *Thapſus*, neer to a City of the ſame name; where, prided with a vain ſhadow of proſperity, they offer *Cæſar* battel: Indeed they had much reaſon to hope a favourable event, but the Gods ſtruck in his quarrel; for whom they had deſign'd the Worlds command, and maugre all the *African* puiſſance, made Victory perch her ſelf upon *Cæſars* Standards; There did *King Juba* and his companions, loſe 50000 men, and in one day ſaw themſelves and their hopes ruin'd beyond repair.. This gave them a reſolution, to ſeek no further than Death for a remedy; and though they might have hop'd a better deſtinie from the clemencie of *Cæſar*, they rather choſe to quit the world, than take their life as a gift from the Conquerors mercy.

Scipio kill'd himſelf with his own ſword upon the ſpot, *Cato* being ſhut up in *Utica*, ſtabbed himſelf, & a while after tore out his own bowels, to defraud their care that endeavour'd his recovery; and the *King* of *Mauritania*, with the poor remnant of his ſhatter'd Forces, took his flight to one of his neareſt Cities, where ſeeing himſelf hotly purſu'd by the victorious Army, after he had ſtriven in vain to reaſſure the courage of his *Africans*, who had taken too much fear from the *Roman Fortune*, reſolv'd too to ſnatch his ſhare in the common fate: and in purſuit of this intention, having cauſed a magnificent Feaſt to be made for *Petreius* a *Roman Captain*, who had been of his party, and was then a Companion of his Fortune, at the end of their repaſt, regarding him with a viſage that breath'd nought but Death; *Petreius*, ſaid he, *'tis fit we die to preſerve our liberty*;

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for if we ſtay on earth but a few daies, we ſhall have no power left, to put by the ſhame is prepared us, I demand no other proof of thy affection but Death from thy hands; and, as my Fortune is now ſtated, I cannot receive a greater from thy friendſhip. Here, ſtab this breaſt, purſu'd he, preſenting his naked boſom, *pierce this heart, which the Arms of our Enemies have unluckily ſpared, and make a KING fall by thy friendly hand, whoſe courage ſcorned to bow under the fortune of a puiſſant Enemy.*

He mingled theſe words with ſome others ſo preſſing, that *Petreius* could not refuſe the fatal curteſie, but, without farther delay, ran him through with his own ſword, the *King* not ſo much as turning his eie aſide, not letting fall the leaſt action unbecoming the grandeur of his ſpirit, *Petreius*, when he had ſeen him breath his laſt, turn'd the ſame point againſt his own breaſt, & throwing himſelf upon it with all his force, fell dead at his feet; thus were the feſtival Ornaments diſcolour'd with *Royal* blood, and thus did this great *King*, catch up the ſhield of death, to defend himſelf from ignominy.

A few daies after, the victorious *Cæſar* rendered himſelf Maſter of both the *Realms*, and with them of the *Queen* his Spouſes liberty, whom he deſign'd for one of the principal ornaments of his *Triumph*: ſhe was gone ſome months with child, when the *King* her *Husband* loſt his life, and was brought to bed of the *Prince* my Maſter, two daies after her arrival at *Rome*, whether *Cæſar* ſent her two months before he made his *triumphal entry.*

Thus was my *Prince* begotten free, and the Son of a *King*, but born a *ſlave*, and between his Conception

ception and Birth, happen'd that deplorable revolution of his fortune.

Some dayes after his Birth he was carried along, as one of that moſt remarkable *Ornaments* of *Cæſar's Triumph*; happy in his misfortune, that as yet he underſtood not the ſhame they made him ſuffer, being then of an age incapable of reſenting the loſs of his *Crownes*, his brave *Father*, or the death of the *Queen* his *Mother*, who reſigned her life a few dayes after ſhe had diſclos'd the little Heir of her misfortunes to the world. But there wanted not perſons that took care of his bringing up, for the great *Cæſar* (from whom the diſaſtrous fate of his Parents had drawn ſome compaſſion) caus'd him to be brought up at *Rome* in the garbe of a *Kings Son*, and beſtow'd ſuch a Particular care upon him that ſcarce any of his neereſt kindred, in that high ſwoln proſperity, was train'd to a braver Education: I will yet ſay further, and believe I ſhall not injure truth in affirming, that the loſs of his Eſtate were in part repair'd by the gallant Education he receiv'd among the *Romans*; where in that tender age eſcaping the impreſſion of the *African Cuſtomes*, and the Company of ſuch perſons, which falling far ſhort of the *Roman* politenes, might have given him taſt of the *Barbarian*, his excellent nature contributed ſuch marvellous aſſiſtance to the care of thoſe, that were ordained to form him, that before his age could promiſe it, he became as accompliſh'd in all requiſites of a *Prince* as wiſh could fancy, and rarely skil'd in every undertaking, to which his vertuous inclination carried him.

In his earlieſt Infancy, *Cæſar* would often cauſe him

him to be brought into his preſence, and obſerving that ſomething *Mageſtick*, and *Heroical*, was already riſen with that morning of his excellent beauty, he let him get ground in his affections, to that degree, as one day he broke into an earneſt proteſtation, that if the little *Juba* (for at his birth they gave him his *Father's* name) ſeconded thoſe hopes he had already begun, he would reſtore him the *Crowns* of his *Anceſtors*; but he took ſpecial care to mould him to the *Roman* faſhion, and deface all ſuch unpoliſh'd manners, as his inclinations might poſſibly borrow from his *African blood*. Beſides, to fortifie the friendſhip he would have him bear to the *Republick*, he gave him a *Roman* name; and becauſe he was brought up in the *Martian* Family, illuſtrious among the *Patricians*, and deriv'd from the famous *Coriolanus*, whoſe valour ſurviv'd him in ſo glorious a reputation, he would have the young *Prince* call'd by his name, that the appellation of *Juba*, which ſounded harſh and barbarous to a *Roman* ear, might be covered with that of *Coriolanus*.

In all likelyhood, the affection & bounty of that great *Dictator*, would not here have ſtop'd, and doubtleſs the *Prince* had gathered the fruits of thoſe promiſes, if Death had not robb'd him of that *Protector*, or rather that *Father*, before he attain'd to his fourth year, an age that hardly render'd him capable to dream of thoſe hopes were given him.

That man, the greateſt that ever liv'd, was murder'd in the *Senate-houſe*, by the ingrateful conſpiracie of thoſe, that his own generoſity and nobleneſs had rais'd from their knees; all the world ſaw it ſelf intereſſed in the loſs of him, who had made himſelf

ſelf Maſter of it with his Sword, yet held it in ſo gentle a ſubjection.

After *Cæſar's* death, the little *Coriolanus* (for ſo he was alwaies call'd) wanted no protection; for the Senate ſucceeding *Cæſar* in his Patronage, took up that care of him which his death had let fall; and train'd him up with the Sons of divers *Kings*, that were friends and Allyes to *Rome*, without making the leaſt difference in their *Expence*, or *Equipage*, though their *Fathers* had ſtill their *Crowns* in poſſeſſion. Divers children of noble Extraction, and an equal age, deſcended from the Families of *Roman Knights*, were plac'd in his Service, of which number I was appointed one, and I was alwaies brought up near his perſon, ſo his affection did me the honour to take me neereſt to his heart. During thoſe cruel and diſmal diſorders of my Country, that bloody Civil War, which revenge kindled for *Cæſars* murder, the prodigious effects of that horrible *Triumvirat*, which overflow'd *Rome* with the bloud of her nobleſt *Citizens*, and that famous conteſt betwixt *Anthony* and *Octavius Cæſar*; the young *Prince* grew up with a ſucceſs miraculous: Never did Eye behold a Youth of thoſe years, handle his Arms with ſo great a grace, or perform any Bodily Exerciſe his *Tutors* taught him, with a dexterity comparable to his, his propention led him with ſo much advantage to the ſtudy of Sciences, as he became ſo learnedly vers'd in *Aſtrology* and *Philoſophy*, ſo critically skill'd in all kind of *Hiſtory*, as the world could ſcarce afford another to match him, and for Eloquence, that famous *Orator* that loſt his life in the heat of the *Triumvirat*, by the cruel command

mand of *Anthony*, could hardly challenge preheminence; nor had he one quality disproportion'd to these rare endownments of body and minde, so that the old *Patricians* that took our examples of high and sublime vertue, from the antient *Roman Discipline*, could find nothing Recorded of the *Fabricii*, *Camilli* and *Scipio*'s, which they began not to remark with admiration, in the first actions of yong *Coriolanus*: besides his prompt inclination to great attempts; he constantly show'd such a natural horror of oppression & injustice, as it was observ'd, he never cherish'd a greater contempt of danger, nor a more ardent love of glory, than pitty of anothers misfortune, and even slighting of his proper Interests, to give relief and comfort to the miserable. A thousand times have I heard him, though scarce arriv'd at his thirteenth year, beg of his Governors in the heat of a most pressing importunity, to lead him to that famous War wag'd between those two great *Competitors*, *Anthony* and *Octivius Cæsar*, since call'd *Augustus*; and sigh at the recital of those great actions, because he was not permitted to venture for some of the glory. These right markes of a perfect greatness, gave him the hearts and esteem of all that knew him, and with them purchas'd that of *Augustus*; for if his first inclinations had not been crossed in their progress by anothers Interest, and by such accidents as have since arriv'd, his hopes need not have aym'd at less advantage in his *Patronage*, than they might have done in the great *Julius* his Unkle that went before him, all the noblest *Romans* made vowes in his favour, for this excelleut young *Prince*, with a sweet, generous, and obliging be-

behaviour, which he maintained even at the price of his deareſt Intereſts, a charming converſation link'd to the lovely advantage of a moſt handſome face and feature, with that admirable grace, that ſhin'd in all his actions, took into the affections and reſpect of all perſons that were friends to vertue. His gallant deportment in *publick ſpectacles*, drew admiration both from *Senate* and *People*, and before he had fully reached his fourteenth year, he won the prize in all thoſe exerciſes, wherein valour or wit were call'd to try their ſtrength; beſides other diſputes, wherein his age might adventure for repute.

He was ſcarce 15 when *Cæſar*, after the defeat and diſaſtrous fate of *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*, return'd a *triumphant Conqueror* to *Rome*, where he made himſelf ſole Monarch of the Empire, which that puiſſant Rival in ambition had ſo dangerouſly diſputed. Upon this occaſion, my *Prince* appear'd among thoſe that went out to meet the *Emperor*, in a gallant garb; all thoſe that beheld him clad in a habit, whoſe Riches lent ſome aſſiſtance to the charms of his natural beauty, mounted upon a brave Horſe, which he managed with a matchleſs grace and dexterity, at the head of a troop of young *Gentlemen* much of his own age, gave him a loud applauſe, and cry'd he was not only worthy to be their *Commander*, but would one day deſerve larger fortunes, than thoſe to which his birth entituled him; and the *Emperor* himſelf, ſwoln as he was, at that grand proſperity and glorious Eſtate to which he was newly mounted, ſtaid his ſtately progreſs to *Careſs*, embrace, and give him ſuch praiſes, as

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the young *Princes* modeſty could not accept without bluſhes.

The *Triumph* of *Auguſtus* was the proudeſt that *Rome* ever ſaw, and it ſeem'd that all the *Pomp* upon Earth, was aſſembled to make a Maſter-piece of glory for one man; I will not trouble you with the deſcription of what I believe you have often receiv'd from better hands, but content my ſelf only to tell you, that the greateſt beauty of the triumph appeared at the third day; in the two proceeding, *Cæſar* only ſhew'd the ſpoyls of ſome barbarous people, and repreſented his victory at *Actium*; but at the laſt he triumphed over *Egypt* and *Cleopatra*; I ſhall forbear to deſcribe that immenſe profuſion of Riches, and prodigious number of Captives which helped to compoſe that ſhow, for my eies, as well as thoſe of the people, let all the reſt go, to ſtay themſelves upon that ſtately Chariot, wherein was drawn the lively Portraiture of *Queen Cleopatra*, repreſented in that poſture as ſhe ſtretched out her arm to the *Aſp*, expecting the fatal benefit from his poyſonous tooth: the viſage of that great *Queen*, appeared ſo full of Majeſty, as the pitiful ſpectacle drew tears of Compaſſion from the better part of the Spectators; but if the ſight of her *Image* tenderly touch'd ſuch hearts as were capable of pity, the living appearance of thoſe children ſhe had by *Anthony*, which were ſeated at the feet of their *Mothers Effigies*, wrought effects no leſs moving.

The young *Alexander* and his *Siſter Cleopatra*, then about 10 years of age, were plac'd upon a ſeat of equal height, and their brother *Ptolomee*, younger by one year than they, a degree under them: Never did

ceſs, *and doſt think ſhe that is led this day in* Triumph *ought not one day to triumph over the moſt precious liberties? Oh Fortune!* (purſu'd he a while after) *how doſt thou play with the deſtiny of Princes? what illuſtrious companions haſt thou given me in my bondage?* At theſe words he return'd his eye, and faſten'd it with all his thoughts upon that object, keeping alwayes neer the Chariots ſide without the leaſt removal, till the Ceremony was ended.

The *Prince* was not yet arriv'd to an age capable of ſtrong and violent impreſſions; and the *Princeſſe* who was younger than he by at leaſt four or five years, was not approached to that rare perfection of Beauty, which has ſince taken her ſo many Captives; yet *Coriolanus* felt himſelf ſtruck with an abortive paſſion, and *Cleopatra*'s beauty, (though but then in the bloom) ſtaid not for riper Excellencies to begin thoſe Conqueſts, which ſhe has ſince perfected with ſo much eaſe.

The young *Prince* began to grow melancholy, to ſigh and ſeek out ſolitude; and, as he never admitted the caution of hiding his thoughts from me, I knew preſently, though my years exceeded not his, where the blow pain'd him. *Emilius* ſaid he, ſome days after the Triumph, *didſt ever ſee ſo goodly a creature as this young* Cleopatra? *or rather can Man's imagination faſhion an Idea that may pattern hers? Tis true*, ſaid I, *the Princeſs is very handſome. Handſome*, replied he, repulſing me with a little anger? *Say rather that all things elſe, when they come in her preſence, are ugly, and that the Gods employed all their power to render her the exacteſt piece that ever parted from their hands. Ah! how happy will the man be whom Heaven*

ſhall think worthy to adore her, and who may be permitted to lay down his life at her feet, and entirely dedicate it to her ſervice! That may poſſibly be your ſelf, ſaid I, *and I ſee you begin to aim at that mark, with ſo direct a diſpoſition, that you are moſt likely to be the happy man you ſpeak of. Doubt not,* reply'd the Prince, *but my reſolution has already devoted my life to the ſervice of that* Princeſs, *and that no other thought can ſtay in my breaſt, but ſuch as may ſhew me how to merit her eſteem, and promote my deſign never to be other than hers.*

My Lord, ſaid I, *in the condition your fortunes are, reſolutions of that nature will deſerve the weighing; and methinks you ſhould not dream of any alliance, but ſuch as may reſtore you to the Eſtate from whence your family is fallen, nor hatch a deſigne of that importance, without* Cæſar *and the* Senats *approbation, upon which apparently depends your deſtiny.*

At theſe words the Prince regarded me with an angry eye; *I did not think,* ſaid he, *thou couldſt have nurſed ſuch baſe thoughts, to adviſe me to do violence upon thoſe beautiful inclinations, by any conſideration of fortune; if to ſcorn* Cleopatra *will cut off my pretence to the Crowns ſhe has taken from me, it will requite me with a glory, upon which that blinde* Deity *can exerciſe no power; nor can my deſire get up to a nobler pitch than by courting the Daughter of* Antony *and* Cleopatra, *that lately were Maſters to ſo many* Kings, *and held the moſt conſiderable ranke in the Univerſe. Neither* Cæſar *nor* Senate *can juſtly diſapprove the deſign: but ſhould they refuſe me their protection, if I have vertue on my ſide, the Gods wil never forſake me, and poſſible my ſword may recover that,*

that, which my hopes now tamely expect from their condeſcenſion. Such thoughts as theſe did this young Amoriſt already nouriſh, and if they were then ſo ſtout and generous, time has ſince fortified them with ſuch ſupplies of ſtrength and vigour, as the whole world cannot urge a conſideration capable to divert him.

In the mean time *Cleopatra's* children were brought up at *Rome*, in an Equipage rather quadrate to their Birth then Fortunes; for the Princeſs *Octavia*, Siſter of *Auguſtus*, Widow of *Antony*, and the ſame which he repudiated for *Cleopatra*, in ſtead of preſerving an angry reſentment againſt the memory of her ingrateful Husband, whoſe crime was big enough to excuſe it on the contrary, by the ſole motion of her own generoſity, ſhe took home the Children to her Houſe, reſign'd up all that eſtate for their maintenance which ſhe held of *Antonies*, and brought them up with ſuch care and tenderneſs as if they had been the fruit of her own womb, without putting the leaſt inequality betwixt them and thoſe ſhe had, as well by *Antony*, which were two Daughters, as by *Marcellus* her firſt Husband, by whom ſhe had likewiſe two Daughters and a Son, the brave *Marcellus*, whom doubtleſs you have known to be *Romes* Darling & Delight. The Emperour much applauded his ſiſters goodneſs, which he publikely confirmed by witneſſing a high eſteem of that Act, & his Empreſs *Livia* to ſecond his intentions, took the Princeſs *Cleopatra* to Court, made her be very carefully educated in the Palace, while the two yong Princes remained ſtil with the vertuous *Octavia*. In the mean time my *Princes* paſſion daily riſe

to a greater height in his ſoul; and as Nature had given him a hardy confidence, which helped him to enterpriſe and perform every thing with a ſucceſſeful grace, ſo Love had then left him neither power nor will to keep it longer undiſcovered; he had often ſeen and entertained the young *Princeſs*, in whom, beſides an unparallel'd beauty, he encounter'd a wit ſo vivacious, temper'd with a judgement ſo ſolid, as the world could not boaſt the like of another perſon of no greater years; to this charming ſweetneſs he had now yeilded up his liberty, and caſhier'd all thoughts but ſuch as were ſerviceable to his amorous Devotion; he had not yet declar'd his paſſion while ſhe lived with *Octavia*, though the accoſtable innocence of her youth ſeem'd to offer him that liberty: but after her removal to the Court, the increaſe of hazard haſtned the attempt, and one Evening meeting with her in the *Empreſſes* chamber, where the *Emperour* with divers of the nobleſt *Romans* were likewiſe preſent, he aborded her in a gallant faſhion, and a graceful garb onely peculiar to himſelf. *Fair Princeſs*, ſaid he aloud, *our Deſtinies carry a neer reſemblance, would to Heaven our thoughts did ſo, and that you could as freely own the deſigne I have to make my ſelf yours, as I have hugg'd the paſſion that compells me to adorn you.* Theſe words were pronounced with an Ayre ſo hardy, and yet ſo agreeable, as they got a plauſive admiration of all the over-hearers; the young *Princeſs* was not then inſtructed by experience how ſhe ought to receive ſuch language, yet *Innocence* did not ſo blind *apprehenſion*, but that ſhe perceiv'd ſomething in it extraordinary, which made her onely bluſh him

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an anſwer; but the *Empreſs* who had over-heard this Courtſhip, repeated it aloud to the *Emperour*, and they both gave it an approbation that augmented the *Princes* confidence.

This quickly became the diſcourſe of the whole Court, and the general opinion voted, that there could not be a pair more fitly coupled than the *Son* of *Juba*, and the *Daughter* of *Cleopatra*; that their hopes were matches, their Birth and Fortunes equal, and that none could come neerer the graces of young *Cleopatra*'s wit and beauty, than the noble ſhape and accompliſhed qualities of young *Coriolanus*. This diſcourſe which quickly flew through all *Rome*, marvellouſly favour'd the beginnings of my Princes paſſion, and imbarquing himſelf as it were with an univerſal conſent, his hopes were incourag'd to aſpire at a happier ſucceſs, than at firſt they durſt propoſe.

Thus he openly liſted himſelf in the ſervice of that *Princeſs*, and employed thoſe advantages which her youth allowed him, freely to inſinuate his affection, and leave impreſſions upon her ſpirit, which in a riper age would not ſo eaſily have enter'd it; his endeavors wrought ſo happily, as if he had not yet perfectly taught her how to love, at leaſt he had uſed her to endure the proteſtations of his, & oblig'd her to a likeing and eſteem of his qualities, that made her prefer him before all thoſe that ever came neer her. Indeed the ſole merit of my Prince, by thoſe rare endowments that garniſh'd his body and mind, might well have wrought that effect, but to theſe he added an aſſiduity of reſpect and complaiſance, which mightily aſſiſted his deſert; and pru-

dently considering that his condition would not always last in that estate, and perceiving by some marks his observation had shewed him, that the Princess with an accrescence of years, would raise her behaviour to a more haughty severity, than her youth could yet apprehend requisite, he resolv'd to prepossess her heart as much as possible, level those difficulties while time invited, and strive to weaken that Enemy which he knew would one day combat him.

This conduct is not ordinary in a person of sixteen years; but at that green age he had a gray discretion, which brought all men to their wonder that remarked it.

In the mean time he endeavour'd to delight her with a thousand actions of gallantry, and, as he had a most inventive wit, and an active body in all sorts of exercises, he daily made matches with young *Romans* of his own age, either for Courses on horseback, or Combats in the list, besides divers other agreeable spectacles which were ordinarily presented in the *Cirque*, in all which the young Prince behaved himself with such a winning bravery, as insensibly gained the hearts of all that knew him: but he was not the only man was destin'd to serve that fair Princess; for young as she was, that rising Sun of her beauty was already ador'd by the most illustrious *Romans*; two young *Princes* were struck at once with her beauty, and Fortune could not raise him up two mightier *Rivals* upon Earth; they were *Marcellus* and *Tiberius*, the former (as I have told you) Son of the vertuous Princess *Octavia*, (wife to *Antony* and Sister to *Augustus*) and of *Marcellus* whose Widow

Widow ſhe was when *Antonius* eſpouſed her, and the other Son to the Empreſs *Livia*, and her firſt Huſband *Druſus*. They were bred up with equal hopes and favour, but of conditions very different; *Marcellus* had a ſpirit repleat with ſweetneſs, freedome, and generoſity, a Courage noble and propence to great undertakings, and a perſon compleat and becoming in every action.

Tiberius with a handſom ſhape indeed had a grand Courage, but withal a Spirit ſo maliciouſly ſubtile, and known even at that age ſo skill'd in diſſimulation, as the oldeſt Courtiers were ſcarce capable of the like. My Maſter was link'd to *Marcellus* in the bonds of a ſtrict amity, and the conformity of their inclinations eaſily taught them how to love one another; but with *Tiberius* he liv'd in a faſhion very different, and onely contented himſelf to conſider him as the *Emperours* Son in Law, without the tye of any particular affection.

One day young *Cleopatra* walking in that ſtately Garden that belong'd to the Palace, with the Princeſs *Julia*, Daughter to the Emperour, a Lady of a florid beauty, and a lively flowing wit, whom the Emperour had deſign'd for his Nephew young *Marcellus*, to pull the knot of his alliance ſtraiter, and confirm the People (to whom *Marcellus* was infinitely dear) in their hopes, to ſee him one day plac'd upon his Unkles Throne; theſe two *Princeſſes* had walk'd a while in the great Alley that verg'd upon the River *Tiber*, when they ſaw my Prince and young *Marcellus*, who had been ſeeking them, appear at one end of it; though *Marcellus* did but ſlightly maſk his love to *Cleopatra* from his friends,

friends, yet his knowledge of the *Emperors* intention made him tender in publick a Courtly reſpect to *Julia*, though all the ſympathy and inclination he had for her, were onely perſonated in a bare complyance, which then oblig'd him to proffer his addreſſes. The *Prince* of *Mauritania* was raviſhed to ſee him thus engag'd, becauſe it lent him the liberty of breathing his amorous thoughts to *Cleopatra*, and that fair *Princeſs*, whoſe eſteem was as juſt to his worth as her age will allow, gave him a glad reception, and lending him her hand, they walked at a fit diſtance from *Julia* and *Marcellus*; She began but then to enter her twelfth year, and my *Prince* was ſomething more than ſixteen, but indeed their knowledge had much out-run their age: He entertain'd her a while with ſome diſcourſes of divertiſement, and in ſequel, (hinted by the preſence of the other couple) ſucceeded thus to his purpoſe: *Would to Heavens, my Princeſs,* ſaid he, *I could promiſe my ſelf as much intereſt in your breaſt, as* Marcellus *has in* Julia's. *I know not,* anſwer'd the Princeſs, *what you deſire of me, but I believe* Julia *cannot think better of* Marcellus *than I do of you; 'tis a greater kindneſs of my fortune,* replyed Coriolanus, *than Reaſon could encourage me to hope, and I cannot be unſatisfied at this Declaration without injuſtice; but, would you permit me to unlock my heart with a little more freedom, 'tis poſſible I might bring you to acknowledge, that the eſteem you ſpeak of will not ſuffice for my felicity.*

I thought, ſaid the Princeſs, *you might have been contented with it, and that I could not mention this eſteem, without informing your underſtanding, how high y*

highly I value your good qualities. This favour places me in a condition which I ought to be proud of, ſaid the Prince, *yet let me have leave to tell you, 'tis not enough to eſtabliſh repoſe in a ſpirit that is dedicated yours; for admit the* Gods *had ſtored me with ſome deſerving qualities, by the right of thoſe I might credibly purchaſe a high opinion among the* Romans, *and yet not engage them to one ſingle motion of good will; the buſie noyſe of ſome vertue might take me up repute in remoteſt Nations. Nay, 'tis poſſible to gain an eſteem among our Enemies, without changing their inclinations: Thus was* Hannibal's *vertue as highly priz'd at* Rome *as at* Carthage, *though in the former he was mortally hated; thus the* Gauls *and* Pompey's Partiſans *conſider'd* Julius Cæſar *as the greateſt of men, and yet he was their greateſt Enemie: from thence you infer,* ſaid Cleopatra, *that we may eſteem what we do not love: So my Reaſon ſayes,* ſaid the Prince, *yet I will not deny but Eſteem is very advantagious to perſons that deſire to be loved; nor that affection can hardly enter a well-compoſed ſpirit, if eſteem does not lead the way, I will therefore receive that eſteem with which you reward my ardent affection, as the beginning of a more accompliſhed Fortune; and expect that of time, my ſervices, and your bounty, to which indeed my poor ſtock of merit can yet plead no claim. I am not unwilling,* reply'd the innocent Princeſs, *to accept your ſervices, and I know not a perſon whoſe Carriage and Converſe are more agreeable than yours, I cannot be ſo rude with my* Princeſs, (ſaid *Coriolanus* with an action that expreſs'd a reſpective acknowledgment) *to demand more at her hands; I have only this to beg of her bounty, that ſhe will not ſuffer time,* (*which ſhall never*

never have power to weaken my adorations (to wear out theſe favourable impreſſions , nor the knowledge (that will approach with increaſe of years) of your ow: admirable beauties , and Divine qualities , perſwade you to regard him with diſdain , whom you now judge worthy of ſo many favours ; nor the encounter of reſearches, more advantagious for your eſtabliſhment , prevail with you to prefer Perſons more happy , or better propt by thoſe which Fortune has made our Maſters , before ſuch as ſhe has deſpoil'd of Crowns *and* Dignities. *Cleopatra* young, and as much Infant as ſhe was, was yet ſenſibly touch'd with this diſcourſe, and regarding my Maſter with an Eye full of ſweetneſs , return'd him an anſwer , that prov'd her reaſon had much got above her age.

If the malice of Fortune , and the loſſe of Crownes could render perſons contemptible , The children of Antony *and* Cleopatra *would finde little reſpect and conſideration among men ; you know our houſe is fallen as low as yours , and were it rear'd again to its former height, neither that age nor knowledg whoſe approaches you dread , ſhould hinder me from conſidering that in you which neither Fortune can rob you of , nor the ſupport of our Maſters beſtow on thoſe , which you excel as well by birth and vertue , as perſonal endowments.* The *Prince* liſtn'd to this wel-fram'd language (which indeed his hopes little expected from ſo yong an Intellect) with tranſport and wonder , and, not able to ſtop the Carreir of his joy , with the conſideration of thoſe that were preſent , he put one knee to the ground, and faſtning his lips with a little violence to *Cleopatra*'s hand ; *The* Gods *can witneſſe* , ſaid he, *that I never apprehended worth enough in my ſelf to*

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meaſure with this grace my Divine Princeſs *has given me; but I do here proteſt in their preſence, that I will ſtrive to merit it, both by ſervices of worth, and ſuch actions as ſhall either repair the ruines of my houſe, or at leaſt, hinder my* Princeſſe *from repenting her bounty.*

He had inlarg'd his diſcourſe, if *Marcellus* who then prefer'd *Cleopatra*'s converſe far before *Julia*'s, had not oblig'd the *Princeſs* to break of the parley by joyning company. If my Prince had not truly lov'd *Marcellus*, he would not have taken that interruption ſo gently, but his friendſhip joyn'd with the late ſatisfaction his ſpirit had taken, help'd him to diſſemble the diſpleaſure he receiv'd, and accoſt the Princeſs *Julia*, with a viſage that betray'd not the leaſt mark of any alteration.

After that day he oft repeated his paſſion to *Cleopatra*, and confirmed his own hopes by a thouſand proofs of her innocent affection. Theſe beginnings preſag'd a happy progreſs, but they met with checks by the way, for the rivalſhip of *Marcellus* did much trouble the ſtream of his deſign. *Marcellus* was (as I have told you) of a very amiable perſon, and little ſhort of my Prince in any becoming quality, by his advantage in the Emperors favour, and peoples affection, who gave him the name of *Romes* darling and delight; his face, perſon, and excellent parts, with that clear diſcretion that compos'd his Courtſhip to *Cleopatra*, kindled a juſt jealouſie in *Coriolanus*: beſides *Marcellus*, as he was *Octavia*'s Son, enjoy'd the ſame liberty with *Cleopatra* and *Antonys* other children, as if the ſame womb had diſclos'd them; and by that appellation of *Brother* and *Siſter*, both

both *Octavia*'s command and *Cæsar*'s will enjoyn'd them to call one another. And which most preferred this young *Princes* hopes, he possest an unrestrained familiarity with the *Princess*, which was not accorded to any other: but that which stung my *Prince* deepest, was, that *Marcellus* (being as well the dearest of his *friends*, as the greatest of his *Rivals*) all the impediments and fears he gave him, were so incapable of blotting out his amity, as he could not prosecute his research of *Cleopatra* without regret, since he could reap no advantage by it, that would not disturb the repose, and affront the fortune of his friend; a reflexion of this nature in such a soul as my Master, could produce none but uncommon effects, and the sequel will tell you how strongly it wrought too in that of *Marcellus*, whose sentiments, (not to abridge truth of her due) were not lesse noble than my Masters. In divers Encounters these two *Princes* mutually apprehended the displeasures they gave one another by a competition which in souls lesse generous, would oft have strangl'd friendship; yet in theirs she stood so firm and intire, as my Prince never glanc'd at *Marcellus*. When he pleaded in his own love-suit, nor did *Marcellus* (when he laid his amorous vows at *Cleopatra*'s feet) ever let fall a word in disparagement of *Coriolanus*. My Master (by what might be judg'd from appearance) had more favour than his *Rivall*, which would have render'd his joy more perfect, had he carried that advantage from any but *Marcellus*; and he had hugg'd his happinesse with a clearer delight, if it had not stood bent to his friends prejudice. But if *Coriolanus* thus moderated the resentmen

ment of his own felicity, becauſe it oppos'd his friends, *Marcellus* indur'd his diſadvantage with patience, ſince *Coriolanus* reap'd the profit, nor could his own misfortune afflict him without the mixture of ſome comfort, becauſe it conduc'd to his friends ſucceſs.

I deſire not, (would *Coriolanus* ſay to *Cleopatra*) *you ſhould hate* Marcellus; *for, if a man can merit it, he is worthy of your affection; but if it be deſtin'd for any Mortal, I demand it wholly and entire for* Coriolanus. *Marcellus* would almoſt ſay the ſame things, only he durſt not let his paſſion come abroad ſo openly as my maſters, and fear to diſpleaſe the Emperour his Unkle, who did him the honour to deſign him his Daughter, helped him to cut out a diſguiſe for his affection, and make the borrowed name of *Brother* (injoyn'd by *Octavia*) ſerve to mask that of Lover.

Thus had they waſted almoſt a year, during which my Prince, doubtleſſe more deeper ſtruck than *Marcellus*, daily gathered ſuch freſh cauſes of diſpleaſure from his friends encroachment, as the Melancholy it produc'd, began to ſettle its ſelf in his face and behaviour, though the cauſe was conceal'd from all the world but my ſelf, whom by a peculiar preference to the reſt he alwayes honoured with the knowledge of his ſecrets: *And why*, ſaid he one day to me, *ſhould miſchievous fortune raiſe me up a* Rival *of my deareſt friend, and ſuch a friend whoſe repoſe I cannot combat without wounding mine own? Ah! had it pleaſed the Gods to inſpire any other but* Marcellus, *with deſign of ſerving* Cleopatra, *our ſwords ſhould decide our titles, and ſure I ſhould kill any but* Mar-

Marcellus *in ſo juſt a quarrel.* In fine, his ſadneſs grew to ſuch a height, as *Marcellus* who perceiv'd it with the firſt, began to be much troubled at it; and indeed (as one that went a deep ſhare in all the reſentments of ſo dear a friend) he often demanded the cauſe, though his own ſuſpition did partly anſwer him; but *Coriolanus* ſtill took care to cover the truth, till all his friends reaſons growing too weak to ſatisfie *Marcellus* care, at laſt he was conſtrain'd to diſcharge his heart, and one night as they lay together, which they often did, *Marcellus* having earneſtly preſt him upon that ſubject, and a thouſand times ſworn he could never be capable of any pleaſure ſo long as he ſaw him drown'd in ſo deep a ſorrow, and himſelf ignorant of its Fortune; the Prince ſending one or two ſighes before the Diſcourſe he was to make; *Brother*, ſaid he, for ſo they always called one another, *the* Gods *can atteſt, you do force that from me by your friendſhip, which I ever reſolv'd to wrap in ſilence, though you might eaſily have read it by your own obſervation, and ſo have ſpared your conſtraint of a bad relation; did you believe I could ſee my ſelf travers'd in a paſſion that is twined with my vitall threed, by a friend as dear to me as my ſelf, without a mortall diſpleaſure? Do do you think I could deſigne the ruine of your content, or abandon the care of mine own repoſe without a cruell violence? You know I was* Cleopatra's *eldeſt priſoner, before your eye had marked her out for a Miſtreſs, and bad my dear* Marcellus *prevented my deſigne of ſerving her, I ſhould ſooner have run upon my death than his pretences, or expos'd him to the anguiſh he has made me reſent; nor did I perceive he was my*

Rival,

Rival, *before I was engaged too deep to render what was due to our amity, which (if I may ſay it) he himſelf has forgotten to pay, Ah! would to Heavens our conteſt had been for Crowns, or any thing elſe of higher value, you ſhould quickly have ſeen with what a free heart I would have given up my intereſt. But for* Cleopatra, my dear Brother, *'tis that cannot be obtained of an enſlaved ſpirit, that will never recover ſtrength enough to get out of the Abyſs wherein my ſpightful fortune has plunged me; I ſay my ſpightful fortune, for what ever glory I acquire by* Cleopatra's *ſervice, and however my hopes may feed high upon ſucceſs, I ſhall never think that fortune propitious, that muſt be eſtabliſht at the price of your repoſe; nor have I the liberty to Court it ſo much as with a ſingle wiſh, ſince it can no where be raiſed, but upon the ruines of yours.*

Coriolanus accompanyed theſe words with many others of the ſame nature, which ſunk ſo ſenſibly to *Marcellus* heart, as it was long before he could recover ſtrength enough to ſhape a reply; at laſt his words broke their way through his reſentments, and embracing my *Maſter* with an ardent affection; *My dear Brother,* ſaid he, *Heaven is my witneſs, that when my eye firſt told me,* Cleopatra *was lovely, I did not believe your youth could have been capable of forming a deſign to ſerve; and if I have ſince let my ſelf ſlip into the ſnare, I rendered my liberty to that invincible puiſſance, which no heart can reſiſt; yet I confeſs I have ſinned againſt our amity, and ſhould prove my ſelf unworthy of a place in* Coriolanus *heart, if I do not ſtrive with my ſoul to render the reparation I owe you; I know my intentions are good, but do a little*

diſtruſt my power; however I ask but this night to clear all ſcores, and poſſible, before we part, I ſhall make it appear how dearly I prize our friendſhip.

Coriolanus would have reply'd to this diſcourſe, but *Marcellus* oppoſed it, and preſt him ſo earneſtly to give him the remander of that night, as he was conſtrained to obey him; they both paſſed it over without as much as cloſing their eies, my *Maſter* often over-hearing the ſighs that broke away from *Marcellus*, though he ſtrive to impriſon them with all his power, and ſtill cut them off in the middle, leſt their noiſe ſhould convey them to my Maſters ear. The hour that he was wont to call them up, was not yet arrived. when *Marcellus* turning himſelf to my *Princes ſide*, with a vivacious and reſolute action. *Brother*, ſaid he, *I have combated and Conquered for you, or rather for my ſelf, ſince by this victory I am directed in part, how to expiate the crime I have committed*, Cleopatra *now is yours, and I ask your pardon for having ſo injuſtly diſputed her; our friendſhip with the aid of reaſon, has almoſt driven her from my heart, and all that remains unfiniſhed of the cure, I think may be ſafely refer'd to the Chyrurgery of time, my youth, and a ſhort abſence, which is already deſigned: I am now entered an Age, that allarms me to the trade of my* Anceſtors, *and tells me 'tis time to go ſeek out reputation with my ſword in my hand; I will therefore beg the* Emperors *permiſſion to go ſerv my* Apprenteſhip *under the* Conſul Vinicius, *wh marches within a few daies, with a puiſſant Arm into* Germany, *where I hope to perfect my recovery not only by the help of a large diſtance, and a different*

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employment, but a ſtrong reſolution more exactly to ballance the Emperours *favour, and turn all my thoughts upon the Princeſs* Julia, *who has already honoured me with more affection than I have merited.* At my return I dare promiſe, you ſhall finde me ſo perfectly chang'd, as I ſhall conſerve no other thoughts for *Cleopatra*, but to prize her as a *Princeſs* that deſerves my friends affection, and both to confirm and aſſiſt her deſigns in your favour, againſt all ſuch perſons as may plead pretences to the right you have in her.

Thus the noble *Marcellus* character'd his victorious friendſhip, and at the cloſe of his diſcourſe, left my *Prince* ſo raviſhed at his freedom and generoſity, as it coſt him ſome time to put a ſhape to his reſentments; yet at laſt he reply'd, but in ſuch language, as did rather combat than gratulate his friends intention; he was very loath to be out-done in generoſity, or put his deſires upon a gentler Rack for his friend, than he had already done for him: this begat a kind conteſt betwixt them, which laſted a great part of the day, and it was fought on both ſides againſt themſelves, with ſo much obſtinacy, as the repetition of particulars would but tire your attention; at laſt it was but fit that *Marcellus* (whoſe paſſion was of a later date, and leſſe ardent than my Maſters) ſhould keep the liſts, and that my Princes conſent ſhould quadrate to the *Emperours* intentions and peoples deſires, by placing his friends heart in the *Princeſs Julia*'s ſervice; but he could not quit him to his *German expedition*, without a reſolution to bear him company, and beſides the conſideration of their amity, not being leſſe tickled than he,

with desire of glory, he concluded to carry his first arms with him under *Vinicius*, and disposed himself for his departure with such lively hopes, as help'd to charm a part of his griefs for leaving *Cleopatra.*

Some *Provinces* in *Germany* newly risen in Rebellion, had cut in pieces the *Roman* Garrisons; and with two mighty Armies, levy'd upon the banks of *Danubius*, not onely struck a terrour into all the neighbouring Nations, but swoln with successe, began to menace the *Empire* it self; for this expedition *Cæsar* made choice of *Vinicius*, a sage and experienc'd *Captain*, to go in the head of the valianteſt *Legions:* and he was ready to begin to march, when our two young *Princes* demanded leave of the *Emperour*, to go gather the first flowers of their reputation in the Field; I doubt not but you know this has been a *Roman Custome*, and all those famous *Commanders* the World has talk'd so much of, whose vertue gave *Rome* so vast a Dominion, did first learn their *Alphabet* of Warre under the ancient *Captains.*

The two *Princes* confirm'd in this designe, threw themselves at the *Emperours* feet, representing that now the arrival of their seventeenth year had brought them strength to charge through the incommodities of War, it was time to begin with such actions, as might instruct them to deserve his affection, and copy the glory of their Ancestors; this request was easily obtain'd of the *Emperour*, whose generous spirit highly applauded their brave resolution.

They presently put things in order for their parting,

ing, but my *Maſters* grand preparation was to divide himſelf from *Cleopatra*; his paſſion was already grown to its full ſtature, and the *Princeſs* ſtill preſerv'd him in her favour, with particular improvements of good will; yet ſhe began to draw her ſelf within the guard of a greater reſervation than formerly, and her increaſe of years taught her the ſeverity to cut off thoſe liberties by degrees, which her flexible youth had allowed him.

The *Princes* foreſight of this prepar'd him to endure it with patience, inſtructing all his actions to expreſs a reſpect to her ſo ſubmiſſive, as pleaded a true title to what he had gotten in her heart, yet he could not defend himſelf from the ſtings of diſcontent at this ſeparation, and had not a greedy deſire of *glory* been too ſtrong for his *grief*, every eye would have read it too plainly in his Viſage.

The parting day being arriv'd, he felt a neceſſity of all his courage, to pronounce an untroubled farewel to his *Princeſs*; but he gathered no ſlight ſatisfaction from his diſcovery, by ſome infallible tokens, that ſhe was inſenſibly touch'd at this ſeparation, and betray'd a timerous Jealouſie of thoſe dangers, to which he was going to expoſe his ſafety.

There are too many paſſages challenge a mention in my recital, to allow me the leaſure of enlarging my ſelf upon the ſeveral diſcourſes they exchang'd at this parting, and therefore I ſhall onely content my ſelf to tell you, that my *Prince* after he had made freſh Proteſtations of an eternal fidelity to the *Princeſs*, obtained a promiſe from her fair

mouth, to preſerve him in her thoughts with ſo vigorous a care, as ſhould weaken all the attempts of abſence againſt her reſolution, to prefer him before all men: but the parting words of *Marcellus* were very remarkable, and after he had vow'd at *Cleopatra*'s feet, that he deſpoil'd himſelf (for his friends ſake) of all thoſe pretences, that his *love* and *ſervices* might have given him; he ſpoke ſuch things in my *Princes* behalf, as (though they did Truth no injury) could ſpring from no other Fountain but a ſtrong and perfect amity; yet the ſweeteſt of my Maſters comforts at that parting, was a permiſſion, by the command of *Octavia*, and conſent of the *Empreſs* her ſelf, to write to his *Princeſs*.

But I will hold you no longer, the two *Princes* march'd away with a proud Equipage, and I follow'd my Maſter in that expedition, (as I did in all thereſt that ſucceeded it) and joyning the troops that attended them, with the *Conſuls* groſs body; we left *Italy* behind us, and by large marches quickly gain'd the *Danubius*; we met no adventures by the way that will deſerve to be dwelt upon, and indeed my relation ought but ſlightly to paſs away the morning of my Maſters youth, that it may more ſpeedily arrive at theſe weightier actions, of which his life has been compoſed: I will onely tell you that his beginnings were miraculous, that at his firſt encounters he did ſuch things as raviſhed the *Conſull*, amaz'd the *Soldiery*; and ſcarce found credit at *Rome*, though ſeveral letters reported it.

Marcellus alſo at that firſt eſſay of his young valour, bravely ſignaliz'd it by actions worthy of an eternal

eternal memory, and theſe two *Princes*, (in ſtead of Envy and Emulation) did mutually intereſs themſelves in each others glory; *Marcellus* taſted no truer delight in his own, than the reputation *Coriolanus* had gotten, and *Coriolanus* could not liſten to his proper praiſes, with clearer ſatisfaction, than to thoſe that cryed up *Marcellus* his credit; indeed 'tis true, my *Maſter* had the luck to perform ſome acts, that made his *Fame* ſound higher than his friends, & in the ſeveral encounters were made upon the banks of *Danubius*, before the grand battel he rendered himſelf remarkable by the effects of a valour, which the *Romans* publiſhed beyound all examples; at an encounter which one of our *Legions* had with ſome troops of *Barbarians*, he reſcued the *Roman Eagles* from a throng of Enemies that had newly ſeiz'd them, and brought them back to *Vinicius*, with their wings bathed in the bloud of his Enemies, who cryed up that action with ſuch loud praiſes, as could not be accepted by the *Princes* modeſty; at the aſſault of ſome revolted places that oppoſed our paſſage, and were carryed by ſtorm, he was ever the firſt that entered the breach; and by the confeſſion of the *Romans*, their taking in was due to the glorious example he gave thoſe that fought near him, nor was his valour (of which he had given ſo many preſidents) his only vertue, for in all thoſe diſorders that Victory uſes to drag along with it, he gave proofs of a moſt unparallel'd moderation, treated thoſe that fell into his hands, more like friends and allyes than Enemies, and at the taking of ſuch places as were won by aſſault, he often obtained many lives of his Enemies by his earneſt

interceſſion, which *Vinicius* had deſigned for an exemplary terror to be cut in pieces: by ſuch actions as theſe, with the reſt of his brave demeanour among the Officers and Soldiers, he had ſo gain'd the hearts of the whole Army, that they all Petitioned *Vinicius*, to give him ſome conſiderable command, though it was unheard of in the *Roman* Diſcipline, to comit any charge to perſons of his age; and when *Vinicius* at their ſolicitation, aſſiſted by his own eſteem of their worth, had given him and *Marcellus* a joynt Commiſſion to command the *Cavalry*, all the Officers ſubmitted to them, with a joy that wanted no proofs to expreſs it ſelf.

But the *Germans* were not the only Enemies they had to Combat, for *Cleopatra*'s remembrance kindled a crueller War, than the *Barbarians* could menace; indeed my *Prince* had no greater task than daily to feed and confirm thoſe thoughts that entirely laid his life at his *Princeſs* feet, every *Idea* that his fancy could ſhape, had the face of delight, and left a pleaſing impreſſion upon his ſpirit; but *Marcellus* fought with a ruder Combatant, and found his deſign to baniſh her his breſt, was not like to gain an eaſie Conqueſt, however he ſtretched all his forces to ſtruggle for it, & at laſt his continued care carried the victory; my Maſter (who in part perceived the ſilent torments that *Prince*'s *generoſity* inflicted upon himſelf) did often endeavour to ſtagger his reſolution, & daily proteſted, that he had rather have him for a *Rival* all his life, nay and would ſooner chuſe (if neceſſity required, and poſſibility conſented) to releaſe all his own pretences, than approve the violence ſuffered for his ſake.

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But the generous *Marcellus* ſtuck to his promiſe with an unſhaken conſtancy; and then being very young, and daily diverted by his warlike employment, which he ever followed with a marvellous ardour, he obtained in part of himſelf what he deſired, and ſtriving to prefer *Julia* to his thoughts by the memory of her beauty (which indeed might be ranged with the moſt delicate in the world) by the favour ſhe had ſhown him, and the *Emperor's* will upon whom his fortunes totally depended, he quickly made a conſiderable progreſs.

In the mean time my *Prince* wrote often to the *Princeſs Cleopatra*, it would poſe my memory to repeat all his letters, I have only in part retained the ſenſe and words of ſome of the ſhorteſt, and I believe the firſt he wrote little differed from theſe terms.

Prince Coriolanus, *to the Princeſs* Cleopatra.

IT is not enough to tell you (my Divine *Princeſs*) that you are alwaies preſent in my memory, for with greater truth I may proteſt you have the entire poſſeſſion of my ſoul, where, in the ſterneſt dangers, you ever keep your Command, and combat *Romes* Enemies with Arms that are invincible. Ha! my *Princeſs*, who can oppoſe a heart animated with ſo bright an Image? what Enemy will be able to diſpute the glory with me that may ſhew me the way to deſerve you? This high deſign will doubtleſs teach me to do ſomething more great, than

For-

Fortune can promiſe, and my deſtiny is too fair to ſcare a defeat by other Enemies, after being conquer'd by the Divine *Cleopatra*,

This firſt in a ſhort time was ſucceeded by another, and I think the words were theſe.

Prince Coriolanus *to the Princeſs* Cleopatra.

I Would ſay *Fortune* ſmil'd upon me, if the ſucceſs I have gotten by her favour, were not moderated by an abſence, to reſiſt which, I have ſcarce any courage left me; yet I would ſtrive to ſupport it, might I hope a place in the memory of my adorable *Princeſs*, I confeſs I cannot ask it without raſhneſs, and yet not forbear the demand, without neglecting what I owe to the conſervation of a life I have given her.

Theſe were the two firſt he wrote, of which he received no anſwer; but a while after, having done wonders in another encounter, which report quickly carryed to *Rome*, the *Princeſs Octavia* and the *Emperor* himſelf enjoyned her to write to him, which to ſatisfie them ſhe did in theſe words

The Princeſs Cleopatra *to Prince* Coriolanus.

I Obey the commands impos'd upon me, to write to you without repugnance, and I follow my proper inclinations, when I aſſure you of the intereſt I take in the glorious ſucceſs of your armes; the whole World publiſhes your beautiful actions, *Rome* is an entire *admirer*, and I a particular *rejoycer* at them; the *Gods* grant that *Fortune* may never forſake you, and that you may not ſo blindly reſigne your ſafety to your courage, as not to be careful of preſerving a life, that can never be indifferent to thoſe you judge worthy of your remembrance.

My *Prince* received this letter from the *Princeſs* with an exceſs of joy, and kiſſed it a thouſand times in an amorous rapture at theſe precious marks of her affection. The knowledge it gave him how much ſhe concern'd her ſelf in his glory, ſpur'd him on to greater enterpriſes, and carried him to ſuch a ſublime pitch in the whole *Armies* eſteem, as it talk'd of nothing more than the effects of his valour, nor was he leſs known (by the havock he made) in the *Enemies Camp* than in ours.

After divers fights in parties, the two *Armies* came to a general Battel, and it was fought ſo bravely on both ſides, upon the bancks of *Danubius*, that the ſtreams took increaſe and complexion from the blood that was ſpilt; young *Coriolanus* and his friend *Marcellus* at the head of the Cavalry they

they commanded, did there diſcloſe ſuch prodigies of valour, as till then were not known among the *Romans*, and gave proofs of their prudence and good conduct, which no hopes could rationally expect from ſo immature an age: twice or thrice they rallied, and reinforc'd their troops, which the firſt fury of the *Barbarians* had put into diſorder, and led them on again ſo couragiouſly, as after they had forced their reſiſtance by a valour more than humane, they totally routed the *Enemy*, and oblig'd the *Roman Conſul* to publiſh at the end of the day, that the *Palm* of *victory* was only gather'd by their vertue.

Marcellus ſaved the life of *Vinicius*, mounted him again, and bravely cut him out a path to ſafety through a throng of his Enemies, in the middle of which, he was fighting on foot in manifeſt peril of his life: and my Maſter among other actions, by which he ſignaliz'd himſelf in that memorable day, having broken the ſtouteſt *Squadron* that environ'd them, gave Death with his own hands to the two *chief Commanders* of the Enemies *Army*, and by that action depriv'd all the reſt of their courage which they took from the preſence of their *Generals*.

The Battel did not period the War, for there yet remain'd ſome ſcattered Troops to be defeated, and revolted places that made ſome reſiſtance: two whole years were ſpent in this expedition, at the end of which the two *Princes* having now no more work for their Swords in *Germany*, bent their courſe with the *Conſull* to *Rome*, laden with praiſes that were never due before to ſuch young beginners; my *Maſter*

ſter daily ſhortned his way with all the joy that could be given him, by the hope of reſtoring his eies to the ſight of *Cleopatra*, whom two years abſence (in ſtead of effacing) had more lively ingraves in his memory, and which help'd to compleat his ſatisfaction) he perceiv'd his dear *Marcellus* was perfectly cur'd, and that he had now no farther cauſe of fear to be travers'd by ſuch perſons whoſe repoſe he was oblig'd to value.

The exploits *Vinicius* had done in *Germany* were ſo great, that the *Senate* decreed him the honour of *Triumph*; but he refuſing it with a remarkable modeſty, the grandeur of his ſervices were acknowledg'd by other recompences that were very glorious, and by the command of the *Emperour* and *Senate*, there was made him a moſt *magnifique entry*, where every thing appear'd in a pompous dreſſing, but the greateſt part of the *Romans* found nothing ſo beautiful as our two young *Princes*, that marched on both ſides the *Conſull*, clad in arms, that were hid in the ſplendour of *Gold* and *Jewels*, their *Heads* and *Shoulders* were ſhaded with white Feathers, and themſelves mounted upon two white Horſes, whoſe beautiful pride did marvellouſly aid the grace wherewith their Maſters managed them; all thoſe that ſaw them paſs in that equipage, and had taken the account of the gallant actions they perform'd in War, from the mouth of Fame, ſtrew'd their paſſages with loud acclamations of joy, and their praiſes throng'd like themſelves to welcome them; the *Emperor* receiv'd them with abundance of careſſes, and the priviledge *Marcellus* borrowed from his alliance, gave him no advantage of my Maſter in that

that reception; they were likewiſe ſaluted by the *Empreſs* and Princeſs *Octavia* with kind aſpects, that when they approached *Cleopatra*, the ſight of her made my Maſters eye releaſe all other objects, and his memory efface them; in this two years abſence he found her marvellouſly chang'd, her ſtature (though ſhe was then but fifteen) already reach'd the common height of Women, her neck almoſt form'd to its perfect proportion, and her beauty mounted neer to that Meridian in which you have viewed her; but with this advantagious change, a *Royal Majeſtie* ſat inthron'd in her face, and arm'd her looks with a greater ſeverity than appeared in her precedent years, and my Prince could not behold her viſage without gathering the effects of a fear from her flowred Excellencies, which grew not there before in her budding youth; yet ſhe received him with very obliging civilities, he had no ſooner accoſted her, but without regard to tht *Illuſtrious Spectators*, he bent a knee to the Earth, and raviſh'd a kiſſe from her fair hand, before ſhe could enforce him to riſe, by this extraordinary reſpect publiquely ſtripping part of his amorous deſignes to thoſe eies that had not yet diſcovered them. In preſence of ſo many witneſſes and perſons that waited to ſucceed one another in his embraces, he then had not the freedom of a particular converſe with her, but his eyes were the Deputies of his tongue, and elegantly tranſlated moſt of thoſe *amorous thoughts* into *paſſionate looks*, which his mouth ſhould have put into *Accents*, the whole Court ſpoke highly to his advantage, the general vote publiſhed his brave beginnings beyond a Parallel, and the Emperor him-

himſelf commended him to ſuch a height, as might have top'd the moſt irregular ambition; the honours that were render'd him had the approbation of all but *Tiberius*, the only man that envy'd his fortune, who (prepoſſeſſed by a mortal jealouſie againſt him) was ſtung to the heart at the praiſes were given him; *Marcellus* had a great ſhare in the glory, which indeed he juſtly merited, and the affection which the *Romans* naturally bare him, was marvellouſly augmented, by that clear proof of his vertue.

My *Maſter* being retired to his lodging, was viſited by a throng of his friends, and the firſt news he received was, that *Tiberius* was enamoured of the *Princeſs Cleopatra*; my Prince had begun to ſuſpect it before his departure, but during his abſence, *Tiberius* had made his reſearch ſo publick, as *Rome* had few perſons that ignor'd it. *Coriolanus* reſented this intelligence with a ſenſible diſpleaſure, yet diſſembled it to his friends with all the power and skill he could uſe; but when they had left him the liberty to entertain me in private, he paſſionately declared himſelf fearful of ſo puiſſant a *Rival*, not that the valour or merit of his perſon, had any place in his fears, for while thoſe were only in queſtion, he knew himſelf able to diſpute *Cleopatra*; but he dreaded his *Mother* the *Empreſs Livia*, well knowing the credit ſhe had with the *Emperor*, had power to croſs his deſigns, if ſhe once approved of her Son's affection: however he reſolved to aſſault all obſtacles that encountred him, and openly to diſpute that at the price of his life, which his reaſon judg'd to be no mans due but his own.

He

He impatiently waiteth an occaſion to entertain the *Princeſs* upon that ſubject, and (if poſſible) learn from her mouth the ſentiments ſhe had for his *Rival*; the following day offered him the liberty to make that trial, and obtaining the permiſſion to give her a viſit in her own lodgings, he enjoyed a large opportunity of exchanging his thoughts with her without interruption.

Their firſt diſcourſe may better be imagined than related, and you may eaſily judge my Maſter ſpent it upon the torments he ſuffered for her abſence, while the *Princeſſe* expreſſed the glad content ſhe took in his return, with the happy and glorious ſucceſs of his voyage; yet ſhe contracted her language and looks with ſo much moderation and ſtrict reſerve, received his diſcourſe with ſo ſerious a face, as it ſtartled ſome of his forwardeſt hopes, which though he had foreſeen, yet he was not ſo well fortified againſt it, as not to read over her viſage with a timorous eye; yet he met ſomething there that hinted the occaſion he deſired, and mingling the reſpect with his words, which that new Majeſty imprinted; *Madam*, ſaid he, *if I may be permitted without offending the veneration I owe you, to undiſguiſe a part of my Sentiments, I muſt take liberty to ſay, that the ſeverity that ſits upon your brow, does promiſe no happy* Augury *to my hopes; indeed if it only ſprings from a right underſtanding of what you are, I have no reaſon left me to complain, and mine ſhall agree with the judgments of perſons moſt diſintereſſed, that it is but a fit companion to that bright Majeſty, which we all acknowledge in you, as the* Princeſs *of the world in whom is moſt juſtly ſpher'd; but if*

it

it parts from another cauſe, I do there behold my condemnation and read my irreparable ruine.

I did not perceive, ſaid the Princeſs interrupting him, *that my behaviour to you had put on any other faſhion than it has formerly worn, and if a ſmall acceſs of years, has a little checked the freedom of my Carriage; I cannot think that change can either diſadvantage your* hopes, *or diſquiet your* repoſe: *I did alwaies judge*, reply'd the Prince; *that the childhood of my fortune was too forward to be long liv'd, nor can I frame a juſt complaint, becauſe you cut off a part of thoſe favours which I never merited; but ſince all men are as unworthy as I, with your permiſſion I will believe, that* Tiberius *has not more right to demand them than my ſelf.*

By theſe words *Cleopatra* perceived the kindlings of my *Maſters* jealouſie, and now not donbting but he had heard of the purſuits *Tiberius* had made in his abſence, ſhe reſolv'd to keep on the Mask no longer, and preventing his diſcourſe with a ſmile; *Indeed I thought*, ſaid ſhe, *you would meet with the notice of what has paſſed ſince your departure, and if you ſtill owned an intereſt in my affairs, you would not ſtay long for the knowledge that* Tiberius *has offer'd me affection, I did not believe it neceſſary to diſſemble what I knew of it, nor ſhall I make any ſcruple to avow (if my apprehenſion ſcap'd miſtake) that the reſentments* Tiberius *has for me are the ſame with yours: With mine*, ſaid *Coriolanus* with a haſty interruption, *Ah! Madam do not wound me with ſo deep a diſpleaſure, to think that mine can ſuffer compariſon without a mortal offence; I will eaſily believe* Tiberius *doth oveyou, for there is nothing upon earth deſerves leſs*

incredulity, but that his Paſſion can meaſure with mine, is a belief that all the ſtrength of my ſubmiſſion and obedience is too weak to bow me to; Tiberius *has excellent qualities, and poſſible a perſon more conſiderable than mine, but our diſpoſitions are very different, and I know our ſouls are incapable of cheriſhing an equal flame; if all the requiſites of Love were comprized in offering Proteſtations of fidelity at your feet, or ſpruſing up the paſſion in artificial language, perhaps I might juſtly claim no advantage; but if to miſpriſe and abandon all thoſe things, wherewith ambitious perſons build their felicity, to ſacrifice my life at your feet; nay, and if poſſible, to dye it a thouſand times over in your ſervice, be to love aright, methinks you ſhould find ſome difference 'twixt the Paſſion of* Tiberius, *and that of* Coriolanus.

Then I will tell you, ſaid the Princeſs, *to repair the diſpleaſure I have given you, that I do diſtinguiſh betwixt you; and if I thought you would not take too much advantage of my words, I would add, that you are better placed in my opinion than* Tiberius, *not that his affection has not put on as fair and ſpecious proofs, nor that it has almoſt ſpoke the ſame language that yours have utter'd, yet with truth I dare aſſure you, that neither his diſcourſe nor actions have got any hold in my heart, and if I change not my humour, I think it will ask a long time to make my inclination look that way.*

This free and ureſerv'd Declaration of the *Princeſs*, gave my Maſter a ſatisfaction that drove away all his fears, and calm'd his diſpleaſures, which not being able to diſſemble one moment, recovering that gaiety that uſually ſparkled in his lively looks; *I am made*

then he turnes the tide of his choler upon *Tiberius*, and addreſſing his ſpeech to him with an action full of fury; " Think not, *ſaid he*, think not thou inſolent " *Rival*, to prevail by theſe advantages that fortune " has blindly given thee, thou doſt hold nothing a- " bove me, but of her, and if by the fall of my *Em-* " *pires* I am fallen to a lower eſteem with *Cleopatra*, " than the Son of *Livia*, at leaſt by a *courage* more " Noble, a *birth* more Illuſtrious, and the *Teſtimonies* " of a *Love* more perfect than his; I may repair the " defects of that, which giddy chance has only given " thee above me, thou art now grown gay with the " ſpoils of my repoſe & glory, & proudly deck'd thy " ſelf with an Ornament due to me only, but fear " *Tiberius* (if thy fortune will let thee apprehend it) " fear that this preſent may prove fatal, thou mayeſt " yet be put to buy it at the price of thy blood; nor " canſt thou give dear enough for it, though all thy " veins were empty'd for the payment; His paſſion brought forth a thouſand other complaints ful of the marks of tranſport and deſpair; in this manner he tormented himſelf the remainder of the day till the Evening arriv'd, and about the hour they returned from the ſpectacles, he reſolv'd to write to the *Princeſs*, when, after he had try'd all the ſtrength of his reaſon to tame the rage that poſſeſt him, and reduce himſelf to a condition, of employing the ſame reſpect, which he uſually expreſt in his other letters, at laſt he made the paper ſpeak in theſe terms.

Prince

Prince *Coriolanus* to the Princeſs *Cleopatra.*

"IT is not for the unfortunate *Coriolanus* to com-
"plain of *Cleopatra*, he owes her all, and has me-
"rited nothing of her; but if he might have leave
"to aſſume the liberty, he would make it appear
"that though he be unworthy of her favours, *Tibe-*
"*rius* has not better deſerv'd them: the grant of ſo
"publick an advantage, has openly deſtroy'd the
"promiſe you made me, never to prefer the Son of
"*Livia* before the *Prince* of *Mauritania*; but ſince it
"is not permitted me to demand of my *Soveraign*,
"the effects of her promiſes, I will try the Courteſie
"of Death for a comfort, which I can receive of
"none but her, and for which I am willing to owe
"her the entire obligation.

He had no ſooner finiſhed theſe words, when (without conſulting further with reſpect or reaſon) he commanded me to carry them to the *Princeſs*; I found ſome precipitation in this proceeding, but as I ever paid him a blind obedience, I took the letter and carry'd it to *Cleopatra*'s lodgings. She was newly return'd from the *Amphitheater*, and retir'd alone into her *Cabinet* much troubled, but when ſhe knew I was there to ſpeak with her, ſhe commanded I ſhould enter, I preſently read a part of her diſcontent in her viſage, yet ſhe forc'd it (before I had time to ſpeak) to demand how my *Maſter* did, *in a very ſad eſtate Madam*, ſaid I, *part of which you will learn from this letter he commanded me to give you.*

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The *Princeſs* without returning an anſwer, took the letter and read it, but before ſhe had got to the end, I eaſily perceiv'd that Choler had drown'd the *Lillies* of her face in a flood of *bluſhes.* That haughty courage could not ſuffer the liberty he took to reproach her, and feeling her own Innocence, ſhe repented her deſign to give him comfort and ſatisfaction, if his patience could have waited it; and now deſpight began to grow active in her, but ſhe commanded her ſelf with a power ſo irreſiſtable, as hindred the heat of it from breaking out in my preſence, though ſhe knew my *Maſter* honoured me with the knowledge of his ſecrets, and letting fall the letter upon the Table, with an action full of a cold neglect: Coriolanus *has reaſon*, ſaid ſhe, *to believe, that it is not for him to complain of* Cleopatra, *nor demand the effects of her promiſes; for my part I never made any to him, that could engage me ſo deep as he has injuſtly pretended: my favours are neither for* Tiberius *nor him, nor ſhall ever be granted to any perſon that uſurps the liberty to upbraid me, I could poſſibly juſtifie my ſelf againſt his reproaches, and perhaps would have done it too, had he given me time; but ſince he has prevented the intention I might have had, with an act ſo inſuitable to the knowledge he ſhould have of my humour, bid him go ſeek his comforts where he can find them, and let me be quiet.*

At theſe words (after ſhe had made me a ſign to retire) ſhe took up a book and began to read in it, without turning her head any more towards me, I went away in a deep ſadneſs, and a grand confuſion, at the bad ſucceſs of my meſſage, and was no ſooner returned to my Maſter, but my face told

him part of the truth before my tongue could begin it; yet I had ſome deſign to ſweeten it as much as poſſible, but his impatience would neither allow me the time, nor leave me the aſſurance, forbidding me to diſguiſe any thing, with a look ſo ſevere and terrible, as I durſt not adventure it. Then I punctually recounted to him the action, and repeated the language word for word to *Cleopatra*, which brought him to the ſaddeſt condition that misfortune could make; I did believe the unkindneſs he took at her pretended change, would have fortifi'd him againſt the fear of her anger: but his Soul found room enough for both the paſſions, and if he were afflicted with a belief of *Cleopatra*'s diſſertion, he trembled at the thought of her anger, & the very intelligence of ſo haſty an indignation in ſo moderate a ſpirit, confirmed his opinion of her inconſtancy; for he could not believe that petty-offence could paſs her ſo ſuddenly, to a cold indifferency touching his repoſe and his life, unleſs ſhe had loſt that which formerly nouriſhed the care of it, and receiv'd a new impreſſion that had effac'd the old one; then did he let fly ſuch language and behaviour, as was but little confirm'd to his ordinary moderation, all his thoughts tended to the death of *Tiberius*, but he was ſoon put paſt the power of acting thoſe reſolutions, and whether caus'd by jealouſie of his *Rivals* fortune, or apprehenſion of *Cleopatra*'s anger, he fell that very evening into a moſt violent Feaver.

He was ſcarce laid in his bed, when *Marcellus* (who had been anxious for his welfare, ever ſince he ſaw him depart the *Cirque* ſo unexpectedly) enter'd the

the Chamber; I was very glad of his preſence, hoping the power he had in his ſpirit, would prove the beſt medicine to remit his diſeaſe: before he approach'd my Maſters bed (who yet knew not of his coming) he demanded of me the account of his health, and I (knowing my Maſter never us'd to hide any thing from him) was willing to give him the naked truth, conceiving it requiſite to ſave the ſick man the labour, who could not enter upon that recital, without the danger of a paſſionate tranſport; *Marcellus* was aſtoniſh'd at the diſcourſe which I made him touching *Cleopatra*'s Scarf, and the rage ſhe was in at my Maſters letter, and being indeed his real friend, he did tenderly intereſs himſelf in his affection; but he was maſter of a grand courage, and that rather diſpos'd him to aſſiſt than bewail his friend, with this deſigne approaching his beds ſide, *What* Coriolanus, ſaid he, *is your courage fled, as ſoon as you feel the firſt blow of misfortune? cannot you call to minde how bravely it has ſerved you in more dangerous encounters? Ah! my dear* Marcellus replyed the Prince with a deep ſigh, *as my unhappineſſe is ſtated, how vainly would my courage ſtruggle to relieve me? and how much more eaſie is it to brave Death with my ſword in my hand, than thus to ſupport the Cholar and inconſtancy of* Cleopatra? *I know*, ſaid Marcellus, Cleopatra's *Cholar will not be long-liv'd, and for her inconſtancy, let me tell you, your ſuſpition is built but upon ſlight appearances. Call you thoſe ſlight appearances*, replyed my Prince, *that I ſaw with my proper eyes, and could* Tiberius *obtain a more conſiderable advantage over me, than that which glittered in the ſight of the whole City?* Emilius *has told me all,*

ſaid Marcellus, *and I confeſſe you have ſome cauſe of diſcontent; but thus to throw your ſelf down ſo weakly, is that which I cannot pardon, ſince I can ſee no ſolid foundation to prop the opinion of your unhappineſs. Ah* Marcellus cry'd my Maſter, *how eaſie it is for thoſe to ſwim in a tide of Proſperity, to ſentence a weakneſs, which doubtleſſe themſelves would fall into, if their fortune once grew angry: Do you believe,* purſued he, leaning upon his Elbow, and regarding *Marcellus* with a paſſionate look, *do you believe that after ſuch viſible marks of* Tiberius *fortune, and my diſgrace, I can keep the current of my grief within the banks of moderation? and would you eſteem that a true courage you alleadge, if it ſhould defend me from the ſenſibility I owe to the utter ſhipwrack of my hopes? No no my dear* Marcellus, *ſince I have faſtned my life to* Cleopatra's *affection, tis but fit it ſhould dye with it, and I aske no more of the* Gods, *but onely to give way to my revenge upon* Tiberius; *I ſaw that inſolent man deck'd with a precious favour, that I durſt not raiſe my hopes to, and I remember, after he had proudly demanded it in my preſence, his diſcourſe and action witneſſed that he was ſure to obtain it; that* Princeſs, *which I believ'd incapable of ſo black a diſſimulation, cunningly cover'd her deſign to favour him, and ſince made no difficulty to bely the appearances that deceiv'd me, and diſplay to every* Roman *eye the advantages ſhe gave him to the prejudice of my hopes: After ſo cruell a diſgrace one ſlight complaint, and that too ſweetn'd with Reſpect, a Complaint which the* Gods *never forbad us in our leaſt afflictions, has drawn upon me the indignation of that ſpirit, which (had it not been chang'd) would eaſily have pardon'd the effect of ſo juſt*

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a reſentment. Nor would ſhe have put ſo much gall of contempt and cruelty in her words, if ſhe had not deſign'd this life (which I have entirely given her) for a Sacrifice *to deſpair; and oh that her ſelf would offer it! or at leaſt behold the deplorable end of a life which I will preſerve no longer, ſince it has diſpleas'd and is grown indifferent to her. At afflictions of this ſtamp, my deareſt friend, you do but throw away the fruit of your generoſity, and this effect of friendſhip which your admirable vertue has forc'd from you in my favour, is now laviſh'd in vain, ſince my preſent condition will neither permit me to receive nor requite it.*

The *Prince* (who thus let himſelf be carried down the imperious ſtream of his paſſion) would doubtleſs have inlarged his complaint, if *Marcellus*, who judg'd a diſcourſe ſo vehement, might prove a dangerous foe to his health, had not interrupted him.

"I do not ſeek to oppoſe your reſentments, *ſaid* "*he*, & I am well enough acquainted with the cauſe "that afflicts you, to excuſe the effects, but I could "have wiſh'd you had made a clearer diſcovery be- "fore you leap'd the precipice to theſe extremities, "I know I can quickly learn the truth, and when "you have no further cauſe to doubt of your good "or ill fortune, we ſhall ſee what behaviour wil beſt "become you; 'tis too late this night to ſee the "*Princeſs Cleopatra*, but to morrow I will not fail to "viſit her, and as cunning as ſhe is, I dare pawn my "promiſe ſhe ſhall find a hard task to hide her incli- "nations from my knowledge; in the mean time for "my ſake diſpoſe your ſelf to reſt, and oblige my "endeavours to redeem you from this ſad conditi- "on, with the auſpicious hope of a happy ſucceſs.

My Maſter was ſo deeply buried in grief, as he ſlighted the officious cares of his friend, and earneſtly oppos'd his deſign to labour his repoſe, proteſting, if his life were indifferent to *Cleopatra*, he would never try the ſtrength of his own, nor others induſtry to preſerve it; but *Marcellus*, having ſtaid ſome time with him made a diſcreet uſe of it in inſinuating ſuch preſſing reaſons, as if he did not paciſie his ſpirit, at leaſt he diſpoſed it, to exact the event of his intended diſcourſe with *Cleopatra*. When *Marcellus* was gone, my Maſter waſted the reſt of the night with nothing but ſighs, and ſobs, accompanied with disjoynted ſpeeches: and though his Feaver was very intenſe, he would not ſuffer us to call a *Phyſitian*, nor employ any remedies to reſcue his health which himſelf had abandon'd.

The next day ſo ſoon as the Princeſſe *Cleopatra* might civilly be ſeen, the officious *Marcellus* went to her Lodging, and found her in the ſame angry mood that poſſeſt her the day before, nevertheleſſe ſhe receiv'd him with all the civility was due to his condition, to the merit of his perſon, and the particular eſteem ſhe had always born him; ſhe had then no other company with her but one maid, whom ſhe peculiarly truſted, which offer'd him opportunity to entertain him with liberty enough, and taking a hint from the ſadneſs that overſpread her viſage, to fall upon his deſign; "If I did not highly value your "quiet, *ſaid he*, I would borrow ſome comfort from "the encounter of a perſon, that appears as male-"content as my ſelf, but I will alwayes importune "the *Gods* to preſerve you from ſuch afflictions as I "endure.

Though

Though the *Princeſs* ſuſpected his drift, yet ſhe was not willing to croſs it, and feigning ſome amazement at his words; *If I knew you had a juſt cauſe for any inward anguiſh,* ſaid ſhe, *I ever eſteem'd you at the price of taking my ſhare in your afflictions; but I cannot think you have now any reaſon to find fault with your fortune: Yes I have great cauſe to complain of her,* reply'd Marcellus, *and if reſpect would permit me, I would ſay of you too, ſince you have both joyn'd to deſtroy me the moſt generous and the perfectſt friend that ever breath'd; the infortunate* Coriolanus *dies, and I cannot comprehend for what offence you have doom'd him; ſure you can neither double the grandeur of his* love *nor* reſpect, *and for the qualities of his perſon, they are ſo known to all the world, that 'tis not likely you alone ſhould ignore them; I would ſay more, (and if you pleaſe, you may ſafely give me leave) that you have formerly eſteemed him, and* time *is not two daies older, ſince he had cauſe to be proud of his fortune; but the ſpace of one night has ruined him, and then, when he was leaſt prepared for ſo cruel a revolution, he hath ſeen with his own eies the indubitable marks of his diſaſter, and receiv'd from anothers mouth, that brought him your intentions, the fatal Sentence you pronounced againſt him; yet he does not murmur at you, nor complain of his Deſtiny, ſince he alwaies laid it at your feet, but if an* innocent *may have leave*-----

Marcellus would have gone on, when the *Princeſs* (who had liſten'd with impatience) haſtily interrupted him; *'Tis enough* Marcellus, ſaid ſhe, *I apprehend all you would ſay for your friend, and poſſible I ſhould not ſo long have ſuffered the ſame Diſcourſe from another perſon, I am neither ignorant of his birth,*

nor the qualities of his perſon, and till now I wanted cauſe to complain of his affection or reſpect; but ſince he has begun to quit it, and believes he may lawfully take commiſſion from my ſoftneſs, for his pretence to the command of my actions, he ought not to think it ſtrange if I deſire to diſabuſe him, and let him know, that I will never reſign that power either to him or any perſon living. See what a letter he has ſent me, (continued ſhe, taking up my Maſters letter, which lay open upon the Table) *conſider the terms, and judge if you pleaſe, whether it holds a proportion with that reſpect, for which you would fain recommend him.*

When he wrote the letter, reply'd the diſcreet Marcellus, *he deem'd himſelf already loſt to your thoughts, for he had ſeen* Tiberius *vapour it with the badge of a happineſs which could never be built but upon his ruine, and at the knowledge of ſo viſible and ſo publick an infelicity, would you have him do leſs than put in his complaint, which methinks he has done too with moderation enough. Had he made uſe,* reply'd the Princeſs, *of that moderation and reſpect you talk of, he ſhould doubtleſs have received a full ſatisfaction, for as his misfortune had no other foundation but his own opinion, ſo that once confuted, he would have been reſtor'd to the Eſtate, of which he believed himſelf unjuſtly deprived, but inſtead of repairing to me with a due reſpect for my conſtruction of the truth, he writes to me in an imperious ſtile, upbraids me with promiſes I made him, and favours given to* Tiberius, *in terms full of Pride and Inſolence; do you think he did not owe me the difference, at leaſt to inform himſelf calmly of the truth before he flew into reproaches ſo audaciouſly againſt*

gainſt a Princeſs, *to whom by his own confeſſion, he had given ſome power in his breaſt, and to whom his Choler would have been very indifferent, if ſhe had not formerly allowed him ſome favours, which he has unworthily abuſed?*

I confeſs, anſwered Marcellus, *he was a little inconſiderate, yet it is true too, that thoſe paſſions are faint and feeble, that in ſuch a trial are compatible with that cold diſcretion you expected from him, and I ſhould not have believ'd* Coriolanus *had lov'd with ardour, if after the knowledge of this diſaſter, founded upon ſo clear an appearance, he had ſtill kept his reaſon in her throne. He ought to have underſtood me better,* ſaid Cleopatra haſtily, *and rather have given his own eies the lye, than admitted an opinion, and taken the boldneſs to declare it too, that has mortally offended me; he ſhould have left me the liberty of my own actions, if it be true that he has given me the command of his; and had he cal'd to mind how I have led my life, it would have check'd his haſty belief, that I had any right to theſe reproaches; I ſhould not then have refus'd to juſtifie my ſelf to him, as I will now to you, not for the ſatisfaction of* Coriolanus *but* Cleopatra, *and to ſtop the courſe of your opinion, leſt it ſhould condemn me of more kindneſs to* Tiberius *than I am guilty of; know then he had not that Scarf of me, that help'd to deck his* Parade *at the publick ſports, but receiv'd it from the* Empreſs *his* Mother, *who yeſterday came into my Chamber when I was dreſſing, and finding it lay upon the table, ſhe fell a commending the work, and beg'd it of me; I could not tell how to refuſe ſuch a toy to a perſon of whoſe bounty I held all that I had, and I ſhould not have deni'd it, though my ſuſpition had*

foreſeen

foreſeen the requeſt was deſign'd with ſo little Decorum *to her dignity; but concealing her intention, ſhe carryed it her ſelf out of my Chamber, and doubtleſs gave it to her* Son, *who I am confident had oblig'd her to ask it: but when I ſaw it at the ſolemnities appear upon his ſhoulder, I wanted not much of being as mad as* Coriolanus *himſelf; nor could I ſince recover ſuch a temper, as I durſt truſt my ſelf withall to viſit the* Empreſs, *for fear the couzenage would have urged my reſentments to ſome unbecoming language. Thus* Marcellus, *have I given you the naked truth, and ſhould not have ſcrupled the ſame to* Coriolanus, *had he not forgot to give me my due, and by his indiſcreet behaviour redoubled my vexation.*

While *Cleopatra* ſpoke in this manner, and *Marcellus* (raviſhed with joy in his friends behalf) heard her with a greedy attention, *Tiberius* entered the Chamber, and as if the *Gods* had then voted the concluſion of this adventure, he ſtill wore the ſame Scarf upon his Arm, that had caus'd ſo much diſorder, which he was reſolv'd to carry there, as long as it would hold the faſtening.

The *Princeſs* no ſooner ſpi'd him, but the object awak'd her anger, which *Marcellus* eaſily conſtru'd by the comment of a bluſh, that haſtily overflow'd her cheeks, nor could his impatience do leſs than change his colour at the ſight of thoſe ſpoils, in a *Rivals* poſſeſſion, which had coſt his friend ſo much anguiſh.

Tiberius had no ſooner taken a ſeat, and diſpoſed himſelf to enter into diſcourſe, when the impatient *Princeſs* (no longer able to keep her paſſion under hatches) regarding him with eies that expreſſed the con-

contents of her meaning; "Tiberius, *ſaid ſhe, inter-*
"*cepting the firſt word he utter'd,* I take it very ill you
"ſhould carry that about you by the *Artifice* & *Au-*
"*thority* of a perſon who has power over me, which
"you could not obtain by your own credit; and it
"was with a moſt ſenſible diſpleaſure that I ſaw you
"make your *publick Parade,* with a thing which no
"conſideration ſhould ever have bent me to grant
"you.

Tiberius was deeply ſurpriz'd at this diſcourſe, and much aſham'd it ſhould happen in the preſence of *Marcellus*, whoſe affection he knew had knit him to *Coriolanus* intereſt; yet his natural confidence quickly reaſſur'd him, & indeavouring to chain up his reſentment, that his reſpect to the *Princeſs* might ſtill be at liberty: *I did not believe,* ſaid he, *we could have ſin'd in following the ſtream of our* Fortune *and* Glory, *even the ſame way you have condemn'd, but my deſires ſhould have choſen another path, had I thought this would have led me to your diſpleaſure; but ſince my unhappineſs hath conducted me thither, I am ready to render as great a reparation of the fault as you can claim of my obedience: All I demand,* reply'd Cleopatra, *is, you would preſently reſtore my Scarf, and ſuffer me no longer to languiſh in diſpleaſure, when it is in your power to free me: you gave it to a perſon,* anſwer'd Tiberius, *from whom I thought you would not have reſum'd it in this manner; and ſince you know I had it of the* Empreſs, *I hope you will not ordain me to put it into any other hands than hers: when I gave it the* Empreſs, added *Cleopatra, I believ'd it was intended for her ſelf, and not you, and when ſhe ſhall deſire it again for her ſervice, I will be ready to render it with all the reſpect I owe her: methinks you ſhould*

not

not place it among my offences, said Tiberius, *if I strive to preserve what came from so blessed a place, & so good a hand, nor think it strange that I rather chuse to abandon my life, than a gem that I prize above it, of which you have no right to deprive me, since I hold it not of your bounty.*

You had never receiv'd it of the Empress, answered the Princess, *had you given her but the least hint, how I was like to relish the disposall, for I know she has too much Nobleness, to prejudice a* Princess *for your satisfaction that honours her as she ought: but since you have deceiv'd her as well as me, if you please you may tender it, or take it ill if I intreat you to see me no more.*

Tiberius was struck with a deep astonishment at these last words, and at the inflexibility of the Princess, of which his hopes had promis'd him the victory, but dissembling his trouble as well as he was able: *You treat me extreamly ill,* said he, *in reducing my choice to two evils, the least of which is as cruel as Death it self, but if your Resolves stand firme, to enforce my election, I had rather resign what the* Empress *has given me, than forfeit your sight for ever: you will do me a pleasure,* replyed the Princess, *and whether you call it a present or a restitution, I shall receive it at your hands as a soveraign remedy for my repose; 'tis possibly anothers interest as well as yours,* said *Tiberius* in choler, *that thus carries you against your disposition to do me violence, but I obey you,* continued he, (taking off the Scarf and throwing it upon the Table) *because I know no Law to dispence with my repugnance, yet you may please to remember, that I am not the only man interessed in this harsh usage, and I*

have

have right to complain to the Empreſs *of the injuſtice is done me.*

At theſe words he flung out of the Chamber ſo tranſported with choler, as it ſcarce left him reaſon enough to guide his footſteps. Never did diſcourſe pleaſe *Marcellus* better than this laſt, at which he was preſent, he could only have wiſh'd for the more entire ſatisfaction of his friend, that he had been ambuſh'd in ſome ſecret place, to have diſcover'd the confuſion of *Tiberius*, and ſeen himſelf reveng'd for the tortures he had made him ſuffer; he could not conceal his joy from the *Princeſs*, and aſſoon as *Tiberius* was gone, he prepar'd to expreſſe it, when turning her ſelf towards him, and preventing his words; *Think not*, ſaid ſhe, *I have taken back my Scarf to pleaſe* Coriolanus, *for I could do no no leſſe in behalf of mine own repute, and your friend has not managed that credit ſo well, which he preſum'd he had with me, that I ſhould ſtrain my cares to a complaiſance for his content. Ah! Madam*, replyed my Maſters excellent friend, *what a vaſt difference is there, (if I may adventure to ſay ſo) betwixt your words and thoughts, and how eaſily your own knowledge may ſave me the labour of repreſenting the Innocence of poor* Coriolanus; *he has committed an overſight, which (if rightly examin'd) few men can boaſt they have not fallen into the ſame failing, and for it receiv'd a puniſhment which has reduc'd him to the extreams of his life, I left him in an eſtate which doubtleſs will plead pity enough to overthrow all the reſentments your Paſſion can arm againſt him, but in ſuch an eſtate as bids me fear, that the aſſiſtance which my hopes promiſe from your goodneſs, will arrive too late for his recovery.*

Cleo-

Cleopatra, who truly lov'd my Maſter, grew tender at this diſcourſe, which *Marcellus* underſtood from her aſpect, yet deſirous to diſſemble it: *Come I know your friend*, ſaid ſhe with a forced ſmile, *cannot be ſo ſick as you would make him; he is fallen ſo low* (anſwer'd *Marcellus* with a ſadder gravity than his looks had yet expreſt) *as I fear his life is in the hands of a mercileſs danger: and though I know it is in your power to apply the remedy, yet I doubt it will not come time enough to heal the wounds you have given him.*

He brought forth theſe words with ſo ſerious an *Emphaſis*, as the *Princeſs* convinc'd him of the truth, and knowing by divers marks to what extreams my Maſters paſſion was capable to carry him, ſhe ſuffer'd his danger to ſoften her heart, and turning towards *Marcellus* with a gentle look, *my quarrel to* Coriolanus, ſaid ſhe, *is of no ſuch nature, to call his life in queſtion, or provoke me to refuſe him a remedy, if it may be found within my power, and applyed with the ſafety of my honour.*

At theſe words *Marcellus* fell upon his knee before the *Princeſs*, and redoubling the force of his reaſons, the length of which perſwades me to leave them out, at laſt he vanquiſh'd her, and wrought ſo powerfully, as he diſpos'd her to write him a Letter, which, if I miſtake not, ſpoke in theſe terms.

The

The Princeſs Cleopatra *to Prince* Coriolanus.

"*Marcellus* who has endeavour'd to excuſe you, "wiſh juſtifie me to you, and witneſs there is "more innocence on my ſide than yours, yet I "do not cheriſh ſuch implacable reſentments a-"gainſt you, as not to deſire the return of your "health, make haſt to be well then as ſoon as poſſi-"ble, and your recovery ſhall give me as much Joy, "as your impatience did Diſpleaſure.

Marcellus having obtained this letter for my *Maſter*, was deſirous to take yet a greater ſtrain for his ſatisfaction, and aſſay'd by the moſt preſſing arguments his reaſon could urge, to gain him the Scarf which the *Princeſs* had taken from *Tiberius*; but he found it impoſſible to prevail, as well upon the averſion that high ſpirit cheriſh'd to the grant of ſuch favours, as the fear ſhe had wiſely entertain'd of giving cauſe of complaint to *Tiberius*, which might kindle a quarrel betwixt the two *Princes.*

In the mean time it fell out that *Marcellus* had ſpoken truer of my Maſters malady than he believ'd, for the torments he inflicted upon himſelf that night, had enrag'd his Feaver to ſuch a height, as the next day it manifeſtly threatned his life, yet he perſever'd (notwithſtanding the earneſt entreaty of his friends) in a reſolution to refuſe all remedies, and the opinion he had of *Cleopatra*'s inconſtancy, had made ſo cruel an impreſſion in his ſpirit, as he ſought after

after nought but death, and certainly had ſoon found it, if *Marcellus* had not ſeaſonably arrived with the remedies that were requiſite for his cure; ſo ſoon as he approached his bed whence the other *viſitants* were then with-drawn: *Riſe*, Coriolanus, ſaid he, *you muſt be no longer ſick, after I have told the news I bring you*; at theſe words of *Marcellus*, *Coriolanus* turned his head that way, and regarding him with a languiſhing look; *Ah!* Marcellus, ſaid he, *what pleaſure do you take to ſport with miſery? if you call it ſport* (reply'd *Marcellus*, ſitting down upon his bed) *I believe you will not think the game unpleaſant, and, before we part I hope to have better entertainment of your face than it now affords me; all you have to do is to get up as faſt as you can and go ask* Cleopatra's *pardon for the offence you committed, or rather to pay your thanks to her goodneſs that has ſo eaſily remitted an injury that merited a longer penance.*

My Maſter liſten'd to this language in a ſuſpenſe betwixt joy and diffidence, but *Marcellus* no longer willing to detain his happineſs wrapt in uncertainty, after he had prepar'd his attention, began to relate what befel him with *Cleopatra*, and repeated word for word all the diſcourſe he had with her; my Maſter abandon'd himſelf to a painful joy when he learn'd that *Tiberius* receiv'd not the favour from *Cleopatra*, but when the ſequel told him of his unlucky adventure, with the rigorous treatment he receiv'd from the *Princeſs*, it ſeiz'd his ſoul with a raviſhment too deep to be put into words; but ſuddenly returning from theſe tranſports to converſe with ſome diſtruſtful thoughts that inſinuated, there

was

was more deſign than truth in *Marcellus* words, on purpoſe to reconcile him to the care of his own health, he intreated him with a ſerious look not to abuſe his credulity, nor raiſe him with *Romantick* hopes to an eſtate, from whence a relapſe would threaten more danger than the former malady: *What proofs would you ask*, ſaid *Marcellus*, *to avouch this truth? I would have a confirmation*, reply'd my Maſter, *under* Cleopatra's *hand*; *You ſhall have it then* ſaid *Marcellus*, and no longer willing to defer his contentment, he delivered him *Cleopatra's* letter, at the ſight of which, with the knowledge of the *Character* and the reading of the words, my Maſter had like to have loſt his ſenſes, and by an exceſs of joy, which he was not capable to contain, he ſtaid a long time motionleſs and mute, as if he had been dazled with his happineſs.

When he came again to himſelf, he firſt ſtretch'd out his arms, and greedily ſeiz'd upon *Marcellus*, elegantly expreſſing his reſentments in the dumb language of embraces, from theſe his joy ſucceeds to words, wherewith he confirm'd it in a diſcourſe ſo paſſionate, as it drew tears from *Marcellus* eies; it would make my ſtory tedious to repeat the whole Dialogue of kindneſs betwixt them. In fine, by the vertue of this delicious remedy his mind was perfectly cur'd, but his body was not ſo, and the *Phyſitians* that were call'd preſently after, judg'd that the extremity of his joy had redoubled his Feaver; yet we were encouraged to hope the beſt, by my *Maſters* ready diſpoſition to ſuffer the Medicines were preſcribed him; in effect he reſign'd himſelf up to their diſpoſal that took care of his recovery, but

his body could not take example by his mind, for his Malady visibly increasing, in a short time it menac'd much danger, the *Prince* having now no further cause to hate his life, did all that he was able to gain a recovery, and restore himself to a condition of visiting his *Princess*, but his will found little obedience in his body, for the violence of his grief, to which he had given himself up a willing prey, had contaminated all his bloud, and his Feaver grew at last to such a height, as the *Physitians* with a common consent, express'd more fear than hope of his recovery.

All the persons of quality in *Rome* interessed themselves in this *Princes* disaster, the *Emperor* himself came often to see him, and of the principal *Courtiers*, there was not a man but *Tiberius* (who had the sting of his last affront still sticking in his memory) that did not render him a visit: *Marcellus* (who never stir'd from his pillow, and did him all the offices could be hop'd from a most affectionate Brother) was excessively afflicted at it, and the *Princess Cleopatra* (what ever violence she did upon her self to keep her griefs at home) could not totally hide the displeasure she resented, this was first betrayd to my *Master* by a letter she sent him two daies after the former, in which (after he had open'd it with a trembling feeble hand) with much pain he read these words.

The

The Princeſs Cleopatra, *to Prince* Coriolanus.

" I Would not have hop'd ſo little obedience from
" you, and I thought I had well enough expreſt
" my deſires of your care to engage yours upon the
" ſame ſcore, if you have any deſign to pleaſe me,
" endeavor your recovery, 'tis the greateſt proof I
" demand of your *affection*, and the moſt agreeable
" news I can receive for my own repoſe.

Theſe words had alone been capable to reſtore his health, if the clear contentment of his ſpirit could have advanced it; a thouſand times did he kiſs that agreeable command, and obeyed it with all the induſtry our wiſhes could ask; but the diſeaſe had taken too deep a root, and from thence force enough to go on in its courſe in ſpight of all the care we took to arreſt it.

The poor *Prince* deſired nothing with ſo much ardour as the ſight of *Cleopatra*, and the *Princeſs* made no ſcruple in that extremity, to avow before *Marcellus* and my ſelf, the affection ſhe bare him profeſſed an equal deſire to ſee him, and waited for nothing but the means to do it with *Decorum.*

She durſt not adventure to make the viſite by her ſelf, and the *Empreſs*, (whom ſhe would have accompanyed had ſhe done him that favour) preſerving ſome reſentment againſt him, in behalf of *Tiberius*, was contented to underſtand his condition by

the return of her meſſages, at laſt *Marcellus* adviſ'd her to go with the Princeſs *Octavia*, who had been once already with him, and he knew would not be ſorry to meet an occaſion of rendering that teſt of her amity to *Coriolanus*: the children of *Antony* reſpected *Octavia* as their Mother, and ſhe them with ſuch a tenderneſſe as fell not ſhort of a Parents Indulgence: and though the Princeſs *Cleopatra* liv'd at *Court* with the *Empreſs*, yet even by her injunction ſhe daily viſited *Octavia*, ever remembring to pay a ſubmiſſive reverence to her perſon.

Octavia was acquainted with my Maſters paſſion, which ſhe did not diſapprove, and her Son *Marcellus* no ſooner mention'd his deſire of her rendring that office to his friend, but ſhe readily undertook it, and the next viſite *Cleopatra* made her, ſhe intreated her company to go ſee the Prince of *Mauritania*: The *Princeſs*, who knew ſhe might go any way with her, as her Mother, without the leaſt fear of blame, ſince the high reputation of her vertue, and the ranke ſhe held as the Siſter of *Cæſar*, and Widow of *Antony*, might authorize all the viſits ſhe made in her company, obey'd her without repugnance.

Marcellus by a pre-intelligence, diſpos'd my Maſter to expect this happineſs, for fear the ſurprizal of an immoderate joy ſhould work the ſame effects it had formerly done, to the prejudice of his health, yet my Maſter had a hard task with all the effects he could make to contain himſelf, and he no ſooner ſaw the *Princeſs* enter his Chamber, but the ſight had like to have made a Rape upon his ſenſe

ſenſe; *Octavia* came firſt to the beds ſide, after ſome words full of that *ſweetneſs* and *Majeſtie*, which was as natural to her as beams to the *Sun*, proteſting the diſpleaſure ſhe took at the continuance of his *malady*, ſhe was contented her *Son* who had feign'd a pretence to ſpeak with her, ſhould lead her to the window, leaving the *Princeſs* alone with him by the beds ſide, and the Maids of her Train at the other end of the Chamber; though *Cleopatra* had prepar'd her ſelf to ſee him in that eſtate, yet ſhe could not ſee him there, and hide her bluſhes, and ſhe had much ado to make her ſelf *miſtreſs* of that ſcrupulous nicety that taught her to Criticize too ſeverely upon that action: however ſhe ſate her down upon the Chair *Octavia* had quitted; while the Prince whoſe confuſion had rob'd him of the ſtrength and confidence to open his mouth, ſtrives to expreſſe himſelf at the eies, with regards though wholly languiſhing, yet ful of fire; *Cleopatra* advancing her head towards his, that ſhe might not be heard, by thoſe on the other ſide the Chamber; "*Corio-*
"*lanus, ſaid ſhe*, I have reaſon to complain of you,
"and if you truly lov'd me, you would cheriſh more
"care to improve the intereſt I take in your recove-
"ry, you were told of this by my letters, and I have
"vanquiſh'd ſome ſcruples, which I would not have
"combated upon a feeble conſideration, to come
"and confirm it to you with my own mouth, yet I
"finde you ſtill in a condition that ſhews me no
"proofs of the power I have in you. The *Prince*, daunted as he was, took courage from theſe ſweet words, and ſending ſome looks before his language that ſpoke more paſſion than the formor: "You

"have reaſon, Madam, *ſaid he*, to condemn the
"eſtate wherein you finde me, ſince inſtead of ſee-
"ing me in this unbecoming poſture, ſo diſpropor-
"tion'd to the reſpect I owe you, I ſhould be pro-
"ſtrate at your feet, asking pardon for the offence I
"committed; this repugnant *body* to your commands
"has ſuffer'd for its *diſobedience*, nor has my *Soul*
"ſcap'd with a milder puniſhment, but neither one
"nor the other would ever have been capable of ex-
"piating the crime, if your excellent nature had
"not aſſiſted their impuiſſance. Speak no more, repli'd
the *Princeſs*, (not willing he ſhould ſtrain his ſpirits
with too long a Diſcourſe) "ſpeak no more of an
"Errour which I have remitted, indeed your eaſie
"belief engag'd you to ſome precipitation, but
"you have ſuffer'd more for it than I ſhould have
"doom'd you to, and if I ſtill retain any pique a-
"gainſt you, tis becauſe you ſtruggle too faintly
"for your health, which is very dear to me, and
"which I recommend to your care; for my ſake ex-
"ile all thoughts that may afflict you, and believe
"it, I ſhall never be ſatisfied till your mind and bo-
"dy are both recovered: I am ſo confounded Ma-
"dam, *anſwered my Maſter*, with the favours you
"heap upon me, receiving from your mouth the
"confirmation of your goodneſſe, in a place ſo un-
"worthy to receive you, and where I have ſo
"little cauſe to expect the grace you have done me,
"as I cannot regret the loſſe of that life which is
"now about to abandon me, but for fear it ſhould
"fail me before----Stay, *ſaid the Princeſs, interrupt-*
"*ing him*, you muſt not think of dying, while I
"hold your life at the ſame price with mine own, I
"will

"will have you vanquiſh your malady, I ſay I will "by the authority I have over you, and the intelli- "gence I give you, that you cannot neglect your life, "without indangering mine.

The *Princeſs* put her hand before her face to cover a bluſh, which got up thither at the alarm of theſe words, nevertheleſs, to confirm them to *Coriolanus* by favours that yet ſhe had not granted, ſhe let the other fall upon his cheek, which the *Prince* taking in his feeble hands, carry'd to his mouth, and with all the ſtrength was left him, preſt it with an incredible raviſhment.

The *Princeſs* who felt it extreamly hot, and therefore fear'd the continuance of this paſſionate Diſcourſe might do him harm, grew willing to withdraw, and after ſhe had gently retir'd her hand, *I leave you*, ſaid ſhe, riſing from her ſeat, *for fear of doing my ſelf an injury in what I demand, remember to obey me, If you deſire I ſhould love you*; at this laſt word more confuſed than before, ſhe had not the confidence to behold him longer, but turning to *Octavia* and *Marcellus*, ſhe told them a farther ſtay might do *Coriolanus* an injury, and ſo preſently oblig'd them to quit the chamber.

I know not whether I may aſcribe my *Maſters* cure to that viſit, or whether the diſeaſe was then come to a *Criſis*, what ever it was, the next morning his Feaver was much abated, not many daies after it wholy left him, and in a few others, he had gotten ſtrength enough to quit his Chamber, viſit *Cleopatra*, and render his thanks as he ought for the favours ſhe had done him: I have doubtleſs given you this relation in too large a ſtamp, there being

ſtill ſo many great things that deſerve a mention in my *Maſters* ſtory, as I ought to have paſs'd by thoſe with a ſlighter touch that were of leſs importance; but I ſtaid upon this Diſcourſe the rather, becauſe I knew it would draw you *Cleopatra*'s diſpoſition more lively, than a recital of great adventures, and by theſe petty marks I have given, you may eaſily judge that her *ſpirit* is lofty and imperious, but her *nature* generous and full of nobleneſs.

In the mean time the *Empreſs* by the complaints *Tiberius* had made of an unkindneſs in which her ſelf appeared intereſſed, grew highly incenſed at *Cleopatra*, and probably that act might have coſt her, her lodgings at *Court*, if *Marcellus* (who above the reſt of mankind was dear unto the *Emperor*) had not employ'd all the credit he had with him in her favour.

Cæſar to oblige his Nephew, and ſerve the *Princeſs* whom he highly eſteem'd, would needs have the *Empreſs* turn that pretended *affront* into *Raillery*, and ſo the *Princeſs* eſcap'd with induring a petty reproof and ſome ſullen looks that laſted but a while from the *Empreſs*, who is very dextrous, cunning, and complaiſant in her compliance with the Emperors humours, but ſhe could not ſo eaſily diſguiſe her reſentments againſt my *Maſter*, and thoſe of *Tiberius*, much more violent than hers, did then give a root to that hatred, which has ſince produc'd ſuch grand effects, but as he was the greateſt diſſembler among men, the knowledge he had of my *Maſters* courage, and *Marcellus* his credit, who had openly eſpous'd his party, taught him to cloud the greateſt part of it, and attend till Fortune offered him an

an occaſion, to let it break out at the beſt advantage.

For a while he forbore to viſit the *Princeſs*, proteſting he would never ſee her more, and the *Empreſs* her ſelf who ſtudied harder for the eſtabliſhment of his fortune, than the ſucceſs of his love, labour'd to confirm him in that reſolution; but it could not long hold out againſt his paſſion, and the choler he conceiv'd againſt *Cleopatra*, being diſſipated, or at leaſt over-powered by a ſtronger paſſion, he return'd to her more ſubmiſſive than formerly, and flex'd himſelf to her ſervice with greater aſſiduity than ever: 'tis true he did a little change his faſhion of life with her, and diſcovering by the laſt encounter that her ſpirit was too high and abſolute to be eaſily manag'd, he reſolv'd to ſeek his advantages no more by ſo haughty a carriage, and diligently endeavouring to bring himſelf in credit by an artificial humility, there was never any part of ſubtile and ſupple inſinuation acted, that he did not perſonate before her.

The *Princeſs* to whom beſides theſe ſubmiſſions, the greatneſs of his birth and the power of his Mother, ſtrove to render him conſiderable, was conſtrain'd to ſuffer his re-ſearch, and re-admit him with as ſmooth a brow, as ſhe had done formerly; in the mean time, ſhe managed both his and my *Maſters* ſpirit ſo diſcreetly, and ſo judiciouſly ſwayed the Authority ſhe had over them, as the fear to diſpleaſe her, daily enforc'd them to ſhut their eies upon ſeveral paſſages, that elſe would ſoon have kindled a quarrel, that being the only bridle that often kept their *hatred* from coming to extreams, repreſ-

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ſing their *reſentments* with ſo abſolute an *Empire*, as they neither durſt make any ſhew or noiſe: My Maſter had leſs cauſe than *Tiberius*, upon whom he had then a great advantage: but it was known to none but himſelf and *Marcellus*, for before the reſt of the world, the *Princeſs* govern'd her ſelf ſo prudently, as it would have pos'd the cleareſt eie to penetrate her intentions; then began Fortune to raiſe her ſtorms againſt my Maſter, which my relation muſt interweave with *Marcellus adventures*; for there is ſo much connexion betwixt his and my *Princes*, as one of their lives cannot be faithfully recounted without reciting a part of the others.

Marcellus, whoſe policy firſt chain'd him to the ſervice of *Julia*, grew inſenſibly faſten'd by inclination, and indeed that *Princeſs* was arm'd with an ability ſtrong enough to ſubdue the moſt diſobedient ſpirits to Loves dominion; the diſpoſition of *Marcellus* was ſweet, ingenuous, & ſuſceptible of impreſſions, and he no ſooner got the conſent of his own heart to love *Julia*, but he began to find out ſuch charms about her, as were not only capable to confirm his reſolution, but impoſe a neceſſity of progreſs, in what he firſt undertook for deſign; he loved them, but he lov'd ſincerely, and his affection inſenſibly increaſing, grew at laſt to that height as never heart was deeper ſtruck than his; my *Maſter* to whom that *Prince*'s ſecrets were alwaies naked, underſtood it with a marvellous ſatisfaction, as well for *joy* that this new paſſion had clear'd his fears of the old, as *deſires* to ſee the *Fortunes* of his *Friend*, eſtabliſh'd by the conformity of his will with the *Emperor's*,

peror's, who had deſign'd him his *Daughter*, and daily obſerv'd the proofs he gave of his *affections* with unſpeakable contentment, nor were they unwelcom to *Julia*, and that *Princeſs* who had been before-hand with *Marcellus* in affection, could not now receive thoſe unfeigned oblations of his *vows*, without a large encreaſe of her own, yet in a while ſhe diſſembled them as well as ſhe was able, and deſirous to indear the purchaſe to *Marcellus*, with a little difficulty, ſhe plaid the *politick Tyrant*, and made him ſuffer.

Marcellus complain'd and ſigh'd away ſome time for theſe feigned rigours of *Julia* but at laſt ſhe unmask'd her ſentiments, & after ſhe had receiv'd ſome months tribute of ſufferings and ſervices, ſhe ſhewed him her acknowledgement and affection at as full a magnitude, as he could vertuouſly deſire; nothing was refus'd him that might juſtly be demanded of *Auguſtus* Daughter, and her conceſſions were the freer, becauſe ſhe knew the *Emperour* not onely approv'd them, but that ſhe could not more dearly oblige him than in the perſon of his *Nephew*; he almoſt ſpent his whole day in her company, and his life wheel'd away with as much delight as his wiſhes could fathom; for though ſome of the chiefeſt *Romans*, with divers *Kings Sons* that were brought up at *Rome* were his *Rivalls*, yet they all ſubmitted to his fortune, and paid ſo deep a reſpect both to him and the *Emperour*, as they durſt not ſhock his intentions with the leaſt appearance; the *Senate* and *People*, to whom as I have already told you, *Marcellus* was the *Darling* & *delight*, were tenderly concern'd in his happineſs, and joyful hop'd to ſee the

Daughter,

Daughter, and *Throne* of their *Emperour* one day poſſeſt by the perſon of the World that was deareſt to them, their hopes were founded upon fair likelihoods, and doubtleſſe might arrive at their aim, there being but few perſons under Heaven, whoſe *Fortunes* would ſhew *Envy* ſo fair a mark as thoſe of *Marcellus*, if *Julia*, with one of the rareſt *beauties*, and the moſt vivacious and ſubtile *wits*, had not the moſt wavering and inconſtant heart upon Earth; of this ſhe has given the world ſo much experience, as while you reſided there, you could not chuſe but meet it in many a *Roman* mouth; ſhe began with a perſon, who of all the ſtock of mankind, was fartheſt from cauſe and conſent to wrong *Marcellus*, I confeſs he is Maſter of ſo many bewitching qualities, as might well produce the ſame effects upon a conſtant *heart*, and by this reaſon I might poſſibly excuſe a part of *Julia*'s firſt revoltings, but they have ſince been followed by ſo many others without ground or reaſon, as all that can be alleadged in her defence, is too weak to juſtifie her.

My Maſter, as the deareſt friend *Marcellus* had, was he that had the eaſieſt acceſſe to her of all the *Court*, and rendring her greater reſpects for *Marcellus* ſake, than were due from him to the *Daughter* of *Auguſtus*, it oblig'd her to requite him with an eſteem beyond all the other *Princes* that were educated in the *Emperours Court*, he daily exchang'd long Diſcourſes with her, but talked of no other Subject but his *friend*, and becauſe he was acquainted with moſt of his thoughts, they ſtill furniſhed him with matter to entertain the Princeſſe. The love

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ſhe bare *Marcellus*, made her treat my *Prince* for a time in terms that were reaſonable; but at laſt ſhe ty'd her thoughts too faſt to the conſideration of his incomparable qualities, and by little and little from a particular eſteem, ſhe proceded to good will, and from thence was inſenſibly conducted into *loves territories:* had any other ſpirit but hers thus ſuffered it ſelf to be taken, her whole life would have kept it a ſecret, and ſhe might have borrowed reaſons from the *grandeur* of her *birth*, the *Emperors Command* and *Marcellus* his *ſervices*, puiſſant enough to do violence upon her ſelf, and ſhut it up in her breaſt for ever: but her *ſoul* was of another temper, and ever impatient of *Conſtraint* and *Tyranny*, nevertheleſs ſhe had yet modeſty enough to diſſemble it, though not ſo covertly; but if ſhe betraid not her infidelity to a publick notice, ſhe could not ſo cozen the *Advertancy* of *intereſſed perſons.*

Marcellus was the firſt that perceived it, for my Maſters regards were ſo fixt to *Cleopatra*, as he had much ado to allow the lighteſt reflection to any thing elſe; and finding *Julia*'s behaviour much colder towards him than it was accuſtomed, he often demanded the cauſe, but the *promptitude* and *artifice* of her wit never fail'd in finding pretences to paint the truth; ſhe was loath to break with him, knowing how highly it would diſpleaſe *Cæſar*, and what ſhe was to expect from his anger, beſides its poſſible her breaſt might ſtill keep ſome ſparks unquenched, that were of his kindling; but the impreſſion of this new image had ſo alter'd her, as if ſhe had not finiſh'd the ruine of all thoſe thoughts that once held him dear, yet ſhe took

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no delight to see him, and onely tasted content in the company of *Coriolanus*.

One Evening *Marcellus* discoursing with her by her beds side, (a liberty which the higher powers had allow'd him) & perceiving her thoughtfull and melancholy; "Madam, *said he*, has your goodnesse "given me no right to the knowledge of those inqui- "etudes that have lately disturb'd you? have not "I share enough in your pains and pleasures, to be "led unto their Fountains? I perceive you muse, I "hear your *sighes*, and your face characters an un- "quiet *mind*; is it just, my *Divine Princess*, if I have "any title to your thoughts, I should be longer "kept a stranger to them? and if any thing perplex- "es you, where will you find a comfort so readily, as "in that person of the world, that does most parti- "cipate of your Passion.

This earnest solicitation of *Marcellus* awak'd *Julia* from her dumps, and regarding him with an Ayre something more affable; "Do not you know, *said* "*she briskly*, that we cannot always be of the same "humour? and this alteration you remark in mine, "may't not as wel proceed from my present *temper-* "*ament*, as any cause of *affliction?* I will believe what "you will have me, *replyed Marcellus*, but either all "conjectures shoot very wide, or else your *tempera-* "*ment* cannot so suddenly bring forth effects so con- "trary to your ordinary humour. Your belief is "at liberty, *said Julia*, without so much as turning "her face to *Marcellus*, and since you repose so "little in me, you may seek for that in your own "conjectures, which you cannot finde in my Dis- "course.

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This cold anſwer froze the very ſoul of poor *Marcellus*, and beholding the *Princeſs* with an eie that ſent out part of his thoughts before-hand, *Ah!* Madam ſaid he, *what have I done? by which of my actions have I merited your anger? you have done nothing to me*, reply'd the Princeſs, *but at preſent I find you a little too preſſing, and ſince you are melancholy as well as I, pray take it not ill if I change your company for a perſons whoſe mirth may divert my ſadneſs.*

She ſpake theſe words juſt as ſhe ſaw my *Maſter* enter the chamber, where he had not trod many ſteps, when riſing from *Marcellus*, with a face that had chang'd in a moment the *Scene* of *Sadneſs* into *Gaiety*, ſhe advanc'd towards *Coriolanus*, and offering him her hand with a free kind of action, ſhe led him to the other end of the Chamber, and there diſcourſt away the Evening with him, without ſo much as a ſingle reflection upon the eſtate wherein ſhe left the griev'd *Marcellus*.

That *Prince* was ſenſibly afflicted at her words, but cruelly gall'd with what he obſerv'd in the *Sequel* of her carriage, and though he was not yet poiſon'd with a ſuſpicion of my *Maſter*, yet this unkind uſage ſtung him to the heart, and diſtruſting his own *ſtrength* to keep a Mask upon his grief, after he had ſtaid ſome time alone by the *Princeſs* beds ſide, he went out of the Chamber without engaging in any further diſcourſe.

After this, *Julia* plaid him divers tricks of the ſame nature, which ſhew'd *Marcellus*, and my *Maſter* himſelf how to level their thoughts at the truth: yet the ſuſpition was nothing ſo ſtrong on my *Prin-*

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ces ſide and whatever cauſe he had to think well of himſelf, he knew not how to imagine, ſhe would abandon ſuch a perſon as *Marcellus*, for a man that lov'd her not, nor could he eaſily admit this belief, and it would long have been getting credit with him, if *Julia*, after ſhe had a thouſand times brought her thoughts into her actions, had not ſhew'd them naked in the following Diſcourſe.

One Evening, my Maſter having waſted a part of the night in her Chamber with *Agrippa*, *Mecenas*; and divers other perſons of both *Sexes*, after the *Princeſs* had bid good night to the company, and all were gone, *Julia* caus'd *Coriolanus*, who was got as far as the *Antichamber*, to be call'd back again, telling him ſhe had forgot to acquaint him with an affair that deſerv'd his notice. *Coriolanus* received this command with a due reſpect, and coming back into the Chamber, *Julia*, who was already retir'd to her beds ſide, becken'd him thither and cauſed him to ſit down by her, which when he had obey'd, after ſhe had darted ſome glances at my Maſter, capable to enflame the moſt frozen heart; *I know very well*, ſaid ſhe, *I do now offer you violence, and that all the moments are tedious to you, that you waſt in my company, when the* Princeſs Cleopatra *is not there*; *I acknowledge*, reply'd my Maſter, *that my heart lies at that* Princeſs *feet, where the power of Love has plac'd and faſten'd it, yet that entire prepoſſeſſion of my ſoul cannot ſhut up my eies upon what I owe to the* Princeſs Julia, *and the moſt preſſing and paſſionate thoughts ſhall ſuſpend their violence, while I have the honour to be near her perſon: This is a flattery*, anſwer'd Julia, *that I cannot pardon, and I only deſire*

you

you would anſwer my queſtion without artifice; does Report ſpeak truth, that you are ſo enſlav'd to paſſion for Cleopatra, *as it has ſtruck you blind to all other objects and conſiderations, and Center'd your thoughts in her ſo ſtrongly, as nothing elſe has power to remove them? whoever ſpread that rumour,* ſaid Coriolanus, *ſpoke my thoughts as clearly as if he had been in my breſt to Copy them, for it is moſt certain, the world has not a perſon ſo free that is more abſolutely his own, than I am the* Princeſs Cleopatra's.

I expected this confeſſion from you, replyed Julia, *ſince it is but the ſame you have publickly avowed, and hitherto you have done it with reaſon, but, as I demand a little better ſhare in your ſecrets than another, ſo I expect you ſhould tell me truly: whether you be ſo ſtrongly chain'd to* Cleopatra, *as no conſideration can untye or divert you: I know well your condition is glorious in ſerving ſo fair a* Princeſs, *but ſhould the will of the* Gods *offer you a right to greater advantages, would you ſo dote upon your former paſſion, as not to open your eies upon a fairer of Fortune?*

I cannot tell how to frame a belief, replyed Coriolanus, *that there can be a nobler Fortune found, than what reſults from the glory of ſerving* Cleopatra; *and could others (by the help of a greater blindneſs than mine) acknowledge ſuch a poſſibility, I ſhould never be drawn to own their thoughts, nor hateh one ſingle deſire in my whole life for a more happy condition, than to paſs it entirely at the feet of my adorable* Princeſs: *Imagine,* ſaid Julia, *you were beloved by a* Princeſs *equal in bounty to* Cleopatra, *and infinitely before her in all things elſe, whoſe* high birth *might give her precedency of the whole* Sex, *and reſtore you*

to the ſame eſtate, which your Parents *loſt, or perhaps raiſe you to another more ſublime, would you diſpiſe her for* Cleopatra? *I ſhould have little reaſon,* anſwer'd my Maſter, *to miſpriſe ſuch a perſon as you have repreſented, nor could my inſenſibility of that favour be ſtrained to a contempt; but might ſhe tempt me yet with fairer offers, they could never make me halt in my* fidelity *to my* Cleopatra: *What if* Julia, added the Princeſs, *(vanquiſhing the ſhame that oppos'd the liberty of her language) What if* Julia *her ſelf ſhould love you, would you diſdain her for* Cleopatra?

Theſe words at the ſame time almoſt wrought the ſame effect upon the *Prince* and *Princeſs*, and if the confuſion ſhe took from her own words, made *Julia* bend her looks downwards, *Coriolanus* was ſo abaſh'd at a diſcourſe, which indeed he had little reaſon to expect from ſuch a perſon as *Julia*, as it was long before he durſt raiſe his to her face. In fine, that he might not increaſe his confuſion by his ſilence: *Madam,* ſaid he, *there is no need of an anſwer to this* Diſcourſe, *no neceſſity of declaring my* ſentiments *in a reply to* Raillery; *but admit,* ſaid *Julia, what you call* Raillery, *ſhould prove* Reality, *how would you take it? and what entertainment would your breſt give to* Cæſar's Daughter, *had ſhe a mind to baniſh* Antony's *from thence.*

Coriolanus ſeeing himſelf preſs'd in that manner, was reſolv'd rather to take advice of his Conſcience and Vertue, than lean to a complaiſance which he could not approve, and after he had taken ſome moments to contrive a fit anſwer: *Madam,* ſaid he at laſt, *though I have little reaſon to explain my ſelf,*

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or exchange my ſerious thoughts for mockery, *yet I muſt tell you, ſince you have commanded me, that ſhould that Fortune befall me you mentioned, I were the moſt unfortunate of all men, ſince I am forbidden to enjoy it, not onely by the fidelity I owe* Cleopatra, *but the amity I preſerve for* Marcellus, *who onely merits the entire affection of the* Princeſs Julia, *and from whom I would not take it, though it were offered me, in the* pompous dreſs *of all the* grandeur *and* felicity *the* Gods *can beſtow.*

Thus did my Maſter unlock his thoughts, which touched *Julia* ſo ſenſible, as it was long before ſhe could recover her ſpeech, but at laſt her anger forc'd a paſſage for words, and, regarding my Mr. with a ſcornful ayr: "You conſtrued my *Diſcourſe* aright, "*ſaid ſhe*, when you apprehended it *raillery*, it was "ſo *Coriolanus*, and believe it, the affections of *Julia* "ſhall never oblige you, to crack your *amity* to *Mar*-"*cellus*, nor your *Love* to *Cleopatra*, I was only de-"ſirous to try the *temper* of your *heart*, and now I "have ſeen how well it guards the *fidelity* you owe "your friend and *Miſtreſs*, it ſhall heighten my e-"ſteem of your merits.

She brought forth theſe words with a conſtraint that my Maſter eaſily obſerv'd, and though ſhe ſtrive to hide it, by entring a diſcourſe upon other Subjects, yet ſhe followed it in ſo much *diſorder* and *confuſion*, as perceiving it would ask ſome time to undiſtemper her *reaſon*, ſhe bad *Coriolanus* good night.

My Maſter went away better inſtructed than he deſir'd in *Julia*'s inclinations, and though by her laſt words which deſpight had utter'd, ſhe ſeem'd to

retract what before she had too easily offer'd, yet he was not so ignoaant as not to discover the truth: he since did me the honour to tell me, that he never resented any thing in his life with so much anxiety, sadly reflecting upon his own *impuissance*, to satisfie the *Princess* desires, but much more upon *Marcellus interests*, whom he now perceived so lightly forsaken, and foresaw how cruelly he would be us'd by *Julia's lenity*; nevertheless he was unwilling to acquaint his friend with this unwelcome news, and therefore resolv'd to stay till *Julia's* humour should change, or *Marcellus* learn it from some other mouth; nor would his discretion give him leave to let *Cleopatra* know of it, as well to conceal the shame of *Cæsars Daughter* and his friends *Mistress*, as forbear a *Discourse* that might betray the least appearance of vanity.

In the mean time he carefully fled all occasions of meeting *Julia* alone, and that *Princess* perceived it with a despight that might well have banisht him her breast, had her power been proportion'd to her anger; but she had force enough to hide her *flames* for a time, and treat my Master with a more reserv'd *carriage* than was usual: however he abated her no *respect*, but still paid her his *Civilities* in as specious a manner as her quality could chalenge, onely he was careful to escape both her entertainment and her sight, when the place was void of witnesses.

Julia for a time feign'd her self to be very well satisfied, and meeting him one day in a Gallery that belong'd to *Livia's* Lodgings, notwithstanding he was accompanied with two or three of his friends;

Coriolanus,

Coriolanus, ſaid ſhe, paſſing by him, *there is ſeldome ſafety in* preſumption, *you lately paſs'd a* ſerious conſtruction *upon what was meant in* Jeſt, *pray diſabuſe your ſelf, and be not ſo lightly ſeduc'd by an erronious opinion:* My Maſter would have replyed, had ſhe given him time, but ſhe paſs'd by him ſo ſwiftly, as he had not the leiſure to ſhape an anſwer; and he was a little troubled at the manner of theſe words, though he found ſome cauſe of ſatisfaction in them.

Thus *Julia* perſever'd in her behaviour for ſome dayes, ſtill treating my Maſter with a cold indifference, but at laſt ſhe was forc'd to leave off the diſguiſe, & her *Spirit* wanting *reſolution* to endure too much *violence*, her inclinations got the victory of her anger, and ſhe began again to ſpeak at the eies in ſuch accents, as ſoon gave *Coriolanus* intelligence, her *reſentments* were diſſipated, but as before he ſtop'd his *ears* at her *words*, ſo now he ſhut his *eyes* upon her *glances*, and compos'd all his actions with ſo much *Caution* towards her, as if her ſpirit were not hardy beyond *Example*, ſhe could never have had the confidence to bring her *affection* again into the *Scene*: ſhe repented of all ſhe had ſaid to revoke the firſt Declaration, and, deſirous to repair that breach, meeting him one day at *Court*, ſhe drew him to a window, and when reſpect had withdrawn thoſe that ſtood neer to a greater diſtance, advancing her head towards him in a languiſhing manner, and ſpeaking ſo low as none could overhear her. *Coriolanus*, ſaid ſhe, *think it no more a* mockery *when you are told that* Julia *loves you, for believe it, tis a perfect truth.*

My Mr. was ſurpriz'd at theſe words, yet not ſo deeply, as to be unfurniſh'd of a ready anſwer; *Madam*, ſaid he, *I am now grown ſo well acquainted with your intentions, as I cannot be any more miſtaken, and ſince this ſport does divert you, I ſhould be loath to oppoſe the pleaſure you take in purſuing it.*

Julia was ſorry ſhe had lent my Mr. weapons to defend himſelf againſt her, and having now no time to explain her ſelf further, ſhe onely try'd to perſwade him with a *fiery bluſh*, that her words were ſerious, and that ſhe had diſplay'd her naked thoughts but with too much truth: however the *Prince* concludes to perſonate an ignorance, arms her own Diſcourſe againſt her ſelf, and ſtill feigns an interpretation of her *words* and *actions* as the effects of *Raillery*; in the mean time, (as it became him, as well in reference to her birth, as *Marcellus* affection) he ſtill treated her with his uſual deference, and becauſe in that point he deem'd it not fit to diſoblige her, he could not ſo cunningly evade her *Company*, but ſhe oft engag'd him in long Diſcourſes, and then us'd ſo little skill in concealing her affection, as few perſons frequented their company that had not already diſcovered it.

Marcellus as the moſt intereſſed, took the impreſſion deeper than all the reſt, and receiving daily Symptoms from *Julia*'s department, that no longer permitted him to doubt her *inconſtancy*; the blindneſs of his paſſion made him ſtumble upon a *Jealouſie*, that *Julia* not onely lov'd *Coriolanus*, but was belov'd again by him; this belief had no ſooner got credit with him, but it produc'd effects that had like to have drag'd him to his Tomb, and when he call'd

cal'd to mind thoſe rare proofs he had given *Coriolanus* of his *amity*, he could not reflect upon the *Ingratitude* (of which his thoughts had now pronounc'd him guilty) without falling into a mortal *Agonie*: his cruel *Jealouſie* for ſome daies made him flie the ſight of that unfaithful *friend*, and ſeek out ſolitude in the moſt untrodden places, diſcourſing his woes to himſelf, in the ſaddeſt faſhion that grief could invent.

My *Maſter* who could never endure to be long out of his ſight, ſought him on all ſides, and underſtanding one day that he was retir'd alone, into thoſe Allyes of the *Pallace Garden* that verge upon the *Tiber*, he follow'd him thither without a companion, and at laſt found him laid upon one of the Seats of an *Arbour*, in the moſt unfrequented part of the Garden: at my *Maſters* approach, he ſuddenly ſtarted up and diſcovered ſuch a wild troubled look, as my Prince no longer able to ſuffer him in that condition: *Marcellus*, ſaid he, *what ſtrange* change *is this? what* ſadneſs *is it that ſits thus lowring upon your brow? and why do you fly from the* perſon *of the world that loves you deareſt?* At theſe words *Marcellus* only nodded his head twice without returning an anſwer, keeping his eies ſtill fixed upon the Earth in ſo ſad a poſture, as it put my Maſter into a grand confuſion; *Coriolanus* deeply touch'd at his behaviour took him in his arms, and earneſtly preſt him no longer to hide the cauſe of his affliction, but *Marcellus*, after he had ſtaid a while in his firſt poſture, gave a ſudden leap out of his arms, and when he was got ſome five or ſix paces from him, he drew his Sword, and preſenting the pommel to my *Ma-*

ſter; *Coriolanus*, ſaid he, *ſince thou art prov'd the moſt diſloyal friend that ever infected the world, and haſt ſo cruelly bely'd my opinion of thy vertue, here finiſh thy* Crime *by my* Death, *and pierce the heart of thy infortunate* friend, *that ſo unluckily truſted thy diſſembled amity; thou haſt done that already that may clear all thy ſcruples of conſenting to this, and believe it, this laſt piece of* Cruelty, *will merit a gentler* Cenſure *than the former*: *Marcellus* ſpake in this manner, and my *Maſter* (however his *Diſcourſe* and *action* ſurprized him) yet recovered himſelf ſo readily, as his *face* ſcarce confeſſed the leaſt aſtoniſhment, and regarding *Marcellus* with a cold and compos'd look; *Since I am that baſe and faithleſs friend*, ſaid he, *that has ſo perfidiouſly betraid your* confidence *and* amity, *why do you offer me the wrong end of your* Sword, *and not rather ſheath it in my breſt? 'Tis the heart of a* Traitor *that ought to feel the point, and not of a deceiv'd and a guiltleſs* friend.

While the *Prince* of *Mauritania* ſpoke this, he held his arms a croſs upon his breſt, and beheld *Marcellus* with a mine ſo aſſured, as it would have been eaſie for a perſon leſs dim'd with paſſion to have read in his looks the contents of his *Innocence*: but *Marcellus* diſtracted with cruel *Jealouſie*, could not be ſo ſoon diſabus'd, yet he grew ſo tender at the *diſcourſe* and *Countenance* of his friend, as inſtead of purſuing his *paſſionate obſtinacy*, he ſet ſome tears (the marks of weakneſs) at liberty, which preſently over-flow'd his viſage, and letting himſelf fall upon one of the Seats behind him: *Ah!* Coriolanus cry'd he, *was I to expect my ruine of you? did I not offer fairly to our friendſhip in quitting* Cleopatra;

patra, *without releaſing* Julia *too? I had never bent my aims that way, but to abandon that to you, which I loved above my ſelf, my* inclinations *have ſince voted my* deſign *to pleaſe you, and the* Gods, *to reward my good intentions, have given an* after-birth *of* ſweetneſs *in that* affection, *where my hopes looked no farther than a* toyl *for your* repoſe; *and when by the help of* time, *and my* ſervice, *I had gain'd ſome* Intereſt *in the heart of that* inconſtant Princeſs, *you have carryed her from me, with a* Cruelty *that ſuits not with your ſelf, and reduc'd me* (*with* Cleopatra *and* Julia) *to render up my life, which muſt now become a ſudden ſacrifice to* deſpair.

Marcellus had enlarged himſelf upon this ſubject, if his ſighs had not cut off the paſſage of his words, and my *Maſter* who had not heard him all this time without letting in a grief to his *Soul* little ſhort of his, after he had wiped away ſome *tears* which he had no power to bridle; *Marcellus*, ſaid he, *the eſtate you are in, will ſcarce give me leave to upbraid you, with the* injury *you do me, and the injuſt* opinion *which has prepoſſeſt you, may ſpeak your excuſe for the* outrage *you have offered me: but I am comforted in this, that every thing pleads my juſtification: admit I could grow faint in my* friendſhip *to* Marcellus, *yet ſtill I love* Cleopatra *too well to change her for* Julia; *and ſay my heart could draw off from* Cleopatra, *yet my* Marcellus *is too powerfully there, for me to affront his pretences; and now you force me to avow, what* reſpect *and* diſcretion *devoted to* ſilence, *if there be ſome* levity *in* Julia's *ſpirit, the* Gods *can witneſs, that inſtead of indulging it, I have ſtill carefully render'd what our amity required, even when* Civility *and* good-manners *forbad*

had it: however I perceive, *my dear* Marcellus, *in two things I am extreamly infortunate; first, that your* friendship *was not ſtrong enough to defend me from the* Cruelty *and* injuſtice *of your* ſuſpition: *and then that I wanted occaſion to evidence mine in ſuch clear proofs as yours was ſtamp'd in, for in quenching for my ſake, the affection that* Cleopatra *kindled, you inflicted* rigour *upon your ſelf to ſtrangle the* paſſion, *but in flying the ſight of* Julia *for the love of you, I do no more than quit a perſon to whom (bating your* Intereſts) *I ſcarce carry a ſingle* good will; *would to Heavens (could I do without betraying my fidelity to* Cleopatra) *that I had now as much affection for the* Daughter *of* Auguſtus *as you had for* Antonyes, *I would find out a better way than I can now make uſe of in quitting a perſon that I do not love, to witneſs my amity not inferiour to yours; all that I can now do for your* quiet, *and my* devoir, *is to abandon not the* love, *(for that would be impoſſible to me, and improfitable to you) but the* ſight *of* Cleopatra, *and ſince I cannot be near her without hurting you, to remove my ſelf beyond the reach of* Julia's eie, *I am content to leave that* Princeſs *whoſe abſence will not be a milder miſery than what you ſuffered.*

While my Maſter ſpoke in this manner, though *Marcellus* could not be cur'd of the grief that tormented him, yet he felt ſome eaſe by the diſſipation of his *Jealouſie*, and reflecting at the ſame time, upon the free and faithful *diſpoſition* of his *friend*, the cold compoſure of his late actions to *Julia*, much ſhort of the wonted deference he uſually paid her, and the ſtrong *paſſion* he kept for *Cleopatra*, which daily broke into clearer proofs, he entertain'd a belief

he

he might be innocent, and ſuffering himſelf by theſe appearances with the help of that affection he bare him, to be inſenſibly perſwaded he repented his *ſuſpition*, and throwing his arms about his neck, with a paſſionate & tender *action*: "Pardon, *dear Brother*, "*ſaid he*, forgive the offence you have receiv'd from "a ſpirit diſcompos'd with its own *misfortune*, & re-"duc'd by *deſpair*, to interpret all things in the worſe "ſenſe: indeed I ought to have underſtood you bet-"ter, but you ſee that with the *knowledge* of my *friends* "I have loſt mine own, and as my condition is now "ſtated, I am ſcarce Mr. of a reaſonable motion: I "doubt not but your friendſhip is able to give proofs "of a greater *difficulty*, but I will never conſent to "accept thoſe you offer, and will rather ſuffer all "things than condeſcend, that you ſhould abſent "your ſelf from *Cleopatra*, becauſe you fly *Iulia*; no, "let the *Gods* keep my repoſe, if nothing wil redeem "it but yours, and let me rather be an Eternal "mark of *Iulia*'s diſdain, than recover her *affection* "by your diſpleaſure.

I ſhall never be diſpleas'd, reply'd the *Son* of *Juba*, *by ſuffering any thing for my* friend, *nor will my miſery be ſo great as your imagination ſhapes it, ſince in leaving* Cleopatra, *I ſhall travel at the ſame time for your* happineſs *& mine own* glory; *beſides 'tis not fit that a* Prince *deſcended from ſo long a ſucceſſion of* Kings, *ſhould waſte the* beauty *of his* age *at* Rome *in the employment of* ſimple Citizens; *and ſince of all I ſhould have heir'd from my* Anceſtors, *there is nothing left me but a ſword, 'tis but fit it ſhould ſhew me the way to overtake that departed* glory, *and thoſe dignities that once dwelt in our* Family: *I know well, that I ought not to hope a recovery*

by

by force, of thoſe Crowns *that the* Roman *Arms have raviſhed from us, they are poſſeſſed by a* puiſſance *that others are too feeble to encounter, & by a* puiſſance *more to me by* Obligation *than* Grandeur: *yet I may have the hap to oblige great* Cæſar *with my ſervices to make good the intentions of his* Predeceſſor, *and by laviſhing my* blood *and* life *for his Intereſts, poſſibly merit thoſe* Crowns *from his* bounty *that* Fortune *took away before* Nature *ſhew'd me to the world: In the mean time the Princeſs* Julia, *whoſe* ſpirit *is indeed a little wavering, will loſe that* impreſſion *in my* abſence, *which ſhe receiv'd for my* misfortune *as well as yours, and your preſence aſſiſted by her own reaſon, and the force of her* Judgement *which will ripen with her* age, *no doubt will ſcatter thoſe young* Idea's *which are yet ſcarce grown to a perfect form, and may therefore be eaſily chas'd away by your* affection, *and thoſe* grand qualities *the* Gods *have put into your* perſon.

To theſe words the *Prince* added divers others to the ſame purpoſe, which *Marcellus* having peaceably heard; *For that which touches me,* ſaid he, *I will never agree you ſhould forſake a place to which you are tyed by ſo juſt and ſo noble a* paſſion; *to the other that regards your* glory *and the* re-eſtabliſhment *of your* Dignity; *give me leave to joyn Intereſt with you, and for yours, which ſhall ever be woven in community with my own; believe it, I will never ſtick to hazard my* life, *nor refuſe to pay down my* blood *to the laſt drop, if the totall expence of it may be fruitful to your* repoſe *or* glory.

Doubtleſs the two *Princes* had enlarged their *Dialogue*, if they had not ſpy'd a great Troop of *Ladies* enter the Alley which preſently they knew to be

be the Princeſs *Octavia*, *Cleopatra*, *Emilia*, *Suſpitia*, and divers others of the greateſt among the *Romans*: the Ladies no ſooner drew near the Arbor, but they ſaw the two Princes come out to meet them, and after the Princeſs *Octavia* had chid their ſullen and melancholy humour that miſlead them to the ſearch of ſolitude, ſhe ask'd if they had any mind to increaſe the company. There were but few men in it, and thoſe that were, reſpectively reſign'd their places to the two Princes. *Marcellus*, to oblige his friend, entertain'd the Princeſs *Octavia* his Mother, and *Coriolanus* led *Cleopatra*, the whole Company walk'd along in Couples through the ſeveral Alleys, ſtill keeping ſuch a diſtance as lent them liberty to exchange their thoughts without any fear of overhearers; *Cleopatra* eying an unuſual trouble and an extraordinary Emotion in the aſpect of the *African* Prince: *How is it* Coriolanus, ſaid ſhe, *that I finde ſo ſad an inquietude upon your brow? has Fortune hatch'd you any freſh diſpleaſure? If the deſire does not diſoblige you, I would willingly know the cauſe of your trouble: 'Tis too hard a task Madam*, replyed the Prince, *for my face not to tell tales of my ſorrow, too difficult for him to perſonate* content *that is going to the rack of a cruel* affection: Madam, *my fate enjoyns me to leave you, which is the ſame to ſay, I muſt be torn away from my ſelf, and who can carry ſuch a* torture *within him, and not betray ſome* exteriour ſymptomes? Madam, *it is my ſhame that I have liv'd ſo long in your* ſervice *unbuſied with* glory *or* ambition, *and ſince I had the daring to raiſe my eies to you, 'tis fit I ſhould think of other employment, to render my ſelf worthy of the* honour *to ſerve you, to be barely*

the

the Son *of a* King *can aſſert no ſufficient* merit, *and if* Fortune *rob'd me of the* dignity, *'tis requir'd of my* vertue *to recover it; for to live in the* Condition *of a private man at* Rome, *and yet love* Cleopatra, *are things incompatible.*

I do not wholly oppoſe your deſign, reply'd the Princeſs, *to purſue that* path *of* glory *to your* eſtabliſhment *which you have already begun to tread ſo hopefully; and though your* preſence *be as dear to me as you ought to deſire, yet I can reſolve to loſe it for a time in hope to ſee your* vertue *remount you to the Throne of your* Anceſtors, *not that the loſſe of your* Crowns *can render your perſon leſſe conſiderable than if they impal'd your brow, that blinde* Deity *has handled us as rudely as you, and humbled our* Family *too low to leave us any cauſe of miſprizing thoſe* Princes *that ſhe has plunder'd; but ſince nothing can look big enough to daunt your* Courage, *and that inſpires you to trace the ſteps of your* Predeceſſors; *the* knowledge *I have that you are born to great* undertakings, *ſhall vanquiſh that* repugnance, *which indeed diſſwades my conſent to this* ſeparation; *and if the* Deſtinies *do not oppoſe you, you ought to expect all from your* valour; *but* Coriolanus, *though this reaſon be ſtrong enough to take you from us, you muſt confeſſe, it is not the onely cauſe that drives you away, and that ſome other* conſideration *precipitates your departure.*

The reſpect *which I have alwaies chain'd to your will,* anſwer'd the Prince, *does not permit me to diſguiſe the truth, and though* Diſcretion *and* Modeſty *diſpute againſt it, they are too weak to confute my obedience. It is true,* Madam, *ſince you are pleas'd I ſhould avow it, I do owe a little* voyage *to my* friends

repoſe

repoſe, and being infortunate enough to injure him, I am going for a time to fly thoſe occaſions, and ſeek others, that may render me worthy to be own'd by you: I apprehend enough, added the Princeſs with a ſmile, *and I think I ſhall not make you bluſh, when I tell you, you are lov'd by* Julia. *I cannot believe it love,* modeſtly anſwer'd the Prince, *but rather the malice of mine and* Marcellus Fortune, *that was willing to conduct the* addreſſes *of that wavering* ſpirit, *while ſhe ſought occaſions of inconſtancy, rather to me than any other: I ſuſpected it before,* reply'd the Princeſs, *by divers probable conjectures, but was loth to let you know ſo much, for fear of diſturbing the* ſatisfaction *you receive in the* affection *and* reſearch *of ſo fair a* Princeſs: *Indeed it is ſo great,* coldly anſwer'd Coriolanus, *as I am too weak to ſupport the weight of it, and for that reaſon will fly as far as the Earth has limits, if it be otherwiſe impoſſible to defend my ſelf from it.*

You are cruel Coriolanus, reply'd the Princeſs with a graceful and Majeſtick action, *and if you thus contemptuouſly treat fair* Ladies *and ſuch as are of* Julia's *lofty* quality, *what may thoſe hope from you, to whom* Nature *and* Fortune *have been penurious? She that I adore,* reply'd my Prince, *has receiv'd of* Nature *all that ſhe was capable of giving, nor can* Fortune *ſubſtract any thing from that, which ſtill keeps her plac'd in the firſt rank of mortals.*

I am well pleas'd, ſaid the fair Princeſs, *that your blindneſs has betraid you to this opinion, and though I am not the ſame you ſpeak me, I am very willing to appear ſo in your Eies, and Judgment.*

She pronounced theſe words with an *Air* ſo ſweet,

ſweet, and a faſhion for obliging, as the *Prince* was loſt in a delightful raviſhment, and preſſing her hand which he held with an action full of ardor and tranſport : *Oh amity* ! ſaid he, *Oh honour ! What* Enemies *are you grown to my repoſe ? How ſweetly might I paſs my entire* life *at the feet of my adorable* Princeſs *if you would conſent it ?*

He had ſaid more, and their Diſcourſe had laſted longer, if the arrival of the two young *Princes Alexander* and *Ptolome* had not interrupted it, who after they had ſaluted the reſt of the company, they approach'd the *Princeſs* their *Siſter* & *Coriolanus* whom they lov'd exceedingly ; divers *noble Romans*, which came thither in their company, alſo mingled themſelves in the *troop*, and the walk continud and ended, without offering my *Maſter* an occaſion of reviving his diſcourſe with *Cleopatra*.

The next day there befel him an *accident*, that gave a report loud enough through *Rome*, to arrive at your ears, when you reſided there, which if it haſten'd his voyage ſome daies ſooner than he intended, ſo it gave him the means to undertake it with more glory than he expected. There was then at *Rome* a *Mathematician* call'd *Traſillus*, who by his *ſublime skill* in *Judicial Aſtrology*, had acquir'd a Reputation that highly advanc'd his credit, & made his acquaintance be courted by the principal *Romans*. *Alas*, cry'd *Tyridates* interrupting *Emilius*, *that name is but too well known unto me, and I have hitherto found his* prediction *of my* Fortune *ſo credited by a ſucceſſion of accidents, and have now ſo little reaſon to expect an end unſuitable to the former events, as it muſt ever have a place in my memory.* This *Traſillus*

ſillus, reply'd **Emilius**, whoſe Science you experimented, had a particular acceſs to *Tiberius*, whoſe *thoughts*, (eternally ty'd to his *Love* and *Ambition*) made him ranſack this mans knowledge for a *flattery* of his future hopes.

That day I ſpoke of, he being in the *Pallace Gallery*, where the *nobleſt Romans* uſually walk'd, attending the *Emperors* riſing, my *Maſter* and *Tiberius* met there together, follow'd by a throng of the moſt conſiderable perſons in the *Empire*: though their mutual Jealouſie had extinguiſh'd all the ſparks of *friendſhip*, which might otherwiſe have been kindled betwixt them, eſpecially in the malicious *ſpirit* of *Tiberius*: their *Enmity* was not yet come to a Declaration, and if the reſpect, which my *Prince* carryed to *Livia*, kept a part of his under hatches, *Tiberius*, who is a perfect Maſter in the Art of Diſſimulation conceal'd his *hatred* for other conſiderations, often ſpoke to *Coriolanus*, and treated him with as affable looks as his *Cunning* could put on; but at that encounter, approaching to him; *Come*, ſaid he, *ſhall we know our* Deſtinies, *from the mouth of* Traſillus? Then beckning the *Artiſt* to come nearer, and preſenting my Prince unto him; *What think you Traſillus*, ſaid he, *of the Prince of* Mauritania's *fortune and mine? ſhall our inclinations thrive in the deſign they are level'd at?* *Traſillus* had often ſeen my *Prince*, knew his age, the *conſtellation* that ruled at his *Nativity*, and had conſulted all other circumſtances from whence he uſually rais'd his conjectures, but he had ſtudyed *Tiberius* with more *circumſpection*, and often told him many things that concern'd his *Deſtiny*, to my *Maſter* he had never ſpoken, having received but

little encouragement from his *Curioſity*, but then after he had ſpent ſome time in peruſing the two *Princes*; *If my* Science *deceives me not*, ſaid he, *you ſhall both be great, and both ſatisfied, the one in his* Love, *the other in his* Ambition; *and becauſe you deſire not a more particular knowledge, I will aſſure you upon my life, that one of you ſhall one day be* poſſeſſor *of the perſon you both love, and the other ſhall ſee himſelf ſeated on the talleſt throne in the Univerſe.*

This *Diſcourſe* of *Traſillus*, to whoſe *preſages* the *conformity* of *Events* had acquired him a great deal of credit, was followed by a loud *acclamation* from the whole *Company*, and the two *Princes*, to whom it was addreſſed, ſtood and gazed a while upon each other without uttering a word, at laſt my *Maſter*, after he had ſeriouſly ballanc'd *Traſillus* words; *For the enjoyment of what I love*, ſaid he, *I ſhould eaſily quit the* Empire *of the world, and on condition ſhe may be mine, I ſhall bear no grudg to my* Concurrents fortune: This language was amorous and modeſt, but the reply of *Tiberius* was not ſo, and though he had power enough upon himſelf to bar his *thoughts*, when he deem'd it requiſite to keep them *priſoners*, yet then ſuffering himſelf to be carryed away with the *Tide* of a vain *preſumption*: *I pretend*, ſaid he, *to the poſſeſſion of* Cleopatra, *nor do I renounce my claim to the* Empire, *ſince the world has not another man, that is born with a better* Title *to both:* This diſcourſe lighted up an *indignation* in my *Maſters ſpirit*, as well for his own intereſt, which receiv'd an open *affront* in what refer'd to *Cleopatra*, as *Marcellus* right, who by the univerſal *vote* of the *Romans*, the *intention* of *Cæſar*, and the *ſuffering* of *Equity* it ſelf, might pretend with

with more juſtice to the *Imperial Diadem* thân *Tiberius*, and by all theſe was plac'd before him; beſides he could never ſtudy the Science of diſſembling, though then for divers conſiderations, he ſtrugled with himſelf to confine a part of his reſentments, and darting a diſdainful look at *Tiberius*; "I know "not, *ſaid he*, to what you may be born, but I hope "that neither *Cleopatra* nor the *Empire* ſhall be any "part of your portion: and who ſhall diſpute it, re-"*ply'd* Tiberius, *fir'd with rage*, can juſter *pretences*, "and better ſupported than mine, be ſhewn by a *di-"ſpoiled African?* for the *Empire*, *anſwer'd my Prince*, "*Rome* has enough more worthy than thy ſelf to "command it, & for *Cleopatra*, that *African* will di-"ſpute her with thee, who wholly diſpoiled as he is, "is yet the *Son* of a *puiſſant King*, and not of a *pal-"try Citizen*, as thou art, and from whom Fortune "has taken nothing that could make him loſe thoſe "advantages he had of thee both in *Birth* and *Ver-"tue*.

At theſe words they both laid hands upon the *guards* of their *Swords*; and though the *reſpect* that was due to the place might have reſtrained them to more *moderation*, yet that *conſideration* had not then been capable to arreſt their *hands*, if the whole *compapany* had not ſuddenly thrown themſelves betwixt them, and ſo cut off a farther paſſage to their fury.

The *bruit* of this divided the whole *Court* into two *factions*, and if the *authority* of the *Empreſs* his *Mother*, added to the large alliances he had in *Rome*, gain'd *Tiberius* a puiſſant party, the credit of *Marcellus*, and the friends which his *vertue* had acquir'd, made my Maſters full as formidable, which may

ſeem ſtrange, if the glorious *rank* and *garb* be conſider'd, which *Tiberius* did then, and doth ſtill appear in: yet 'tis true, my *Prince* as much *ſtranger* and deſpoil'd as he was, ſaw himſelf in a *condition* to hold up his head againſt the *Son* of *Livia*, the *Druſi*, *Sulpitii Metelli*, with divers other *families* that rang'd themſelves on *Tiberius* party, and with *Marcellus*, the generous *Agrippa*, the children of *Antony*, the *Fabii*, *Cato's*, with all that were brave and honeſt among the *Romans*, had their *Swords* ready to ſtrike in *Coriolanus quarrel*. Yet this number of divided friends ſerv'd for no more than to make known the *Competitors Credit*: for the ſame day the *Emperour*, being advertis'd of the *quarrel*, and having learned the *truth* from the mouth of *Agrippa* and *Mecenas*, one of which was my Maſters declar'd friend, and the other had high thoughts of his vertue, he ſent them to try if he could make them friends.

This favour was not ordinary, but beſides that, he was willing to do *honour* to the *Son* of his *Wife*, and a *Prince* of the *birth* & vertue of *Coriolanus*, he deem'd his *authority* requiſite to hinder the *animoſity* of two ſuch important men from proceeding to *extremities*, indeed the *ſolicitations* of *Livia*, (who made the boldneſs of *Coriolanus*, and the little *reſpect* he expreſt to the *Wife* of *Cæſar*, ſound high in his ears) might have drawn his judgement away in *Tiberius* behalf, if, beſides the credit of *Marcellus* and *Agrippa*, who had much power with *Auguſtus*, the *carriage* of *Coriolanus*, that ſeem'd to ſecond the *Emperours intentions* in repreſſing *Tiberius boldneſs*, and condemning his ſawcy *pretences* to the *Empire*, had commended his cauſe to *Auguſtus*, and diſpos'd

pos'd him to treat them with an impartial equality.

They both preſented themſelves before him each with a proud *train* at his heels, and the *Emperour*, after he had heard them apart, ſharply reprov'd *Tiberius* for the *knowledge* he had given of his *ambitious aſpirings* to the *Empire*, and my Prince, for the contemptuous *miſprizal* of his *birth*, whoſe *Mother* himſelf had taken to his bed, he commanded them to embrace each other.

My Maſter gracefully diſpos'd himſelf to obey him; but before they interchang'd that *Ceremony*, bravely addreſſing to *Cæſar*, with a *boldneſs* full of Majeſty: *Sir*, ſaid he, *I accept your command with a due reſpect, and to witneſſe my* reſignation *to your* Majeſties will, *I will propoſe a means (if it may be allow'd) to cut up the root of any future quarrel betwixt* Tiberius *and my ſelf: we both love* Cleopatra, *and ſo long as our* competition *lives, we ſhall finde it a task too difficult to keep life in our* amity: *if* Juſtice *doth appoint that* Princeſs, *as a treaſure to reward the ſervices of one of us, decree it*, my Lord, *that by thoſe ſhe may onely be diſputed, and not by* indirect Courſes, *to which it would be injurious to ſtake ſuch a prize as* Cleopatra; *I am going*, my Lord, *as I did at my firſt acquaintance with the* Camp, *to carry my* life *and my* Sword *into the* Roman Armie, *and if it may pleaſe* grand Cæſar *to give me an* employment, *wherein I may ſignalize my ſelf for the* glory *of his* Empire, *I may poſſibly make it known, that though I am born an* African Prince, *I have neither leſſe* fidelity *nor* valour *than the* Native Romans. *Let* Tiberius *do the ſame, and ſince to the* Intereſt *of his* Love, *he may linke*

ſervice *of his* Country, *let him Court ſome dangers for occaſions to merit* Cleopatra: *ſuffer not your* favour, great Cæſar, *to be partially ſway'd, but let him have the glorious* prize *that ſhews moſt valour for it, I am willing to reſigne her with my life to boot, if in this warlike* deciſion Tiberius *carries the* advantage, *and I hope from your* Juſtice, *that what* Fortune *has already given him, ſhall not be accounted in the purchaſe of a* Jewel, *which he onely ought to buy with his blood and his ſervices.*

My Mr. had ſcarce ended theſe words, when *Tiberius* with as fierce a confidence in his looks as *Coriolanus* could ſhew, thus purſued his requeſt; "I gladly conſent, *ſaid he*, to the propoſition *Coriolanus* "has made, and if it pleaſes the *Emperor*, that our "valour ſhall only try our *Titles* to *Cleopatra*, I ſhall "that way advance my claim by fairer pretences "than ever, I will go as well as he into the *Armies* "that combat for the Empire, and if the Emperor "judges me worthy of a Command, I hope my be-"haviour in his ſervice ſhall render it apparent, "that I want no Courage to merit ſuch a recom-"pence as *Cleopatra*.

The diſcourſe of theſe two young Princes, which had contracted the *attention* of all the *aſſiſtants*, marvellouſly pleas'd *Auguſtus*, and at the ſame *moment* he openly proteſted his approbation of their brave *deſign*, and promis'd by his conſent that *Cleopatra* ſhould never be given but to him of the two, that in *Romes ſervice* could ſhew beſt proofs of their *military vertue*.

My Maſter receiv'd this Declaration of the Emperours with an *exceſſive joy*, and *Tiberius*, who really

really is very couragious, expreſs'd as great a ſatiſfaction.

From that very day the *Emperor* grew ſtudious to find out employments for them both, and by good fortune an occaſion offered it ſelf as favourably as they both could wiſh.

Terentius Varro, and *Tilus Coriſius* with a *puiſſant Army* made War againſt the *Aſturians* and *Cantabrians*, who were riſen in Rebellion againſt the *Empire* in prodigious *Numbers*. But the Soldiers, no longer able to endure the inſupportable *humour* of *Varro*, the *Emperor* was conſtrained to call him home, and *Coriſius* made incapable by his perſonal *defects* of the ſole command of that *War*, the *Emperor* was oblig'd to ſend a *Captain* in *Varro*'s place, who till then by means of *Coriſius* infirmities, had ſuſtain'd the whole *weight* of *Care* in the conduct of that *Expedition*.

On the other ſide, War being kindled in *Pannoniæ* and *Dalmatia*, and the Captain that commanded the *Roman Army* having been kill'd in an *encounter*: the *Legions* had ſent to demand a new *General* of *Cæſar*, which yet he had not nominated.

Theſe two employments, after the method of ſome deliberation were given to the two *Rival Princes*, with hopes of ſucceſs that were yet equally divided betwixt them.

My *Maſter* had *Commiſſion* to march in *Varro*'s place againſt the *Aſturians* and *Cantabrians*, and *Tiberius*, who indeed, though very young, had already given many ſignals of his gallantry, was deſign'd to command the *Army* in *Pannonia*.

Theſe two *Princes* highly ſatisfied with their em-

ployments equally prepar'd for their departure, and vanquiſh'd by the help of their mutual *Emulation* the grief they took to part with *Cleopatra*.

Marcellus, boyling as well as they with a deſire of *glory*, took example by them to demand a *military employment*; but the *Emperor* told him it was his abſolute will he ſhould ſtay near his *perſon*, yet flatter'd him with the hope of an important *expedition*, which he had in his thoughts, and my *Maſters* earneſt *entreaty* that he would ſtay a while with *Julia*, and endeavour to recover her *ſickned flames*, wrought upon him ſo ſucceſsfully, as at laſt he was content that *Rome* ſhould yet be his reſidence.

I need not ſpeak of the *preparations* theſe two young *Generals* made of their *voyage*, nor trouble you with *Julia*'s diſcontent for my *Maſters ſeparation*, who in every place that he met her, and when he took his leave, ſtill evaded particular *Diſcourſes* with a grand *Circumſpection*; and the haſt I make to paſs to the Narrative of weightier *affairs*, only permits me to tell you, that the day of their departure being arriv'd, after they had receiv'd the *Emperors Orders*, the two *Princes* took leave of *Cleopatra* apart, I know not what *language* was exchang'd betwixt her and *Tiberius*, but my *Maſters* ſhewed the marks of a moſt ardent *paſſion*, and *Cleopatra*'s of an *affection*, which gave *Coriolanus* cauſe enough to be contented.

It is not Madam, ſaid he, after ſome preceding Diſcourſes, *it is not your* affection *that calls my Courage to this* diſpute *with* Tiberius, *that keeps to a greater height of value for either to aſpire at, at the charge*

of

of all our blood; *nor can it be bought but with ſuch ſervices as are peculiarly paid to your ſelf, and not thoſe that are laid out for the* Empires Intereſts, *no 'tis the* favour *of* Auguſtus, *that by glorious actions I muſt pluck from* Tiberius, *if it be poſſible, and ſince your* fortune *has ſubmitted you in ſuch a ſort to his* power, *as after the purchaſe of your* conſent, *my* hopes *muſt ſtill wait upon his to compleat my* happineſs, *give me leave, if you pleaſe, by laviſhing my* life *for his* Intereſts, *to oblige him to conſider my* ſervices *as well as* Livia's Solicitations: *yes* Coriolanus, reply'd the Princeſs, *you have my conſent, and, to confirm you that you have it, know you need not diſpute my* affection *with your* Rival *in the* rough argument *of* arms; *be aſſured the* advantage *ſhall ever ſtay on your ſide, and though* fortune *ſhould crown the* Creſt *of* Tiberius, *with the* Palmy wreaths *of moſt* glorious victories, *ſhe ſhall never have a power to give him any part of my* inclinations; *you have already too great a ſhare in them to leave him the ſpark of any* hope *alive, and I cannot now aſſume the* liberty *of expreſſing that to you with any* decorum, *which I did not fix in my breſt before I had weighed it.*

I will trace their amorous Dialogue no further, for fear the length of it ſhould diſ-oblige your *patience*; at laſt, after he had breath'd a thouſand *vows* at her feet of an eternal *fidelity*, and receiv'd a confirmation from her own *mouth* of thoſe dear *hopes* ſhe had given him, my *Prince* receiv'd her adieu with a *conſolation* that help'd to ſweeten the *regret* of his *abſence*, & about an hour after mounted on horſeback, with a great number of his friends, who brought him

him any *daies journies* on the way, but at last having parted from those that went not the *Expedition*, we march'd with the rest through *Gallia, Narbonensis*, and those other *Provinces* that laid in our way to *Asturia* and *Cantabria*.

HY-

HYMEN'S *Præludia*:
OR,
Love's Maſter-piece.

PART II. LIB. III.

ARGUMENT.

The Gallant Acts *and* grand victories *of* Coriolanus *in the* Auſtrian War. Tiberius *luckily finiſhes that in* Dalmatia, *returns before his* Rival, *and by* Livia's *means gains the* Emperor *to a* partial Arbitration. *The news of this haſtily calls home* Coriolanus. *His haughty language to* Cæſar *procures his* baniſhment. *The fantaſtick viciſſitudes of* Julia's kindneſs *and* inconſtancy *to* Marcellus. Coriolanus *challenges* Tiberius *in the* Temple, *and the next day runs him through in the Streets.*

THUS *Emilius* recounted his Maſters life to Prince *Tyridates*, who heard him with a marvellous attention, when there came one and told him that *Coriolanus*, after ſome hours quiet repoſe, was newly awaked. *Tyridates* whoſe *generoſity* was deeply concern'd in the eare of ſuch a qualified *Gueſt*, though he flam'd with deſire to learn the ſequel of his *Adventures*, he then

then prefer'd *Society* before his *ſtory*; judging it time to dine, and enjoyn'd by *Civility* to keep him *company*, he was willing for a while to defer the continuation of *Emilius* recital.

They went together to his *Chamber*, and the Son of *Juba* no ſooner ſaw *Tyridates*, but receiving him with an obliging action, full of bewitching ſweetneſs; "You come, *ſaid he*, from trifling ſome hours upon "a mean divertiſement, and you have had your *de-* "*ſires* to be acquainted with things ſo little worthy "of your attention, as I fear you are juſtly diſpleas'd "with my complaiſance to your *curioſity*: I have yet "underſtood no more, *reply'd Tyridates*, than the "*morning actions* of your *life*, & though thoſe of the "*later edition* wch I confuſedly took from the *mouth* "of *Rumor*, be doubtleſs the greater and more im- "portant, thoſe beautiful beginnings have ſo tyed "me to your *vertue*, in the chains of *love* & *wonder*, "as I can now no more regard you without the ex- "traordinary motions of *affection* and *reſpect*: your *af-* "*fection* is too advantagious, *anſwer'd the Mooriſh* "*Prince*, to be otherwiſe receiv'd than as the greateſt "*bliſs* that *fortune* can offer me, but I rather owe it "your generous *diſpoſition*, than the recital of a few "trivial actions, incapable to merit it: that exceſſive "modeſty of yours, *reply'd Tyridates*, has confirm'd "my deſign, to accept no part of the ſtory from your "own mouth, for I ſee you will debaſe the *Grandeur* "of your *actions*, as I ſhall draw nothing from you "but what will fall infinitely ſhort of truth.

While thus they inlarg'd their *Civilities*, their dinner came in, during which they entertain'd each other with *diſcourſes* as agreeable as their melancholy hearts could allow. The

The *valiant unknown*, was ſerv'd in his Chamber with other meats, for the depth of his *wounds* oblig'd him to another ſort of *nouriſhment*, he was very hardly diſpos'd to ſuffer the application of any remedy, and the *Reaſon* he had to afflict himſelf, returning to his *memory*, left him ſo little regard of life, as the care of his recovery was only acted by *Tyridates* and his Squire.

Indeed the *Prince* of *Parthia* omitted no endeavours that would have been contributed to his proper ſafety, and by the brave things he had ſeen him do, and that *Majeſtick minde* which was able to ſink an *impreſſion* of *reſpect* in all the *Souls* that beheld him, he had conceiv'd an opinion of him as a *perſon* wholly extraordinary.

Dinner was no ſooner ended, but he was at his Chamber door to enquire of his *health*, and underſtanding from the *Chirurgeons*, he might now be ſafely ſpoken to, he enter'd the Chamber, and approaching the bed, gave him the *bonjour*: the ſtranger inforc'd his griefs to return what he thought was due to his benefactor, and regarding him with eyes that in ſpight of their ſickly *Eclipſe* ſparkled ſomething more fierce and martial than was to be found in the reſt of *mankind*: *You miſ-employ your pity*, ſaid he, *upon a man that has neither* fortune *nor* life *enough left to acknowledge it, but the* Gods *will pay you in my behalf, and ſupply by their* bounty *the* impuiſſance *of a* wretch *on whom you have ſo nobly, and yet ſo ineffectually placed yours*: this diſcourſe (the pulſe of a moſt violent grief) touched the ſoul of *Tyridates* with a freſh *compaſſion*, and deſirous to ſweeten the *ſorrows* of that valiant man, as well as his own would

would permit him: *I ſhould be really happy*, ſaid he, *in a power as well to reconcile your* ſpirit *with* repoſe, *as your* body *with* health; *but the ſame* Gods *from whom you bid me expect a reward for ſuch* trivial offices *will employ their puiſſance (to which nothing is difficult) in reſtoring what they have taken from you, and if you truſt their goodneſſe, you will doubtleſſe receive all the aſſiſtance requiſite for your conſolation.*

In reaſon the ſtranger ow'd a reply to this *Language*, and doubtleſs in another ſeaſon would have paid it, but his thoughts were then in purſuit of another ſubject, and after he had ſpent ſome moments in a deep ſtudy: "Have you yet learn'd no news, *ſaid* "*he*, of the cruel *Pyrate* that fled yeſterday from "my juſt purſuit? know you not whether the *per-* "*ſons* that were in his power, were delivered by "ſome Divine or humane *aſſiſtance?* we have heard "nothing of that, *anſwer'd Tyridates*, and I believe "he ſav'd himſelf with his *prey* in thoſe veſſels we "ſaw laſt night put off to Sea. Gods! cryed the ſtranger, with an action full of tranſport, Gods! "who have ſuffered me to find nothing among men "but *cruelty* & *ingratitude*; ſhall I ever meet the re- "fuſal of ſuccour at your hands, & muſt I be eternal- "ly expos'd to *oppreſſion* and *injuſtice?* have you fa- "vour'd me in thoſe occaſions that would contribute "to my *glory*, to croſſe me in all thoſe that ſhould "ſerve my *repoſe*, and in fine ſhall thoſe advantages "you have given me, ſerve for nothing but to dreſs "my *miſfortune*, and gag my *ruine?* He ſtop'd at theſe *words*, which he mingled with deep *ſighes*, and after he had ſtaid ſome time in the poſture of a man

poſſeſt

Poſſeſt with furious *reſolutions*; "Do pittileſs *fortune*, "*purſu'd he*, do cruel *Enemie*, all the miſchief that "thy *blind power* can faſten upon my *deſtiny*, I do "here lay my ſelf open to thy cruel *perſecution*, and "defy thy *malice* to trample upon a *Courage*, which "yet thou haſt but vainly combated with.

He paus'd at theſe words and *Tyridates* perceiving he had much ado to ſtop there, out of fear that his preſence might put him to ſome conſtraint, & the *Chirurgions* opinion that a purſuit of his paſſionate *diſcourſe* might injure his *health*, after he had intreated him to take ſome *repoſe*, follow their *adviſe* to whoſe care his *health* was committed, and ſeek, if poſſible, for *comfort* in that grand Courage, whereof he had given ſuch glorious proofs in ſo ſhort a time, he took his leave for the reſt of the day.

From that Chamber he return'd to *Coriolanus*, to whom he gave an account of his viſit, repeated the words, and deſcribed the *paſſion* of the *ſtranger*. At this the Son of *Juba* ſhrugg'd up his *ſhoulders*, & lifted up his *eies*, when after he had been ſome moments ſilent: "Oh valiant *ſtranger*, *cry'd he*! if thy ſoul "be ſeiz'd with a violent grief, how well has *fortune* "pattern'd our *condition*? yet thy *calamities* muſt "ſwell to a ſtrange bulk to meaſure thy calamities "with mine, when you ſhall know my laſt *adven-* "*tures*, *continued he*, *turning to Tyridates*, you will "doubtleſs deplore my misfortune, and poſſible "believe that the miſeries of others are trifles in "compariſon of mine. To keep you no longer in "doubt of this, *Emilius* is ready to finiſh his *Story*, "ſince you had rather have it from his mouth than "mine: for that, *ſaid Tyridates*, I ſhall take a time

"when

"when *Civility* forbids me to enjoy your Company, "though 'tis confeſt I deſire with ſome *violence* to "learn the *ſucceſſion* of thoſe *beautiful actions*, where- "of the beginnings were ſo charming, but I ſhall "refer it to thoſe hours which will not permit me "to ſee you without importunity: I cannot ſuffer "the conſtraint your *Courteſie* offers, *ſaid Coriolanus* "to a perſon who has no neceſſity to require it, do "not diſ-oblige your ſelf for my *divertiſement*, my "thoughts do furniſh me with an ample antertain- "ment, and let me have leave to tell you, that in "the ſad eſtate to which *love* and *fortune* has redu- "ced me, if your company were not marvellouſly "bewitching, it would not be ſupportable.

By theſe words *Coriolanus* obliged *Tyridates* to leave him, and that *Prince* taking *Emilius* along to his *Chamber*, made him ſit down in the ſame place, where they paſs'd away the morning, & the *faithful Squire* knowing his intention, after he had prepar'd his Diſcourſe with ſome moments of ſilence, he purſu'd the ſtory in this manner;

The Continuation of the Hiſtory of Coriolanus *and* Cleopatra.

WE Marched out of *Rome* to *Aſturia* with the *encouragement* of many auſpicious *preſages* for the *War*, and all thoſe to whom the frequentation of my *Maſters company* had given any knowledge of his *vertue*, entertain'd very pregnant *hopes* of his *ſucceſs* in that *expedition*: though he could take no employment, that over-top'd his *illuſtrious birth*, he had

had ſome reaſon to think it ſtrange, that a *Prince* born of a *barbarous King*, *Enemy* to the *People of Rome*, not exceeding the age of 21, ſhould command a *Roman Army*, at a time when *Rome* abounded with ſo many famous *Captains* of her own, that were capable of conduct: I ſay to command, for indeed though *Tilus Cariſius* remained with ſome ſhadow of *Authority* in thoſe *Provinces*, his want of *Experience*, with the *infirmities* of his perſon, had render'd him ſo inconſiderable to the *Soldiers*, as, though my *Prince* ſtill did him the honour to receive his advice in all affairs, the abſolute *power* was ſolely in his hands, and the entire *glory* of all thoſe memorable events in that expedition by the general vote was allotted to him only: he was received by the *Legions* with loud acclamations, and beſides that the opinion of his former exploits, had gain'd him the hearts of a part of the *Captains*, the bounteous diſtribution of *Natures* favour, ſignally ſtamped in his *face*, *language* and *actions*, quickly procur'd him the *affection* and *reſpect* of all thoſe to whom his *vertue* was yet undiſcovered.

The *Commiſſion* he receiv'd from the *Emperor* was generally approved, the *Soldiers*, *Officers*, and *Cariſius* himſelf, (to whom *Varro*'s violent humour had been intolerable) accepted this young *Companion* in Command without a *murmur*, and, though he was *Lieutenant* of a *Roman Army*, he held it an honour, that the *Son* of a *King*, a thouſand times more conſiderable by his *merits* than *birth*, was apparantly contented to ſhare the *Dignity* with him, only reſerving all the *trouble* and *danger* to himſelf: 'tis then to my *Prince* alone you may pleaſe to attribute the *honour* of all that was done in that *War*,

and though the *Orders* were often ſubſcribed with *Cariſius* name as well as his, I am able to affirm as a conſtant witneſs, that never forſook him, he had no more hand in any part of the action, than if he had then been at *Rome*, only amuſing himſelf, with political *maxims* how to govern the *Provinces*, and preſerve the *Cities* in obedience, that we had reduced; while my *Maſter* at the head of his *Army* did the buſineſs of the War, making new brooks of barbarous blood run through the *Campania*.

The *Enemies* had two renowned *Captains* among them, he that led the *Aſturians* was called *Sillo*, and *Theopiſtus* commanded the *Cantabrians*: They had many flying bodies beſides, rang'd under ſeveral *Lieutenants*, which were placed as neceſſity adviſed, in divers parts of the *Provinces*, where they might beſt diſtreſs the *Romans*, their *Cities* were univerſally up in arms, fortified with ſtrong *Garriſons*, and furniſh'd with abundance of *victuals*, all their ſtreights and paſſes upon *Rivers* defended with ſo much *ſtrength* and *Caution*, as it appear'd no petty *enterpriſe*, no contemptible *task* to tame this warlike people.

Yet the threats of theſe difficulties in ſtead of diſcouraging, enflamed the heart of the fierce young *Prince*, with an eager deſire of forcing from thoſe fair occaſions an improvement of his *glory*; and, joyning to his admirable *valour*, an incredible *prudence*, if compared with his years, he began to act in that *War*, both by *Conduct* and *Execution*, like another *Hannibal*, or a *Julius Cæſar*; never did any thing appear ſo beautiful, as my brave *Prince* in the functions of his charge, and when his head was in a

Caſque

Caſque, that noble and warlike *minde* was ſo highly advantag'd by the grace he us'd in his *Command*, as his *Enemies* themſelves had not power to behold him without affection; the firſt time he preſented himſelf to their view, was upon the bank of a little *River*, where *Theopiſtus* appear'd in perſon at the head of above 30000 *Combatants*, the *River* was narrow but ſcarce fordable, which kept the *Armies* from joyning, and forced them to fight a long time at a diſtance with no other *weapons* than *Arrows*, till my Maſter, knowing the *Romans* advantage conſiſted in a cloſer *combat*, & not in thoſe *wooden ſhours*, wherewith the *Barbarians* might happily diſpute the victory with danger to his party, after he had ſought out the fitteſt place, he ſpur'd his Horſe into the water, and, like another *Alexander* at the paſſages of *Granicus*, both by words and example encourag'd a part of his *Cavalry* to keep him company in the danger, and thus ſometimes fording, ſometimes ſwimming their Horſes, they gain'd the oppoſite bank.

The *Cantabrians* amaz'd at ſo prodigious a daring, had not *Courage* enough left them to ſtand the encounter, and my Maſter, taking advantage of the *diſorder*, wherein fear and wonder had ſhuffled them, gave his *Enemies* a hot charge, and his own *Souldiers* time to paſſe the *River* with greater facility than before, which ſtill came up with ſuch freſh *ſupplies* to his ſuccour, as at laſt he totally routed their *Army*, and carryed ſo entire a *victory*, as more than 15000 *Barbarians* were left dead upon the ſpot.

The firſt loſſe ſtruck ſuch a terrour into the *Ene-*

mie, as made them manage their quarrel with more Caution.

A few dayes after they thought they had gotten an occasion to revenge the last *slaughter* by our total *ruine*, and indeed they put us in great danger, for my *Prince*, sitting down with his Army before a Town called *Tilloe*, built upon a Marsh, and made by its *scituation* almost inaccessible, the *Enemies* two *Generals* having rallied and rais'd all the Forces they could make, came up with an admirable diligence in two great bodies, incamped themselves at our backs, and shut us up between the *Citie*, the *Marsh*, and their two *Armies*, leaving no passage free, unlesse we could cut out the way through one of their gross bodies.

My Master presently perceiv'd what an *Errour* his *ignorance* in the Country had made him incur, but loth to give his *Soldiers* time to perceive their *disadvantage*, and receive a *terrour* that might give the *Enemies* the victory, to save his men, he resolv'd to raise the *Siege*, and judging the design more fit for a *favourite* of *darkness* than *light*, having caus'd the *Troops* and *Legions* to be ready for to march about midnight, and giving all necessary orders to the *Officers*, he sent two or three hundred men, to give an *Allarm* at *Theopistus* Quarters, and when the *Enemies* believ'd the *danger* bent it self that way, and he suddenly broke with all his forces upon *Sillo*'s Army, threw down all that stood in his way, and by his *Example* we charg'd so vigorously, as assisted by our sudden *surprizal*, the *fire* we threw about into all the *Quarters* of their Camp, and the nights *darkness*, which increas'd the terrour, we put them

to

to ſuch a general rout, as after we had killed about 10000 *Barbarians*, we paſs'd through their *Camp* upon the necks of the reſt, which were left cover'd with *Carkaſſes* & *blood*, and made good our retreat ſcarce with the loſs of 600 men, to the top of a Mountain, where we incamp'd before day, whoſe *new-born light* made us quickly underſtand our ſelves in a condition to preſent them *battel*.

This brave piece of ſervice paſs'd for a miracle among the *Barbarians*, and ſo fearfully aſtoniſht them, as in ſtead of marching in Battel againſt us, they roſe up with their *Armie*, and directing their March through the *City*, they went and encamp'd on the other ſide the *Marſh*.

A few days after, my Maſter re-inforcing his numbers with the ſupplyes of 8000 Foot, and 4000 Horſe, which *Cariſius* had ſent him, he re-attacqu'd the City ſo vigorouſly, as in ſpight of the Enemies Army that lay at the Gates on the other ſide, and fortified it with numbers neceſſary for defence, within ſix days time we carryed it by *ſtorm*, and march'd toward the Enemy with ſo much *Courage* and *Confidence*, as it took away theirs, and oblig'd them to a timerous retreat into ſuch places, whoſe ſcituation hinder'd us from forcing them to fight. I contract the recital of theſe things in as narrow a volume as poſſible, for ſhould I tye my relation to every particular, it would coſt more time than I have now to lay out upon the whole Diſcourſe.

While theſe things paſs'd at the Camp, *Fame* daily carryed intelligence of my Maſters grand *actions* to every *Roman* ear, which brought as much joy to

Marcellus and the reſt of his *friends*, as deſpight to *Livia* and the whole *faction* of *Tiberius*; the Princeſs *Cleopatra* who drave a more peculiar Intereſt in his *glory* than the reſt, forgot not to acknowledge her particular ſatisfaction, and to that purpoſe ſhe anſwer'd all his Letters, but my memory, too weak to retain them, I onely preſerv'd ſome of the ſhorteſt and eſpecially that which ſhe wrought upon *intelligence* of his *victory* I laſt related, I believe the words differ'd not much from theſe.

The Princeſs Cleopatra, *to the valiant* Juba, Coriolanus *Prince of* Mauritania.

"TO gain great *Battels* againſt the *valianteſt peo-*
"*ple* of *Europe*, to force *Cities* defended by an
"Army that out-number'd yours, and render the
"nights themſelves famous by your victories, are *a-*
"*ctions* conform'd to my *wiſhes*, and worthy of your
"*Courage*, but thus every moment to laviſh ſuch pre-
"cious *blood* ſo oft to expoſe a *life* ſo dear unto me,
"to the *mercies* of *danger* when *neceſſity* does not bid
"you, are actions contrary to your *obedience*, & the
"care you ought to take of my *repoſe*; yet I incline
"to pardon, when I remember, you combat for my
"*conqueſt*, as well as your own *glory*, & that you owe
"part of thoſe *advantages* your valour will give of
"your *Rival*, to the thought that you fight *Cleopatra*.

Theſe clear proofs of *Cleopatra*'s affection ſwell'd my Maſters *Courage* to a greater height, and daily carried him to the enterprize of braver exploits, for which *Fortune* offer'd him fair opportunities,

nities, and the *Gods* ſeem'd willing for his *glory*, that our Enemies, by the arrival of a great recruit, ſhould be once more able to face us in the field, and truſting to the number of their men, which far exceeded ours, they deſcended into the plain of *Gangaris*, and preſented us battel.

Coriolanus, though much the weaker in number, joyfully accepted the *Aſturians defiance*, and ranging his Army with a dextrous prudence, he marched againſt the *Barbarians* not as to a doubtful *Combat*, but a certain *victorie*.

I remember he was that day covered with a *Coat of Steel*, ſo exceedingly bright, as the *ſplendor* of it mingled with the *rayes* of thoſe *Jewels* that enriched his *arms*, and both receiving the *Sun-beams*, formed a flame which ſeemed to environ him, beſides there appeared another in ſeveral *flaſhes* at his *Eies* that darted their fierce *glory* with ſuch extraordinary *ardor*, as it was even difficult for his friends to behold them without betraying ſome kind of *fear*; he wore no *Caſque* to cover his *face*, but only a little *Morion* after the *Greek faſhion*, ſhaded with twenty white *feathers*, under which his *viſage* appeared that whole day naked to the view, and his long curled *hair* deſcended upon his *ſhoulders* in groſs *anulets*, ſeemed to borrow brightneſs from his warlike ardor, he was mounted upon a white horſe, dappled with black ſpots, which at once expreſs'd both *pride* and *beauty*, & in his right hand held two darts, which he brandiſh'd againſt his *Enemies* in a menacing faſhion.

Thus, and more fair than I am able to deſcribe him, after he had made a *harangue* to his troops,

with an *Eloquence* that few alive could match, he lead them on to the *Combat*, and at his first blow, in the view of all his *Army*, gave death to *Sillo*, *General* of the *Asturians*, a man of an extraordinary *force* and *stature*, who after my *Princes* example marching at the head of his forces, was pierced through and through with one of his *Javelins*, and fell without a soul at his horse feet.

Coriolanus accompany'd that *brave act* with a thousand others, which, in spite of the throng into which he rush'd with a precipitate *fury*, were remark'd by thousands, and so couragiously animated his *Soldiers* both by his voice and *Example*, as after a well disputed *Combat*, *victory* declar'd for us, and remain'd so entirely ours, as more than 35000 *Barbarians* dyed upon the place, their whole *baggage* was taken, and all those that escaped the *fury* of our *Soldiers*, scarce found their safety in the *wild shelter* of the *Forrests* and *Mountains*.

This *victory*, which by the *Romans* judgment, to whom the news was quickly carryed, might have challenged a comparison, with the most memorable of those that helped to establish their *Empire*, gave a great *stagger* to this war, but it was not capable to end it, and though it was long before the *Barbarians* could recover a condition of fighting again, yet they had a great number of strong *Cities* not one of which would render without resistance, so that they cost us no less than a whole years time to reduce them; during which, we had divers combats upon *parties*, with the *Enemies scattered Troops*, which they sent to set upon us on all sides: at last we received intelligence that they had made one great

great *effort* for all, and having drawn all the forces together they could make, they were marching towards us, for the laſt *deciſion* of their *liberty.*

But while my *Maſter* thus bravely buſied himſelf in the ſervice of the *Roman Empire*, (and beſides the purchaſe of a glory that carryed his name to the remoteſt limits of it, with the *applauſe* of the *People, Senate* and *Emperor*) flew at a proud height in *Cleopatra*'s favour, which he ſtill received, confirmed by daily proofs: the malice of his fortune would have it, that *Tiberius* ſhould light upon no worſe ſucceſs in *Germany* than he had in *Spain*: 'tis true, he had the advantage to command the valianter *Legions*, & deal with *Enemies* of far leſs *Strength* and *Courage* than ours, whatever it was (for my *Maſters Intereſts* cannot bribe me to debaſe the juſt *value* of his *Enemies glory*) he defeated the *Panonians* and *Dalmatians* in two ſignal *battels*, took five or ſix of their chief *Cities*, and reduced them to ſo feeble a *condition*, as wanting thoſe great *reſources* that ſo often *creſted* the *Aſturians* and *Cantabrians*, they were conſtrained to beg their peace of *Tiberius*, and receive thoſe *conditions* it pleaſed the Conqueror to impoſe, which the cruel diſpoſition of *Tiberius* (ever inflexible to pitty or pardon) rendered very rigorous, and though indeed he did ſignalize himſelf in that *Expedition* by divers pieces of perſonal *valour*, he was much cenſur'd for ſpilling of bloud, without a juſt neceſſity, and breaking the *Articles* in his *Capitulation*; however in eight months time, with great advantage to the *Empire*, he finiſhed that *War*, and returned to *Rome* covered with *Laurels*

in

in ſo pompous an eſtate, as the triumphs of *Cæſar Pompey* and *Paulus Emilius* did ſcarce ſhew more magnificence.

His actions, to mention them without partiality, were certainly far ſhort of my Maſters, as the ſtories ſequel will inform you, but the ſucceſs not leſs conducing to *Cæſars* ſervice, which the *Empreſs* with her whole party cry'd up with loud praiſes, and ſtrow'd the Court with ſuch a noyſe of his atchievements, as if all other mens glory ought to ſuffer an *Eclipſe* when his was mentioned: *Cæſar* made him a reception, not unworthy of the ſervice he had render'd him, nor the place that he held near his perſon by his mothers authority; and the Princeſs *Cleopatra*, that ſhe might not be conſtru'd an Enemy to the State, by betraying any trouble for his proſperity, by advice of thoſe whom her own diſcreet *choyce* had given *Authority* over her, received him with a ſmooth brow.

Tiberius left out nothing in his *language* or *behaviour* that might prove a bait for her affection, and try'd all the ſtrength of his power with the *Empreſs*, in diſpoſing her to ſway *Cæſars Judgment* on his ſide.

Livia, as ſhe had formerly done, did for a time reſiſt his entreaty, eagerly deſirous to addreſs his ayms at the *Princeſs Julia*, whoſe poſſeſſion would put him in a fair path to the *Empire*, a deſign that eſpecially toyl'd her working thoughts: all the perſwaſions ſhe could urge, were employed upon her Son to change the object of his paſſion, endeavouring to make him feel the *ſtings* of *Emulation* againſt *Marcellus*, who by the enjoyment of *Julia* would

would ſtrengthen his pretences to the *ſoveraign Authority*, and doubtleſs carry the Imperial Crown by the double advantage of *Nephew* and *Son in Law* to the *Emperour*.

Tiberius was the moſt aſpiring man upon earth, yet then more amorous than ambitious, which arm'd him with an obſtinate defence againſt *Livia*'s importunities, and after he had aſſur'd her they were all in vain, he preſs'd ſo hard for her aſſiſtance, proteſting his repoſe and his life depended on it, as that indulgent *Mother* to the *paſſions* of her *Son*, gave over her *perſwaſions*, and began to ſet her *ſubtleties* a work to content him, loſing no occaſion to ſolicite *Auguſtus* in his behalf, and practiſing all thoſe *charms* upon him, which ſhe knew had greateſt influence to perſwade his preference of *Tiberius* his ſervices to thoſe of *Coriolanus*.

The *Emperour* long reſiſted her perſecutions, and remembring what was due, as well to his *Royal word* as the *friendſhip* of *Marcellus* (who publickly prop'd my *Maſters* Intereſts) and my Princes ſervices, who was then ſtrugling with *Death* and *danger* for the glory of his *Empire*, he ſhut his Ears to the ſly inſinuations of *Livia*, which inceſſantly tormented him: this perſeverance laſted ſome months, during which he often proteſted to determine the *difference* 'twixt the two *Competitors* with an impaſſionate equity, and decide the price of their actions by ſuch a general Judgement, as neither ſhould have cauſe to ſuſpect partiality; but in fine, what could not *Love* do upon a Soul when he had once diſarm'd it? and what might not *Livia* hope from him, who for her ſake had violated the ſacred Laws

of

of Marriage, (and beyond all *Preſident*) had raviſh'd her great with child from her Husbands arms? well, that ſubtile ſpirit ply'd him ſo perpetually, as his eaſie ſoul at laſt conſenting to believe that *Coriolanus* mouth might be ſtopt with *rewards* more important than *Cleopatra*, to pleaſe the importunate *Livia*, he declar'd againſt him, and promis'd to pronounce his Judgement to her Sons *advantage*.

Of this the whole *Court* had preſent notice, and it quickly flew to the *Ears* of *Marcellus* and *Cleopatra*, the Princeſs receiv'd this news with a moſt violent *diſpleaſure*, yet ſupported it with more moderation than *Marcellus*, who burſt into a loud and haughty paſſion at the injury was offer'd his *friend*, vigorouſly diſputed his *Intereſts* in the *Emperours* preſence, and went ſo far with *Tiberius* upon that *ſubject*, as meeting with him at the door of the *Capital*, and exchanging ſome *warm words*, they drew their *Swords* one at another; this quarrel might have rais'd dangerous *Diſorders* in *Rome*, if *Cæſars authority* had not ſtep'd between, and forc'd them to a mutual *embrace*, charging *Marcellus* to keep his *reſentments* to himſelf.

My Maſter had advice of his misfortune the ſame day that he fought the laſt battel with the *Aſturians*, and *Cantabrians*, and was giving orders at the head of his *Army*, when two letters were brought him, one from *Marcellus*, and the other from *Cleopatra*: whatever his *employment* could then alledge, to diſpence with their preſent peruſal, was all over born by the *paſſion* he preſerv'd for thoſe two perſons, and opening the letters he found theſe words in that of *Marcellus*, which he firſt read.

Marcellus

Marcellus to *Juba Coriolanus* Prince of *Mauritania.*

"I Would ſtay till you receiv'd the troubleſome "news I ſend you from ſome other hand, were it "not dangerous to retard the *intelligence*; the *Empe-* "*rour* declares for *Tiberius*, if your preſence does not "ſcatter theſe *advantages* that *Livia's* perſwaſions "have gain'd upon ours; come away my *dear Brother* "if it be poſſible, and attend all things from the *af-* "*fection* of a *friend*, who would not have told you "this *miſchief*, but with a purpoſe to ſerve you againſt "it, at the price of his *fortunes*, his *blood* and his *life*. This was *Marcellus* his letter, and *Cleopatra* ſpoke thus.

The Princeſs *Cleopatra* to Prince *Coriolanus.*

"YEſterday I underſtood from the Princeſs *Octa-* "*via* that *Auguſtus* intends me for *Tiberius*. The "*previous diſcovery* of my *intentions* will tell you how "I reliſh the deſign; however, I know his authority, as "big as it is, ſhall never change my inclinations; your "ſudden return will poſſibly befriend you more than "all the power we can ſtir in your favour, and if "you apprehend me right, no conſideration will be "able to defer your coming.

My Maſter, as I told you, receiv'd and read theſe letters, juſt as he was at the point of giving the laſt ſignal

signal for the *Battel*, and his eye had no sooner arriv'd at the *period*, when stopping the forwardest with a loud cry, and commanding their stay till the signal was given, he remained in a confused perplexity, with his thoughts at a loss, what resolution he should take; his *resentments* of this injury no sooner took fire in his *Soul*, but it presently flew into such a *flame* of *anger*, as the first *thought* that presented it self was to give away the *victorie*, and punish the *ingratitude* of *Augustus* by the losse of his Army, and the ruine of his *affairs* in a Country where his valour had established them: then distasting the *Treason* in that designe, and passing thence to another that clash'd not so much with his generosity, he took up a thought to abandon the *Roman Troops*, carry over his Sword to the *Enemies party*, and raise them by that to the same height from whence he had thrown them.

While this irresolution kept him buried in a profound study, some of the *Commanders* that were neerest his person, had asked him divers *questions* touching their *employment*, without gaining the least word of answer from his mouth: at last awaking from his deep cogitations, he lifted up his *head*, which all this time he had hung down as low as his *Saddle-bow*, and turning his eyes round, wherein Cholet was lively represented: "Let us go, *said he*, whe-"ther our duty calls us, and prefer our honour be-"fore such resentments as cannot be justified by the "event of this day, we may possibly reverse *Cæsars* "*intention*, or at least find out a death to guard us "from the injustice is offer'd.

Finishing these words, after he had sent all the *Com-*

Commanders to their ſeveral charges, he firſt gave the laſt ſignal, and was the firſt that flew in among his Enemies; I ſhall forbear the particulars of this *battel*, which was the moſt cruel and bloudieſt of all the reſt, only after the *diſpute* had hotly held a part of the day, there fell to our lot ſo entire a *victory*, as of more than 50000 *Barbarians* that faced us in the morning, ſcarce the tenth of that number were alive at night, the *General Theopiſtus* was there ſlain, with all the moſt conſiderable *perſons* of his party, and thus the *root* of this *Rebellion* was cut up without the hope of *reſource*; for this miſerable people a few daies after, ſubmitted to all the conditions were thought fit to impoſe.

They would have been very gentle, could my *Maſter* have ſtaid his *authority* in thoſe parts, but the next day after the *battel*, conceiving his duty amply diſcharg'd, he went to find out *Cariſius*, whom he had left lame of the *Gout* in a neighbouring *City*, where after he had paſs'd him an account of the ſtate of *affairs* as he left them, remitting the whole *power* into his hands, he took his leave of him, and a few daies after, parted with the ſame Equipage that followed him to the *Army*, endeavouring by great daies *Journies*, to reach the *Imperial City*.

I will not repeat the paſſionate complaints which broke from the ſenſe of his wrongs in that voyage, grief and anger, took their turns in his *words* and *actions*, and ſometimes the latter tranſported him to ſuch raſh *language*, and loud *threats*, as his *friends* till then had never obſerv'd, and indeed were very unſuitable to his ordinary *moderation*; whatever diligence we uſed in the *voyage*, we arriv'd not at *Rome* till

till three daies after the news of our laſt *victory*, which we found had taken up a glorious welcome, and expreſs'd it ſelf in all the *varieties* of *Joy* to receive us; *bonfires* and *ſacrifice* made the *ſtreets* flame, and the *Altars* ſmoak, at a more ſumptuous expence, than was uſually beſtow'd upon the combuſt of larger *territories*, and for a more conſpicuous mark of *glory*, the *Emperor* having now no more *Enemies* in the world to trouble the *tranquility* of his *Dominion*, in *ſign* of an *univerſal peace*, had cauſed the *Temple* of *Janus* to be ſhut, which alwaies ſtood open in time of *War*, and was never ſeen cloſed ſince the reign of *Numa Pompilius*.

Had notice been given before of my *Maſters* coming, his *reception* had been little ſhort of a *triumphal entry*, and certainly had he deſired the *triumph* it ſelf, it would have been granted him, but becauſe he left his charge, and came back without *Auguſtus* orders, he thought it not fit to give advice of his arrival, yet could not hinder the firſt that ſaw him paſs from breaking out into loud acclamations, and the noyſe of his return, ran ſo ſwiftly from mouth to mouth, as in a few moments it was divulg'd through the whole *City*.

Love entituled the payment of his firſt *reſpects* to *Cleopatra*, *amity* pleads the *presedency* of his viſit to *Marcellus*, but his deſire to obſerve an exact *Decorum* in the requiſites of his *duty*, vanquiſh'd the motions of *Love* and *Amity*, and conducted him with a great train of friends that follow'd, whoſe number ſwel'd at every ſtep, to the *Emperors Palace*, where he then was in perſon.

Marcellus, who had met the report of his arrival,

as

as well as the reſt, ran to meet him with a throng of his friends, and encountring at the *Palace-gate*, that Interview was ſpent upon the dear entertainment of ſuch mutual *Careſſes*, as cannot be well underſtood, but by thoſe *Souls* that have liſted themſelves under the *ſtandard* of as perfect an amity: nevertheleſs it was well obſerved, that their *faces* were not painted with that *ſatisfaction*, which ought to have followed the glory of my *Maſters* victories: after they had a thouſand times repeated their dear embrabes, and my *Maſters courteſie* paid, what was due to the ſalutes of his *friends*, the two *Princes* drew themſelves aſide from the reſt of the company, and fell into ſome private diſcourſe, with the *Subject* of which, the *language* of their actions eaſily acquainted me; we heard not what was ſaid till the latter end, when my *Prince* raiſing his voice: "This is my reſo-"lution, *ſaid he*, I will go preſently to *Cæſar*, & ren-"der him an account of the Commiſſion he gave me, "and after I have repreſented my *ſervices*, I will de-"mand *Juſtice* of himſelf, for the *injuſtice* he has "done me; and I, *ſaid Marcellus*, will joyn with "you, and againſt all *Enemies* that dare oppoſe us, "our intereſts ſhall be inſeparable.

At theſe words they mounted the ſtairs hand in hand, and went together to the *Emperors lodgings*: he was then retir'd into his *Cabinet* only with *Agrippa* and *Mæcenas*, that entertain'd him with ſome important *affairs* of *State*, but when it was told him that *Marcellus* and *Coriolanus* were at the door, he commanded they ſhould enter, and maugre his *ſurprizal*, at my Maſters ſudden appearance, he receiv'd him with a ſmooth *aſpect*, and gave gim ſuch a

welcome as was due to the freſh memory of his grand actions.

Coriolanus having ſaluted him with all the reſpect that was owing to his *perſon* and *dignity*, fixing a bold and undaunted eie upon his face, and preventing ſome queſtions he was ready to ask, *Sir*, ſaid he, *I am doubtleſs culpable, by appearing in your preſence before the repeal of your orders, but while my being was neceſſary in thoſe places, where you did me the honour to ſend me, neither the* memory *of my deareſt* intereſts, *nor the entire peace of my Soul, had power to pull me from thoſe occaſions of your ſervice: all your Enemies are defeated, above* 100000 Barbarians *have had their threds cut by our Swords, their* Cities *are all ſubmitted, their* Provinces *in a profound* obedience, *and what now remains for* Cariſius *to do, will coſt neither labour nor effuſion of bloud; and now Sir, I bring my Sword and my life to your feet, employ them both upon freſh expeditions, if that which I came from, has not yet made me worthy of the recompence your ſelf taught me to hope for, ſpare not my* bloud, *for it cannot be more gloriouſly ſpilt, than for the* ſervice *of* Cæſar, *and the* conqueſt *of* Cleopatra.

He let fall theſe words in a graceful and becoming *poſture* that charmed the *Spirit* of *Auguſtus*, who witneſſed the high thoughts he had of him, by moſt particular *Careſſes*, and after he had repeated many embraces, with an action that overflow'd with kindneſs: *You have done things for our* Empire, ſaid he, *the* Grandeur *of which, does not only excuſe your return, but almoſt leaves us too weak to acknowledge it, yet I expected no leſs from your* vertue, *whereof*

you

you have ever ſhown ſuch beautiful marks, as may give you a juſt encouragement to attend a recompence, that poſſible out-weighs the poſſeſſion of Cleopatra. *It is to her onely Sir,* haſtily reply'd the Prince, *that I have rais'd my* ambition, *and, as it belongs to none but great* Cæſar, *to give away a* Gem *of that value, ſo I ought to receive it of him as a preſent, infinitely above my* ſervices. *I am ſorry,* replyed the Emperour, *that my promiſe does oblige me to favour* Tiberius *in his reſearch of* Cleopatra, *he is the Son of the* Empreſs *my* Spouſe, *whoſe affection has too great a ſway in my breaſt, to go away with refuſall, yet I would never have conſented to vote againſt you, had not I prepar'd you another* gift *far more conſiderable than what you pretend to: and with what gift, my* Lord, replyed the impatient Coriolanus, *can you ſatisfie me for the loſs of* Cleopatra? *have you any thing ſo precious in the whole* extent *of your* Empire, *to repair the injury you would do me, in martyring thoſe hopes, which had never been conceiv'd but by your conſent, nor come abroad but upon your* Parole: *Yes* anſwer'd the Emperour, *I have the Realms of your* Anceſtors, *the* Crowns *of both the* Mauritanians *to reſtore unto you, which I am contented you ſhould poſſeſſe under the protection of the* Empire, *in the ſame manner that* Herod Polemon, Archelaus, *and thoſe other* Kings, *our* Allyes, *do hold their Eſtates.*

This was not ſo cheap an offer of the *Emperours,* but it might have tempted any other *ſoul* beſides my Maſters, to have bit greedily at the *bait*, and produc'd an effect not incapable to calm their diſpleaſure, but in his it encounter'd no ſuch diſpoſition, and not ſtaying one moment to ballance his anſwer, *Sir,*

ſaid he, with an action full of coldneſſe, *The Preſent you offer me is truly worthy of your own* Altitude, *and it pertains to none but great* Cæſar, *who is* Maſter *of all* Empires, *to give, with ſo much* munificence *and* magnanimity: *by the gift of my Fathers* Crowns, *I ſhould be infinitely overpaid for my ſervices, though I add the* induſtry *of my whole life, to bring them neerer to* equality: *But could you ſuper-add the reſt of the earth to this preſent, I would refuſe it, nay, and miſprize it too for* Cleopatra, *in her alone by your own permiſſion I circled my* deſires, *and without her, all the baits of ambition will loſe their taſte, and the Monarchy of the World would be inſupportable, I ſee your* Paſſion *doth now blind you,* reply'd the Emperour, *but when your reaſon ſhall once recover its liberty, you will quickly acknowledg, that I do you no wrong, in taking a woman from you, to make you a* King *of two puiſſant* Realms. *Ah my* Lord, *cryed* Coriolanus, *this does not agree with the promiſe you made me, and when I drew my* Sword *in your quarrel againſt your Enemies Forces, you were willing, that by the advancement of your ſervice, and my own glory, I ſhould try my right to* Cleopatra's *poſſeſſion;* Tiberius, *whom your own condeſcenſion made my* Antagoniſt, *cannot render a fairer account of his employment, than I of mine; and if you take the pains to ſcan our actions, you will doubtleſſe finde the difference cannot be ſtrain'd to his advantage: if his* Sword *has reap'd a fairer Harveſt than mine, and himſelf be more conſiderable in being* Son *to the* Empreſs, *give him a reward,* Sir, *that better ſuits with his ſervices and ambition, give him the* Diadems *you offer me, I ſhall not ſee them embrace his Temples with an envious eye, though they were once my Fathers inheritance, and*

if

if Cleopatra *cannot be merited, but by him that can ſet a Crown upon her head, I will go ſeek it among a people, which have not yet felt your puiſſance, where I may poſſibly gain that at the point of my* Sword, *which the diſaſtrous fate of my Parents loſt before I had a being.*

This liberty of language had probably been ill reliſh'd by any other perſon of Auguſtus *Dignity, but that* Prince, *who, in all his familiar Diſcourſes, us'd to allow a large liberty to thoſe he lov'd, inſtead of condemning, eſteem'd his boldneſs, and then deſirous he ſhould retire, more maturely to digeſt the offer he had made him: Go,* ſaid he, *and take advice of your friends, and if it be their opinion I have done you injuſtice, come again unto me, and renew your complaint with an unreſtrained liberty.*

Coriolanus would have preſently replyed, if *Marcellus* by a ſigne from the Emperour had not led him away: that excellent friend fearing a perſiſtance in that diſcourſe, might provoke the Emperours ſpirit, and believing it might be more ſucceſsfully renew'd at another ſeaſon, he oblig'd him almoſt by force to retire; but before he left the preſence, making a profound reverence to *Auguſtus*: "Sir, *ſaid he,* give "me leave to hope your juſt bounty will create a "change in your intentions, which doubtleſs wil be "more equitable than that you have ſuffered in be-"half of *Tiberius.*

He ſtaid not for an anſwer, but retir'd with *Marcellus* in ſuch a troubled poſture, as he could ſcarce be known by his friends, whom the noyſe of his return had call'd from all parts of the City to viſit him. As he came out from the Emperour, he met

Tiberius attended by a great number of fawning Courtiers, that ſince the ſwelling of his fortune and favour, throng'd about him on all ſides, the two *Rivals* paſs'd by one another without a ſalute, but this encounter confirm'd *Coriolanus*, by the aſſurance that he ſhould not meet his Rival there, in a ſudden reſolution to go to ſee *Cleopatra*, and deeming it unfit to retard his viſit any longer, he went immediately thither, attended by the whole troop of his friends to the door, though *Marcellus* and he onely enter'd the *Princeſs* chamber, ſhe had heard of his arrival, and, to clear a path to his attempt of an interview, ſhe had caus'd it to be given out among thoſe that frequented her chamber, ſhe was not then in a condition to receive a viſit.

In effect the grief ſhe had taken from the *Emperours* change, and *Livia*'s perſecutions, had really caus'd ſome alteration in her health, and the two *Princes* found her upon the bed in her night attire, in the poſture of a perſon indiſpos'd: the approach of night had already caus'd the Tapers to be lighted in her chamber, and by the help of thoſe, *Coriolanus* entring, beheld his fair *Princeſs* with an amorous amazement, clad in the beams of a thouſand beauties: ſhe raiſed her ſelf up upon her bed to receive him, and while he put his knee to the ground, and took her fair hand to kiſſe it, ſhe let fall her head upon his, and laid her arm upon his ſhoulder, with an action full of ſweetneſſe and affection: the diſpleaſures of my *Prince* for ſome moments, were moſt delightfully charm'd by that reception, nor could his deſires have invented more felicity than to paſs away the reſt of his life in ſo happy a condition: at

laſt

laſt he roſe from his knee by the *Princeſs* command and while *Marcellus*, to leave a liberty of diſcourſe, to the Lovers, entertained himſelf with her Maids, taking a ſeat by her beds ſide, and greedily feeding his eies upon her face from whence they had long been wean'd, he was opening his mouth to ſpeak, when the fair Princeſs prevented him, and taking the word with an *Air* repleat, with grace and Majeſty.

After your glorious eſcape of ſo many dangers, ſaid ſhe, *which have given me a thouſand fears in your behalf, I cannot behold you a triumphant Conqueror without betraying all the joy that I owe to the high reputation your valour has purchaſed; yet my gladneſs had come neever to perfection, could I have ſeen you here, upon the ſummons of ſome other motive, than that which call'd you home: and now to give you my naked thoughts, know* Coriolanus, *that the change of* Auguſtus, *has not gal'd your heart with a mere ſenſible diſquiet than mine, nor have the proofs of his intentions wrought any effect upon my ſpirit to your prejudice*, Tiberius *appears not more amiable ſince* Cæſar *ſupported him than he did before, whoſe ingratitude to you, if it be poſſible, has ſhew'd me more worth and beauty in thoſe qualities that obliged me to love you:* My *Prince* bowing his head at this diſcourſe with a profound ſubmiſſion: *Then Madam*, ſaid he, *I am not utterly loſt as my fear conſtru'd it by your letter and the* Emperors *language, for if your goodneſs ſtill own me, though all the reſt of the world ſhould declare for* Tiberius, *he could not equal my condition*: Let Livia *ſolicite for him, and* Auguſtus *openly profeſs his partiality, they will both be too weak to ſtagger my fortune, ſo long as my*

Princeſs *propſ it, and as her affection only gives it a perfect being, if I loſe not that, I can loſe nothing elſe that is capable to afflict me.*

He would have ſaid more, when the *Princeſs* deſir'd him to give her the diſcourſe between him and the *Emperor*, *Coriolanus* repeated word for word in ſo paſſionate a manner, as the Princeſs could not defend her heart from the ſame reſentments, but when ſhe underſtood in what faſhion he rejected the *Emperors* proffer of his *Kingdoms* for her ſake, ſhe would not hide her acknowledgment, & taking more kindneſs into her eies than they expreſt before: "You have "ſinn'd, *ſaid ſhe*, againſt your intereſt, in preferring "me before your fathers Crown, yet in that act you "have not deceived me, ſince I ever believ'd you ca-"pable of diſ-eſteeming the moſt advantagious con-"ditions, if they were once put into the other Scale "againſt your affection; me thinks this Generoſity "does well become the Prince I have given my "heart to, and to give you a Copy of the ſame, *Co-"riolanus*, I do here promiſe you, that if *Tiberius*, or "any other more conformed to my inclinations, "could place me upon a throne where I might ſway "the univerſe, I would deſpiſe it all for your ſake, "ſince for mine you have refus'd the Crowns of "your *Anceſtors*, my ambition ſhall lay away it's "wings, and find a clearer ſatisfaction in your per-"ſon, than in the poſſeſſion of *Royalties*, and ſince "fortune has taken away thoſe that belong'd to our "houſes, we cannot brave her better, than by tying "our affections to thoſe things upon which ſhe has "neither Empire nor influence; 'tis ſhe alone that "help'd *Auguſtus* to the power he has over me, nor "ſhall

"ſhall I break any modeſt rule, in diſobeying his "command to love *Tiberus*, or offend any other "Laws, than ſuch as the victors and the fortunate, "have impos'd upon the vanquiſh'd and unhappy.

Oh my Princeſs, cry'd my Maſter, *how generous are you! how worthy to be the daughter of ſo illuſtrious a Queen, who ſham'd our Sex by the Grandeur of her Courage, but Madam, what ſhall this happy unfortunate do, whoſe condition you hold up, againſt the puiſſance of the* Empire, *in the higheſt place of human felicity? by what price ſhall he pay for the leaſt part of theſe Divine bounties? By a fidelity*, reply'd Cleopatra, *which I value above the treaſury of* Auguſtus, *and by which you may preſerve till death that affection whereon you eſtabliſh your felicity. If that be the means*, reply'd my Prince, *I will be happy to my Tomb, and all the human conſiderations ſhall never ſtagger me one moment in that inviolable loyalty, which with new vows I do once more proſtrate at your feet, and which alone ſhall hold my* Honour, *my* Repoſe, *my* Crowns *and* Dignities: *but*, Madam ſaid he, *after pauſing a few moments, if I may have licence to ask it, how will you defend your ſelf againſt the* Emperors *will? and what order will you take to reſiſt him, when he commands you to love the Son of* Livia? *as yet*, reply'd the Princeſs, *he has not ſerv'd himſelf with his authority to oblige me, and the form of Government he affects, beſides the reputation he is deſirous to acquire, of a good and juſt* Emperor, *does bid me hope he will never come to open violence with the Daughter of* Antony *and* Cleopatra: *'tis true, modeſty forbids me an abſolute declaration in your* favour, *and in divulging my repugnance for* Tiberius, *it will not become me to publiſh my inclinations for* Coriolanus; *but ſince for*

our misfortune, I am deprived of those persons, to whom my birth gave the right of my disposal, I will protest an obedience to the Princess Octavia's *will, who by her marriage with my Father, the shelter she first gave me in her house and the Maternal care she has taken of us all, may with reason chalenge a Daughters obedience: this will exempt me from all the reproaches I might else receive, and if it gives you any fear, because* Octavia *is the sister of* Augustus, *it ought to reassure you, because she is the mother of* Marcellus, *and such a one as ever cherished a high esteem of you with a great deal of affection. I am yet oblig'd to keep my steps in this path, by the absence of my brother* Alexander, *who has been long from hence, and of whom we have heard no news ever since his departure out of* Germany, *whether by the Emperors command he followed* Tiberius: *my younger Brother* Ptolomee *has medled but little with my conduct, which, if the reasons that lead me to this choice be scan'd aright, can be no where more safely depos'd, than in the hands of that vertuous Princess.*

During this Discourse, *Marcellus* came and joyn'd company, and understanding *Cleopatra*'s intention: "Sister, *said he,* (*for* Octavia *would have that appella-*" *tion to be commonly shar'd among her own children, &* " *those of her dead husband*) I believe you cannot " make better choice of a resolution, for besides that " it holds the best proportion with that modest deco-" rum you would practise, *Coriolanus* may make him-" self as sure of *Octavia*'s good will, as *Marcellus* " friendship: that vertuous and grand *Princess, added* " *my master,* has ever treated me with too much good-" ness, to leave me the least scruple of trusting her " power with my fortunes.

This

This Diſcourſe was follow'd by divers others upon the ſame ſubject, wherein *Cleopatra* and the two *Princes* were long a mingling their reaſons, which at laſt being brought to a concluſion, they took their leaves to go viſite the Princeſs *Octavia*, to whom, after *Cleopatra*, my Maſter deſign'd the payment of his firſt reſpects: that good *Princeſs*, after ſhe had received him with all the ſignes of a real amity, and confirm'd her Sons words, of the good opinion and high eſteem ſhe had of him, proteſted, that no conſideration ſhould ever menace or entice her conſent to lean to his prejudice: my Maſter kiſs'd her hands with a great deal of ſubmiſſion, and acknowledgement, and taking his leave, in ſtead of retiring to his own Lodgings, he went and lay that night with *Marcellus*, as well to ſatisfie his amity, which would not permit ſo quick a ſeparation, as to take a more particular account from his mouth, in relation to *Julia*, than his Pen had given him.

I have tyed my ſelf ſo ſtrictly to my Maſters adventures, as I half forgot to follow the thread of *Marcellus* his unlucky love to *Julia*; but I will now comprize in a few words what happen'd in our abſence, wherewith my Mr. was partly acquainted by his friends letters, and more fully inſtructed from his own mouth at our return.

The ſpight that *Marcellus* took to ſee himſelf ſo lightly abandon'd by *Julia*, kindled ſuch a reſentment againſt her, as would doubtleſs have quench'd his Paſſion, if a juſt anger could have over-matcht it, but if he had too little power to exile, at leaſt he had enough for a time to reſtrain it, and keep the

fond

fond effects of his love in hold, which that giddy *Princeſs* had ſo ingratefully abuſed. In effect he began to retire his obſervances ſo coldly, as in ſtead of keeping up the cuſtome, of waſting whole dayes in he attendance, he now ſcarce render'd her two viſits. In two weeks, in lieu of ſeeking occaſions to finde her alone, he fled them openly, and when he was oblig'd to entertain her, he did it with a reſpect, mingled with ſo much coldneſſe, as it was eaſie to perceive, he rather treated her as the daughter of *Auguſtus*, and ſo (as many reaſons advis'd him) did homage to her quality, than as a perſon to whom he had tyed himſelf by any other chain than the conſideration of her fortune; *Julia* who obſerv'd his behaviour, and was not ignorant of the cauſe, did at firſt ſo little regard it (her thoughts being onely bent at *Coriolanus*, who was ſtill freſh in her memory) as ſhe paid his perſonated coldneſs, with one ſo real and remarkable, as it was quickly obſerv'd and grown the diſcourſe of moſt of the *Courtiers*, who paſs'd their judgments upon it according to ſeveral conjectures: by this ſcornful carriage of *Julia*, the anguiſh of poor *Marcellus* was ſo augmented, as his body took infection from his minde, and ſhar'd a part of the malady, which ſo decreſted the looks of that lovely *Prince*, as though the *Emperour*, who was one of the firſt that diſcover'd it, did often examine his Nephews melancholy; he had ſtill a reſerve of diſcretion to conceal his Daughters inconſtancy; and though *Agrippa*, particularly touch'd with the torments of *Marcellus*, had told the Emperour that doubtleſs proceeded from ſome petty breach between the Princeſs and he, yet they

they found it impoſſible to clear that diſcovery by *Marcellus* confeſſion.

In fine, the ſad eſtate of that abuſed *Prince* from day to day receiv'd ſuch ſenſible aggravations, as they began to find a feeling in *Julia*'s ſpirit, whoſe affection, though faded in the flower, was ſtill alive in the root, beſides the deſpight ſhe took to ſee her ſelf ſo diſdain'd by *Coriolanus*, made her reſolve to call home thoſe partial glances, and clearing her ſoul of all the violence that affection had kindled, ſhe began to open her eies afreſh upon that deſerving *Prince*, and repented ſhe had left him for a man who had openly miſpriz'd her: to this I may add, that the Princeſs *Scribonia* her Mother, who repudiated, as ſhe was, yet liv'd in *Rome* at a conſiderable height, and was often viſited by her Daughter, underſtanding the ſcurvy uſe ſhe gave *Marcellus*, and well knowing her advancement depended upon her complacance to the *Emperours* will, ſharply check'd her for the little care ſhe took to conform her ſelf to it, and repreſenting *Livia*'s dangerous power with *Cæſar*, which in all probability would powerfully carry his affections along the ſtream of her own blood, and leave her no more than the naked name of *Auguſtus* Daughter, diſpos'd her no longer to deſpiſe the means of preſerving her intereſts; in fine, whether by a real return of her affection, the care of her own advancement, or her indignation againſt my Maſter, *Julia* reſolv'd to recall *Marcellus* to her favour, and, that once concluded, ſhe was ſo little able to bridle her revived flame, as ſhe was ready to throw her ſelf at his feet, and vent it in all the ſubmiſſive wayes ſhe could finde to regain him: at the

the first discovery of her design, he slighted the nets her kindness spread, and, as *Julia* had given him a just offence, so he expected a reparation, which he saw she was ready to tender, that might ballance her inconstancy: being one day in the Emperors chamber, where dividing himself from the rest of the company, he was retir'd alone to the corner of a chimny, against which he lean'd in a deep meditation, when the *Princess*, regarding his melancholy posture, and not sorry to meet that occasion of Discourse, she went to him, and finding him so busied with his thoughts, as they had not suffer'd him to see her, though she stood at his elbow; she put a handkerchief, which she held in her hand before his face, and perceiving that action had scarce brought him to himself: *What's the subject of your musing, Marcellus* said she, iterating her familiar gesture, *what is it you dream of?* this last rowsing brought the *Prince* to himself, and taking notice of *Julia*'s words: *The subject of my musing*, answer'd he, *is possible the same that sets your ordinary thoughts to their task, I dream't of* Coriolanus.

That word brought warm blood into *Julia*'s face, and willing to let him see that it stung her to the quick; *You are not deep enough in my heart*, said she, *to divine my thoughts: 'tis because I am there too seldome*, replyed the sad *Marcellus*, *that I know them so well, but he that has baniſh'd me thence, has done it so innocently, as I have no reason to accuse him*; he brought forth these words with so melancholy an Air, as whatever cause the *Princess* found to foment anger, she saw more to invite pity, and to let him know as much: *If you were in a better humour*, said she, *we might*

might poſſibly find a Cure for your Error, but that care will be taken when you are more reaſonable.

At theſe words, (ſeeing *Mecenas* and *Domitius* approach, with ſome other perſons that came to joyn company) ſhe quitted him, only ſhe left him a glance or two at parting, that were ſweeten'd on purpoſe to give him intelligence, that he might boldly renew his hopes of her affection, and by that action finiſhed her victory of his reſentment; for though the cauſe did ſtill weigh heavy upon his heart yet ſhe had gotten ſuch an aſcendent there, as would not permit a perſeverance in the violence he offered to himſelf.

In ſtead of evading, as formerly, he now ſought occaſions to entertain the *Princeſs*, which that very Evening he found it not hard to obtain, ſince the whole Court carryed a complacence to his intentions, and *Julia* her ſelf deſired it with an equal ardour. It was in her own chamber where ſhe firſt rereſtored him that liberty, and the reſt of the company, when they ſaw them enter a particular diſcourſe, reſpectively withdrawing themſelves to a fit diſtance, he had as much time as he could wiſh to ſerve his deſign: *Julia* was the firſt her ſelf that began the parley, and taking a hint from thoſe ſad looks which had dwelt of late upon his face: *what* Marcellus, ſaid ſhe, *will you waſt the reſt of your daies in ſuch a ſullen humour, as is inſupportable to all thoſe that come near you? will you never diſſipate theſe melancholy clouds, that render your ſociety ingrateful to all your friends?*

Marcellus ſigh'd at this diſcourſe, and darting a paſſionate look at the *Princeſs*; *Ah Madam*, ſaid he,

he, *how eaſily your ſelf is able to anſwer this queſtion, and how well you are acquainted with the ſource of that woe, which changes my face, and leads me to my Tomb; had I a ſpirit that could efface theſe impreſſions as eaſily as yours, I ſhould have already found out a way to comfort, and you no more have ſeen the marks of diſpleaſure, either in my face or actions; I have ador'd you with a* Religion, *that has taught you to underſtand your own puiſſance, and the* Gods *are witneſſes, that ſince the moment I began to be yours, I have tyed my thoughts ſo entirely to your ſervice, as I could never admit any other conſideration, you have by your former bounties, which, indeed were juſtified by the* Emperor's *intentions, favour'd this raſhneſs that has ruin'd me, nor did you block up my way with an impediment, that might wake the knowledge of my ſelf, or ſtay me upon the brow of that* Precipice, *from whence I am tumbled; you ſuffered me to hope, you permitted me to believe my ſelf beloved by you, and when that unlucky Error had got ſuch authority within me, as I thought my ſelf mounted to the talleſt ſtair of my fortune, without any apparition of a cauſe, you have ſuddenly thrown me down, ill-treated, abandoned and baniſhed me for a man, who, worthy as he is of your affection, did never ſeek after it: after this (the greateſt, or rather the only miſchief that could tread upon my ſpirit) you wonder I can be ſad, and ſeem amazed at the appearance of a change in my viſage, no, rather think it a miracle that ſo grand a Diſaſter ſhould do ſo little execution, conclude it ſtrange, that the grief you have ſeen and cauſed ſhould not eaſe me of this deplorable life, which I ſtill drag along, and for default of that, my own hands ſhould not*

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ſacrifice all that is left of it to your inconſtancy.

Marcellus could go no farther in his complaint, it being ſtop'd by a torrent of tears that drown'd the paſſage of his words, at which the Princeſs was ſo tenderly touch'd, as ſhe had no power to refuſe him thoſe affections, which before ſhe had ſo liberally given him; and though indeed ſhe made uſe of *Deceit* and *Artifice* to excuſe her *levity*, I really believe ſhe did then let her ſelf go down the ſtream of compaſſion, to her firſt inclinations: ſhe took one of *Marcellus* hands, which ſhe preſs'd between hers, and after ſhe had darted him a glance that penetrated his heart, and freſhly ſet loves wounds a bleeding; "*Marcellus ſaid ſhe*, I find "great cauſe by your diſcourſe and actions to acuſe "you, and had I a ſoul as prompt and prone to re- "ſentment as yours, I ſhould plot a revenge upon "your unjuſt ſuſpicion, and puniſh the vexations it "has inflicted on my repoſe as well as yours; but "becauſe the affection I bare you can neither con- "ſent to, nor conſiſt with vengeance, and your "*Jealouſie* has render'd me ſurer proofs of your af- "fection, than I ſhould ever have drawn from "your calmer thoughts, I will forgive your re- "proaches, and cure your diſtruſt. What, *added ſhe, with a milder ſweetneſs in her looks than before*, did "you think I could renounce you for *Coriolanus*? "for *Coriolanus* I ſay, who cannot boaſt more favours "from *Nature* than your ſelf, and is far your infe- "riour in all thoſe of *fortune*? ſhould I quit *Mar-* "*cellus* a *Roman Prince*, Son to the *Siſter* of *Cæſar*, "dear to the *Emperor* as his own child, and

"design'd my *Spouse* from our infant years, for the "Son of *Juba* an *African*, whom fortune has de-"spoiled of all but his Sword, and at whom I could "level no such ayms that would not be criminal "before the *Emperor*; nay more, who neither "loves me, nor was ever affected by me. How, re-"plyed *Marcellus*, did you never love *Coriolanus*? "why did you then display so many testimonies of "it, as were interpreted by a thousand persons, at "the same time when you treated me with so much "coldness and contempt, as nothing less than an "entire blindness could have made me misconstrue "your change? Was it from *Coriolanus* mouth, *ad-"ded Julia*, that you understood the particulars of "this affection you lay to my charge? *Coriolanus*, "*reply'd Marcellus*, has too much *Discretion* and "*Respect* for persons of your *Sex* and *condition*, to "divulge any language that might wound their re-"pute, but (besides that he had little power to disa-"vow what appeared so openly) his confession was "not necessary to confirm that knowledge, which "was but too clearly shown me by a thousand "proofs.

At this the subtile *Julia* put her hand before her face, feigning to hide a blush that was newly mount-ed thither: "I am sorry, *said she*, you force me to "discover my weakness, but the design I had to "hide it from you, is much outvalued by the price "of your quiet; know then, that allowing you as "much affection or more, than my reason told me "was due, or your own could justly desire; I was "willing to believe that it merited the entire gift of "your heart, when I perceived, or at least I thought

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"I perceiv'd, that you ſhar'd your affections to *Cleo-*
"*patra*; the viſits you render'd her, frequent as thoſe
"I receiv'd, your regards, diſcourſe, and all your a-
"ctions (on which 'tis confeſſed my intereſt might
"paſſe an interpretation too criminal) joyn'd to
"what I have heard you confeſs, of the love you
"once bore to that beautiful Princeſs, ſtir'd me up
"a Jealouſie againſt you, which a little obſervation
"might eaſily have made your diſcovery; indeed I
"avow that when I had once admitted the belief of
"your ingratitude and inconſtancy, I endeavour'd
"with all my power to chaſe you from my thoughts
"and then it was you began to apprehend thoſe
"cold diſtempers in my carriage, the cauſe of which
"I was reſolv'd to conceal all my life from your
"knowledge, ſuppoſing if you were really changed,
"that my Jealouſie, inſtead of reducing, would but
"augment your inſolence, and expoſe me to your
"ſcorn, by the knowledge of my immoderate paſ-
"ſion; but theſe marks of my *anger*, and not (as
"they were conſtrued) of my *oblivion* wrought not
"the effects upon you I deſir'd, and finding you (as
"my ſuſpition told me) ſtill more ſedulous in the
"ſervice of your Paſſion to *Cleopatra* than before, I
"could bethink my ſelf of no other way, than to
"try if I could touch you with jealouſie, and finding
"no fitter perſon to drive my deſign than *Coriola-*
"*nus*, I feign'd to love him, pretending by this Hy-
"pocriſie, a revenge upon you and *Cleopatra* toge-
"ther, endeavouring to poſſeſs you with a belief
"that I had chang'd you for the *African Prince*, and
"requite *Cleopatra*, by depriving her of *Coriolanus*,
"as I believe ſhe had rob'd me of *Marcellus*; thus

"at leaſt I was one way infallibly ſure to thrive in "my deſignes: if you truly lov'd me, I knew the "fear you borrow'd from my behaviour, would "ſoon bring you home again; and if not, by thoſe "ſlights and neglects in my carriage, I anticipated "the declaration of yours, which might have ex-"pos'd me to that of all the *Romans*, and you might "eaſily judge, by perceiving how I took thoſe re-"proaches you gave me, that the demonſtrations of "the *Love* you ſuſpected, were made too publick to "be real, and, if your memory has not loſt the ob-"ſervation, you know I took leſs care to hide it from "you, than any other perſon, though poſſible I was "not ſo ſtupid, but I could have diſguis'd a part of "my thoughts, had my intentions conſented: Hea-"vens! *cryed Marcellus, interrupting the Princeſs,* "Gods! is it poſſible this ſhould be true? if you ſtill "love me, *reply'd Julia,* it becoms you not to doubt "it; and if I do not really affect you, do you know "any reaſon can oblige me, to ſeek my juſtification "in fiction and Artifice? What, *ſaid the Prince wholly* "*tranſported*, is then all I obſerved of diſdain to "me, and love to *Coriolanus* prov'd a *Deceptio vi-*"*ſus*? I have ſaid enough, *ſaid the Princeſs with a* "*diſcontented look*, to oblige your belief, & after ſo "ingenious a confeſſion, which, poſſible I have made "with too little *Decorum*, you deem it not fit to part "with your erroneous opinion, my intereſt in you "is not ſtrong enough to render me guilty of a far-"ther obſtinacy.

At theſe words ſhe made an offer to riſe from her ſeat, but the paſſionate *Marcellus* ſtaying her by the Robe, "Madam, *ſaid he*, pardon this incredu-

"lity

"lity and diſtruſt to the weakneſs of my ſpirit, and
"be pleas'd to believe, that to paſs from the ſad con-
"dition in which ſome of the lateſt moments ſaw me
"plung'd, to that wherein your pity has now ſtated
"me, is not a thing ſo light and trivial to be com-
"prehended by my Soul without aſtoniſhment; the
"opinion of my diſaſter was ſetled too ſtrongly
"there, to go out without violence; nor is it only
"the height of that happineſs you reſtore me, that
"dazles my belief,---come, no more, *ſaid Julia*, I
"would have you efface the memory of what is paſt,
"as I have done thoſe impreſſions that oblig'd me to
"uſe you ſo unkindly: I will henceforth ſhape my
"belief and actions, *ſaid the Prince*, to the perfect
"rule of your will, and ſince the viſits I have made
"the *Princeſs Cleopatra*, as a Siſter, have given you
"ſome *Ombrage*, I vow henceforth no more to ſee
"her; but when you ſhall permit me to pay my friend
"in good offices to her, what his hopes may cha-
"lenge from our amity: No, *ſaid Julia*, I deſire not
"to tye you to ſuch ſtrict conditions, and ſince the
"apparent diſcovery of the truth, has clear'd up the
"clouds of my ſuſpition againſt *Cleopatra*, I do not
"only vote the continuance of your cuſtomary vi-
"ſits, but, to diſſipate all your diſtruſts with mine,
"I will joyn my forces with yours to advance *Cori-
"olanus* in her eſtimation.

If there had not been great ſtore of perſons in the *Princeſs* Chamber that muſt have been *Witneſſes* to the action, *Marcellus* had thrown himſelf at her feet, to pay the haſty oblations of his thanks for the favour ſhe had done him; and whether he gave an intire credit to her words, or was aſſiſted by the

grandeur of his paſſion to deceive himſelf, and confute his former opinion, that *Julia* lov'd *Coriolanus*, he remain'd ſo perfectly ſatisfied, as he could ſcarce finde words to expreſs his contentment: This encounter above all the reſt inſtructed me in the blindneſs of amorous Paſſioniſts, and though I believe that *Julia* did repent her inconſtancy, & really renew'd her love to *Marcellus*, (had not that *Prince* who in all *Eſſayes* beſide had ever an excellent wit and a clear judgement at command been ſo powerfully pre-poſſeſs'd) he would never have ſuffer'd himſelf to be abus'd, by the reaſons ſhe ſuborn'd for her juſtification. Whatever it was, he concluded that the happieſt day that ever increas'd his age, and *Julia* contributing all that depended on her, entirely to ſettle his repoſe: *Marcellus* began to live with her as he was accuſtom'd, and all the ſprightly marks of his ſatisfaction came back into his viſage.

This highly pleas'd the *Emperour*, and ſpread an univerſal joy through the whole Court, for that Prince was ſo generally belov'd, as there were few perſons of importance that appear'd not intereſſed in his good or ill fortune: not but *Julia*'s deportment did often furniſh him with occaſions of relapſing into ſome of his diſcontents: the *Princeſs* was ever exceſſively forward and frank in her behaviour, of a free and confident humour, beyond the common rule, obſerv'd by perſons of her condition, ſhe put nothing either in her looks or language, to repulſe *preſumption*; and if her beauty had charms enough to ſet a whole world on fire with affection, ſhe wanted that ſevere *gravity*, which ſhould have taught them fear that attempted it, nor did ſhe pattern the

the haughty garb of perſons born to an equal *Dignity*, by affecting a redoubted Majeſty in her looks, but rather made choice of an attractive ſweetneſs, and was never better pleas'd, than by diſcerning that ſhe drew the *hearts* as well as the *eies* of all that ſaw her; her eaſie acceſs lent confidence to many perſons, (when other reaſons refus'd it) to unmask their paſſion, and if they reap'd no other fruit from theſe attempts, at leaſt their diſcovery met no rigour from the *Princeſs*. Many Sons of *Kings*, and *Kings* themſelves, that were either *Allies*, or Tributaries to the *Empire*, and then reſident at *Rome*, did an amorous homage to her *beauty*: but the conſideration they kept for *Marcellus*, whoſe credit was able to ruine their affairs with *Cæſar*, and his vertue all their thoughts, that might diſpleaſe him, made them chain up a part of their ſentiments: *Julia*, whoſe nimble eye ſaw their thoughts through the Mask, was willing to allow them kind looks in exchange, and ſometimes treated them ſo obligingly, as *Marcellus* could not ſupport it, without entring into ſenſible diſpleaſures, & uttering moſt paſſionate complaints, which *Julia* ſometimes heard with *patience*, but at others would fly into *Choler*, and once, as ſhe ever wanted a bridle to her thoughts,

"Marcellus, *ſaid ſhe*, were I alwaies oblig'd to be "thus enſlaved to your *Caprichios*, I ſhould eſteem my "ſelf moſt unhappy; I love you, and you ought to "believe ſo, ſince there is no reaſon can perſwade "me to ſpeak it, unleſs it were true, but I will not "have my affection ſo fooliſh to do violence upon "my humour, and you ought to be ſatisfied that I "love you without reſtraining my diſpoſing power,

"to that eſteem which I owe to perſons of merit. *Marcellus* durſt no more than ſhake his head at this language, and ſhe often brought him to his knees for pardon, and made him do many a daies Pennance for croſſing her humour; but in effect ſhe lov'd him, and valuing him alone above all the reſt together, at laſt ſhe releaſt her ſelf entirely to him, and by the frequent teſtimonies of her love, againſt which, the Soul of *Marcellus* had no *rampire*, ſhe left no place in his breſt to ſhelter Jealouſie, and, to compleat the cure of that which referr'd to my Maſter, ſhe often ſpoke to *Cleopatra* in his favour, alwaies took his part againſt *Tiberius*, & appear'd not leſs concern'd than *Marcellus*, in his hopes of happineſs by that *Princeſs* affection: upon theſe terms were *Marcellus* & *Julia*, when we return'd to *Rome*, and my *Maſter* had the *ſtory* at length from the mouth of his *friend*, which his letter had ſuccinctly & but confuſedly told him.

In the mean time all things were prepar'd for the ruine of my *Maſters* pretences, and *Tiberius*, by the aſſiſtance of *Livia*, had made his party ſo ſtrong with *Auguſtus*, as he ſcarce harbour'd any doubt of *Cleopatra*'s poſſeſſion: the very next day after our arrival, the *Empreſs* went to viſit her in her lodgings (a ſtrain beyond the maxims of her ordinary gravity, which did not often permit her conſent to thoſe civilities, and having found her in her chamber in company of ſome Ladies that often haunted it, after ſhe had ſaluted her in an imperious faſhion. "I am "come to ſee you, *ſaid ſhe*, as well to teſtifie the e-"ſteem & *affection* I have for you as to tell you ſome "news, which, if you receive with an apprehenſion "ſuited to former appearances, muſt needs rejoyce "you;

" you: the *Princeſs* preſently perceiv'd *Livia's* deſign, and underſtood it with diſpleaſure; but, as ſhe was advis'd by divers reaſons, to avoid all occaſions of diſobliging her, ſhe compell'd her thoughts to a reſpective anſwer, and endeavouring to expreſs her reſentment of *Livia's* condeſcention; " Madam, " *ſaid ſhe*, I am ſenſible, as I ought, of the favour " wherewith you have henour'd me, and with a due " reſpect ſhall welcome the news you are pleaſed to " bring, with aſſurance, that I can learn nothing " from your mouth, but what muſt be glorious for " me, & worthy of your own bounty: though I have " promis'd it for news, *added the Empreſs after ſhe had* " *taken a ſeat*, 'tis no more but the confirmation of " a thing which you know already, I need not ſay " 'tis my deſire you ſhould call me *Mother*, ſince you " are not now to underſtand it, nor tell you that the " *Emperor* does encourage the hopes of *Tiberius*, for " report has ſpread it wide enough; but I will aſſure " you, that his heart did never hatch a deſire ſo paſ- " ſionate, & he has reſolved it ſo firmly, as nothing " will be capable to divert him: the *Daughter* of *An-* *tony* was mortally afflicted at this diſcourſe, but not willing to ſtudy long for a reply; " Madam, *ſaid ſhe*, " this is not the day, wherein *Cæſar* and your ſelf " firſt began to oblige me with your bounty, but " though I confeſs you tender me a moſt advantagi- " ous fortune, yet I have learn'd to hope from your " goodneſs, that you will not reſolve to appoint me " my *Deſtiny*, without giving me the priviledge of a " free ſuffrage for my own diſpoſal.

The Emperor did believe, reply'd Livia, *you were too rational to diſaprove his deſign, to wed you to my* Son,

Son, *and he has judged* Tiberius *considerable enough by his* birth, *the* qualities *of his* Person, *and the* grandeur *of his* actions, *to win your consent without other assistance, which you will possibly accord to the honour he has of so near & so great an* alliance. *I consider* Tiberius, *reply'd* Cleopatra, *both as the* Son *of the* Empress *my* Sovereign, *and as a* Prince *that merits a greater fortune, but he must very highly oblige me, to conquer my consent by his services, rather than by the authority of those persons, who have an absolute puissance over me: Is it possible,* answer'd Livia, *that since* Tiberius *resign'd you his liberty, he has not deserv'd your acceptance, nor avow of his services? and has he so unluckily mis-spent his industry for many years, that it cannot pay the purchase of what we desire? he has merited much more than what you are pleased to mention,* answer'd Cleopatra, *but if he has not yet obtained that, I must call it an effect of my mishap, and not his, since having guided my apprehension with yours, to the survey of all those advantages he possesses, it has only taught me highly to esteem, and truly respect him, without leaving the impression of a particular desire, of a farther submission to his.* This Discourse extreamly netled the *Empress*, who is the proudest Princess upon earth, and not able to dissemble it: "It is in-
"deed an effect of your unhappiness, *said she,* rather
"than that of *Tiberius*, which has given you this re-
"pugnance against him, and had he taken the coun-
"sel of his *Mother*, and his nearest friends, he would
"doubtless have addressed his thoughts to some o-
"ther place, that might have invited him with more
"advantage to his fortune: not that you possess not
"a large portion of natures favours, nor that your
"birth is not illustrious; but the Destinies have not
"favour'd

"favour'd your *family*, and as your condition is now "plac'd, without an extraordinary indulgence of "*fortune*, you could not rationally raiſe your hopes "ſo high as *Tiberius* is able to place you.

Cleopatra felt her ſelf ſtung with theſe words, but ſhe had power enough left to tame her diſpleaſure to this calm and untroubled anſwer: the Son of the *Empreſs*, my *Lady* and *Miſtreſs*, may doubtleſſe raiſe his ayms to ſuch pretences, as are better conform'd to his fortunes, than thoſe he has had for the reliques of ſuch a downfal houſe as ours, but the Son of *Durſus* has not poſſible offended his *ambition*, by Courting the Daughter of *Antony* and *Cleopatra*, and though fate has us'd us cruelly, the memory of that alliance betwixt *Cæſar* and *Antony*, is yet too freſh to leave the *Parents* of *Tiberius* any bluſhes at his deſire to mingle with our blood; nor would I be underſtood, *Madam*, as if I thought not my ſelf bound to the care you have taken to remove his affection, and ſince in your judgement as well as mine, I am unworthy of that condition, to which *Tiberius* would raiſe me, I ſhould be deeply indebted to your goodneſs, would you direct him to ſome other choiſe, that might better know how to merit and acknowledge it.

"Were his obedience in my power, *anſwer'd the* "*cholerick Empreſs*, do not doubt but it ſhould be "heartily employ'd as you would have it: but ſince "the *Emperour* is pleaſed to favour *Tiberius*, or ra- "ther you, in the thoughts he has for him, it would "be as hard for me to reverſe the reſolutions he has "taken, probably for your ſake more than his, as I "finde it impoſſible to vanquiſh the blinde paſſion

"of

"of my *Son*: In the mean time I hope you will con-
"form yours to the will of those you ought to o-
"bey; and I advise you for your own Interest, as
"well as ours, to make this just aversion the *Trophy*
"of your reason. I shall ever be ready, *replyed the*
"*Princess*, *vexed at these words*, to render *Cæsar*
"what is onely his due from my fortune, and not
"my birth; but his generosity bids me hope, that
"he will offer no violence to the inclinations of a
"*Princess*, who is born of a blood too noble to be
"forc'd: I joyn my hopes with yours, *said the Em-*
"*press*, *rising from her seat*, and I think you are more
"discreet than to stay till you are driven to what
"you ought to run after.

Finishing these words with a cold countenance, she went out of the Chamber, without permitting *Cleopatra* to attend her to her own.

She was no sooner gone from the *Princess*, but my Master came in, to whom she punctually related all the discourse that pass'd betwixt them, *Coriolanus* admir'd the great *spirit* and *Courage* of that young *Lady*, and, esteeming himself too glorious by the perseverance she arm'd in his behalf, against the authority of such puissant persons, he threw himself at her feet, and there paid her all his thanks in such terms, as clearly expres's'd the grandeur of his passion: But their Discourse was cut off by the importunate arrival of *Tiberius*, to whom the Princess (in spight of her hatred) was constrain'd to give a civil reception: the two *Rivals* beheld each other with thoughts little different, though their exteriour demonstrations were unequal, *Tiberius*, the greatest dissembler of all men, look'd smoothly enough

nough upon *Coriolanus*; but that *Prince*, who ever wore his *heart* upon his *tongue* and his *face*, not onely receiv'd him coldly, but plainly told him with his eie, that the ſole conſideration of *Cleopatra* ſtop'd his reſentments from breaking out into other language: the reſt of that day was ſpent by the two *Princes*, in debarring each other the pleaſing liberty of entertaining *Cleopatra*, but in this mutual hinderance, each took an equal ſatisfaction from the requital of his enemies malice.

Tiberius was ſad at the ſight of his diſadvantage in *Cleopatra*'s affection, but he had the abſolute powers on his ſide, and my Maſter, whoſe hopes they thwarted, often took freſh comfort in the renewed aſſurance of his Princeſs good will, and thus ſome days paſs'd away, during which, the two *Rivals* daily encounter'd in their viſits, but if ſeveral conſiderations held their hands, it was with ſo much violence as there was great cauſe to fear they would have come at laſt to extremities, if thoſe meetings had continued.

But *Tiberius* perceiving how ſlowly the authority of thoſe perſons that ſupported him, drove on his amorous deſigne, preſſed the Empreſs with ſo much importunity, and *Livia* wrought ſo powerfully with *Auguſtus* in her *Sons* behalf, as, after ſhe had combated the remains of ſome repugnance that ſhe found in the *Emperours* ſpirit, at laſt ſhe ſo perfectly reduc'd his will to her own diſpoſal, as the *Princeſs Cleopatra*, and the *Prince* my Maſter, receiv'd upon the ſame day a command from *Cæſar* no more to ſee each other; theſe two perſons born to a Courage, that could not eaſily brook a *Tyrannick authority*, accepted

accepted the meſſage with an animoſity that ſhewed it at the height, though the Princeſs curbing her anger with a feminine modeſty, received it with more moderation of the two, and onely return'd this anſwer to *Julius Norbanus*, who brought her the Order; *I know what kind of* ſubmiſſion *I owe to the will of* Cæſar, *and ſince by the fall of our houſe, which he has ruin'd, fortune has diſplac'd me under his authority, he may forbid me the ſight of* Coriolanus, *but all the puiſſance he has, cannot fright me from preferring him before* Tiberius.

Coriolanus gave looſer *Reins* to his *Impatience*, and when *Marcus Piſo*, to whom the Emperour had given the charge, had deliver'd him his *Command*, all the fear he could admit of ſo abſolute a power, was too weak to keep the *Liſts* againſt his *Choler*, and regarding *Piſo* with an eye wherein it was painted all in *flames*; *You may tell* Cæſar, ſaid he, *that though my* Fathers misfortune *has bow'd our* Eſtates *under the yoak of his* Empire, *the* Soul *of his* Son *has put on none of his chains, nor has he* power *enough complexed within the utmoſt* Lines *of his* Empire, *to fright me from the* ſervice *of* Cleopatra, *no nor the* ſight *neither, ſo long as I am forbidden by no other* impediment *but the fear of countervening his* Orders; *I have* blood *running in my* Veins *that me-thinks ſhould oblige him to ſweeten his* Commands, *and a proportion of* Courage *to my* birth, *which he has acknowledged in the occaſions of his ſervice: if he will needs bereave me of the ſight of* Cleopatra, *let him take my life too; and if he deſires to give her quietly into* Tiberius *arms, without a conteſt, while he labours his* repoſe, *let him provide for that of his own* Eſtate, *in cutting off a*

man

man that in part may chance to diſturb it, if his rigorous uſage *once provokes him to reſume the quarrel of his* Fathers. Beſides theſe, his paſſion broke looſe into other words, which had they been carry'd to his ear, might well have exaſperated the *Emperor*: but *Piſo*, who was none of his *Enemy*, inſtead of taking hold of that occaſion to do him an injury, ſtrain'd his endeavours to appeaſe the *ſtorms* he had rais'd, but he thriv'd ſo ill in his friendly deſign, as doubtleſs he had parted with little *ſatisfaction*, had not *Marcellus* arriv'd, in whoſe hands he left him to lay the *Tempeſt*; *Marcellus* had gathered part of the truth from ſome *Court-whiſperers*, and no ſooner enter'd my Maſters Chamber, but ſaw it all confirm'd by the *poſture* wherein he found him; my *Maſter* walked a great pace about the Chamber with ſuch troubled *looks* and diſtracted *thoughts*, as they ſcarce ſuffer'd him to ſee his friend when he enter'd, or almoſt know him when he was there; *Marcellus* accoſted him with a *viſage* that rais'd more *clouds* to enrage the *ſtorm*, but no ſooner open'd his mouth to ſpeak, when my Prince prevented him: "Brother, *ſaid he*, after the "hiding my *Irons* within the outſide of good uſe, at "leaſt I am treated like a *Slave*, and the *Emperor* no "more remembers, that I am newly come from let-"ting out *Brooks* of his Enemies blood, and ſpilling "mine own for his *ſervice*; he forbids me the ſight of "*Cleopatra*, & yet leaves me two Eies, which in ſpite "of all the *temptations* of other *objects*, will doom "themſelves to a perpetual *Eclipſe*, if they may not "have leave to behold my *Princeſs*; ſhall I give up "that into *Tiberius* arms, which I hold of your a-"mity? reſign my right to my cruelleſt *Enemy*, which

"I

cc I would not releaſe to my deareſt friend? No *Ti-*
cc *berius, purſu'd he,* do not look for an *effect* of my *o-*
cc *bedience* ſo baſe and timorous, and if thou borrow-
cc eſt all thy expectations of enjoying *Cleopatra* from
cc my obſequy to their *Commands* that ſupport thee
cc againſt me, condemn thoſe *hopes* for *Impoſtors*, I
cc can tear out thy *heart* with greater eaſe, than rend
cc the *Image* of *Cleopatra* from mine own, and thou
cc wilt have a harder *task*, to rob my eies of my
cc *Princeſs*, than me of a *life*, which muſt ever oppoſe
cc the *felicity* of thine.

He ſtill went on in this language, full of tranſport, before *Marcellus* deem'd it fit to interrupt him, but when he perceiv'd the *heat* of his *paſſion* begin to waſt it ſelf to a better *temper*, he came to him, and taking him in his arms, with a moſt tender affection: *My dear Brother*, ſaid he, *beſides the grief that I equally ſhare with your ſelf, for the ill ſucceſs of your* affairs, *I feel a diſpleaſure only proper to* Marcellus, *that you have this day receiv'd one from a* perſon, *againſt whom I cannot joyn with your reſentments, as I would do to oppoſe the whole remainder of* mankind, *had I not* cauſe *to regard* Cæſar *as my* Maſter, *I would not ſtay to ballance a thought before I declar'd my ſelf his* Enemy; *but you know I owe for all to his blood and* affection, *that I rather reſpect him as my* Father, *than my* Emperor, *and that to me he is far leſs conſiderable in his power, than his goodneſs; yet* Livia *has overpower'd me in his thoughts, and now I perceive, my credit will be but vainly employ'd in the advancement of your deſires, though it is not too feeble to promote other affairs, that are leſs to my wiſhes; nevertheleſs what ever* veneration *I owe to the* perſon *and* Intereſts *of the* Emperor, *I will never conſent ſo to ſooth his*

humour,

humour as not to appear your friend againſt Tiberius *and his* Enemy, *in all theſe* encounters *that ſhall prove him yours.* After this proteſtation, *Dear Brother take it not ill, if I intreat you a little to curb theſe diſtempers of your reaſon, that flow from the ſenſe of this miſhap, your* affairs *are not yet neer the* confines *of* deſpair, *for ſince you ſtill hold your right in* Cleopatra's breſt, *there is a* poſſibility *left of reverſing the* Emperors *decree in* Tiberius *favour, if you cut it not off by a violent and unweighed proceeding to* Extremities; *we will preſs the* Princeſs Julia, *who appears paſſionate for your* Intereſts, *upon your* ſervice *with the* Emperor; *the* Princeſs Octavia *my* Mother, *I know will aſſiſt her, and* Agrippa, *the powerfulleſt of all* perſons *with* Auguſtus, *has promis'd to act in your behalf, ſo as* Tiberius *muſt make a ſtrong party with* Cæſar, *to fruſtrate all our attempts upon this reſolution; in the mean time* Cleopatra, *whom the ſame order which ſhe but now received, has equally afflicted with your ſelf, is reſolved to forſake the* Empreſſes Palace, *and retire to her old lodgings (which ſhe knows ſhe may ſtill call her own) at my* Mothers houſe, *and I have advis'd her to demand permiſſion this very day to make her retreat: when ſhe is once ſetled with* Octavia, *we may plot a thouſand waies unknown to the* Emperor, *to bring you together; in the mean while, the* Gods *may poſſible ſtart occaſions from the womb of Time, that may chalk you out a path to* happineſs.

Marcellus ſpoke more to this purpoſe, which indeed gave my Maſter ſome comfort, and in part reduc'd him to allow his *deſires*: and to credit ſome of his words, the ſame day at *Cleopatra's* earneſt *entreaty, Octavia* begged leave of the *Emperor* her

Brother, that ſhe might for a time, retire to her houſe. And though *Livia*, in effect oppos'd her demand, yet *Auguſtus* reſpecting that *Siſter* of his (whoſe rare *vertues* had ſpread their *luſtre* o're the world) too well to refuſe her a *requeſt* ſo reaſonable, and of ſo ſmall an *importance*. *Cleopatra* was remitted into the hands of *Octavia* as her *Mother*, (for ſhe not only carry'd the name, but tenderly diſcharg'd the office) and that very night followed her home from the Court.

Tiberius impatiently ſupported *Cleopatra's retreat*, to a *houſe* that he held ſuſpected, but was pacified by a promiſe of *Livia*, to importune the performance of *Cæſar's* ſo effectually, as all the blocks his *Enemies* had thrown in his way, ſhould turn to their confuſion: in the mean time he often viſited the *Princeſs* at *Octavia's houſe*, where, by the *Emperors* order, he was very civilly receiv'd: my Maſter too, notwithſtanding the *Imperial Command* to the contrary, frequently ſaw her, yet only at ſuch hours when the houſe was clear of *Viſitants*, in a private cloſet of *Octavia's* and alwaies in company of *Marcellus Siſters*; though the Mother, for fear of incenſing the *Emperor*, feign'd an ignorance of their *interviews*.

There did my *Maſter* charm his diſcontents with the ſweet *converſe* of his *Princeſs*, and the dear *aſſurance* ſhe gave him of an unfading *fidelity*; the *Daughters* of *Octavia*, as well thoſe two ſhe had by her *Husband Marcellus*, as the other two ſhe bare to *Antony*, moſt officiouſly laboured their *Siſters* content, and by their aſſiſtance the *Prince* enjoy'd ſome hours in her *ſociety*, and banquetting his ſenſes with

ſweets

ſweets enough to counterpoize his *diſpleaſures* : but *Tiberius* and *Livia* were *perſons* of too quick an eye, and too nimble a *ſuſpition* to ſtay long without piercing the *diſguiſe*, they began with *conjectures*, and at laſt diſcover'd a part of the *Truth*, which netled *Livia* ſo ſenſibly, as after ſhe had loudly complain'd of the abuſe to *Cæſar*, at laſt ſhe gain'd his conſent to force *Cleopatra*'s, and caus'd him to ſend her a peremptory *Order*, to diſpoſe her ſelf within a few dayes to Eſpouſe *Tiberius*. This Command broke like a *Thunderclap* upon the *Princeſs*, and left her no *ſenſe* of any thing elſe but her grief, for the ſpace of a whole day, which after ſhe had diſtil'd in tears through her eies, and expreſſed her horrour of *Auguſtus* Tyranny, in *terms* full of *Choler*, at the next viſit ſhe made her, ſhe turn'd the tide of it upon *Tiberius*, and regarding him with eies inflam'd by a juſt indignation ; "Think not, *ſaid ſhe*, to draw any ad- "vantage from the *violence* you force upon me ; you "ſhould ſtrive to win me, not by *power* and *oppreſſion*, "but your ſervices, but remember I inherit the *blood* "and *name* of her, that knew how to ſnatch an *An-* "*tidote* from *death*, againſt the malice of her *fortune*, "and you ſhall ſooner ſee me follow the *Queen* my "*Mothers Example*, than baſely ſubmit to ſuch a *Ty-* "*ranny*.

Tiberius was ſtartled at this *language*, but a ſhort *reflexion* help'd him to believe that it proceeded from the firſt *motive*, and endeavour'd (though in vain) with all the gentleſt words that love could invent, to comfort the *Princeſs*.

In the mean time *Marcellus*, *Octavia*, and *Julia* her ſelf, fell at *Cæſars* feet, to deprecate and re-

verſe the ſentence; hee pronounc'd in *Tiberius* favour, but that was not the firſt time he made it known, his *Reſolutions* could not yeild to the battery of *Intreaties*, thoſe perſons as dear to *Auguſtus* as any the world could ſhew, forgot to urge nothing that might probably obtain the effect of their Petition; but all their endeavours were laviſh'd in vain, the inflexible Emperour alledg'd the pawn of his promiſe to *Tiberius* with ſo much vehemence, as nothing could have power to revoke it, and in ſtead of being touch'd with the ſolicitations of his kindred, growing angry at the intreaties they oppos'd to his will, openly ſwore, that *Tiberius* within eight daies ſhould Eſpouſe *Cleopatra*, and no importunity whatever ſhould win his conſent to a longer delay.

You may eaſier imagine, than I repreſent, how deeply my Maſter was ſtruck at this cruel news, all that *Grief*, *Choler*, and *Deſpair* could produce, was found in his *Soul*, appear'd in his words, and ſtarted from all his *actions* to ſuch a degree, as that affection he had ever allowed me above the reſt that were brought up in his ſervice, could not aſſure me ſo much Courage as to ſpeak to him; you ſee that lovely ſweetneſs that now ſpeaks it ſelf in his *face* and *diſcourſe*, but I can aſſure you that I never beheld any thing ſo terrible as he then appear'd, and that *Marcellus*, and onely *Marcellus* durſt aſſume the boldneſſe to ſpeak to him, however all the reaſons he alleadg'd to reclaim his *paſſion* were ſown in ſand, & maugre his advice, and that of all his friends, he immediately reſolv'd to go and preſent himſelf to the Emperour (whom he had not ſeen ſince) he forbad

forbad him the *ſight* of *Cleopatra*) and complain to himſelf of the injuſtice he had done him; *Marcellus*, unable to divert, was reſolv'd to accompany him, not fearing to incur any diſgrace with *Auguſtus*, for owning his Intereſt in ſuch a *friend*; with *Marcellus* young *Ptolomee* the Son of *Antony*, and *Cleopatra*, and an illuſtrious *Company* of the nobleſt among the *Romans* would needs follow him, and with that proud *train* he audaciouſly appear'd at the *Palace*, where the common diſcourſe treated of no other ſubject, but his diſgrace, or at leaſt the *advantages* his *Rival* had gotten: upon the top of the ſtairs that lead to the Emperours lodgings, he encounter'd *Tiberius*, who was newly parted thence, and followed by numbers not inferior to his, with a pride in his looks that expreſs'd the ſucceſs of his deſigns. *Coriolanus* chang'd colour at that *encounter*, and had not *Marcellus* with-held him by urging the *regard* that belong'd to the place, he had doubtleſs been tranſported to ſome violent attempt upon his *Rival*, nor could he ſo moderate the agitations of his *anger*, but in the very middle of his *guard* he aborded him, and taking hold of his hand, which he preſs'd in his, with an action wholly furious: *Remember* Tiberius, ſaid he, *it is the advantage of thy ſervices and thy arms wherewith thou art onely bound to deſpoil me of* Cleopatra, *if thou art able, and that all other wayes are baſe and unworthy of thy Courage.*

Tiberius was going to reply, and doubtleſſe had done it very ſharply, if *Mecenas*, who with divers other perſons came then from the Emperour, had not thrown himſelf between them, and oblig'd *Marcellus* to conduct my Maſter into the preſence,

while he forcibly lead away *Tiberius* to another quarter of the Palace : *Corialanus* enter'd the Emperors chamber, with that fair number of his friends behind him, and *Auguſtus*, who had not ſeen him of a time, and who inwardly felt ſome reproaches of conſcience for the injuries he had done him, was a little ſurpriz'd at the ſight of his approach in ſo fierce and hardy a Garb: *Coriolanus* came up to him with as much aſſurance, as if he had then newly return'd in *Triumph* from a freſh *victory* upon the *Aſturians*, and owning no notice of the trouble that appear'd in *Auguſtus* viſage : *Sir*, ſaid he, *I ſhould forbear to preſent my ſelf before you, after theſe effects of my miſchievous* fortune, *that has betrayed me to the forfeiture of theſe precious* affections, *wherewith you have heretofore been pleaſed to honour me; but ſince it is onely my* misfortune, *or rather my* Enemies *happineſs, that have raviſhed it from me, that I feel no remorſe of any action, that might draw your* indignation *upon me; and in fine, am not now leſſe innocent, than when you thought me fit for the* honour *of* employment *in your* ſervice, *I will not fear to appear before the face of* Cæſar, *to receive from his* mouth *either a new patent for my* life, *or the final* ſentence *of my ruine*; Cæſar, *they are both in thy imperial hands, if I be worthy of Death, I here preſent my criminall head to your* Juſtice ; *but if I have no way ſinn'd to the deſert of your* anger, *you cannot take away* Cleopatra *from me : it was from your conſent in my budding years, that I drew the encouragement of my boldneſs to ſerve her, and onely upon your parole, I credited my hopes to poſſeſs her, I have ſince done nothing that can make you repent your firſt bounties, and though I am forbidden by your*

your order the ſight of Cleopatra, *and that* Princeſs *be commanded to Eſpouſe* Tiberius, *I found it hard to believe,* my Lord, *that for my ſake only, you could offer violence to that delight, which you ever took in doing Juſtice, and conſent to doom a Prince to ſo cruel a* Death, *who has never appeared ingrateful to your bounty, nor ever ſpared his* blood, *when you gave him leave to hazard it for your Quarrel.*

Coriolanus ſpoke in this manner, and though *Auguſtus* was not well pleas'd with his *Carriage*, yet the *eſteem*, he ever cheriſh'd for generous *perſons*, helped him to digeſt the liberty of his *language*, & preſerve a part of thoſe thoughts unruin'd, which he had entertain'd to his *advantage*; but, being reſolved to be abſolute in his *Empire*, and judging the proceedings of *Coriolanus* had ſhock'd his *authority*, he held up the ſame ſeverity that appeared at the firſt bluſh in his *viſage*, and taking the word as ſoon as *Coriolanus* was come to his *Period*: "I declar'd my intentions plainly enough, *ſaid he*, without leaving a *neceſſity* to you for repairing to my mouth for a further *Explication*, and you underſtood it too well before, to find a preſent Excuſe for your *diſobedience*; you knew it my reſolution to give *Cleopatra* to *Tiberius*, & to make you no contemptible portion of thoſe *Crowns* which your Father loſt by the *Law* of *Arms*, yet without conſidering that by an exceſs of *bounty*, I have done more for you than I ought, you have deſpis'd my *offers* and oppos'd my *will*, I could make it appear that it is in my power to make you know your *duty*, but I have endur'd the faults you have committed for *Marcellus*, and my Siſter *Octavia*'s ſake, who intereſs them-

"ſelves more than become them, in your behalf,
"and, in conſideration of them, though you have
"ingratefully abus'd the gift I have profer'd, I am
"yet willing to reſtore you *Mauritania* under a *tri-*
"*bute*, upon condition you murmur no more, and
"(in lieu of the condeſcention you are to receive
"of our bounty,) from this very moment, totally
"releaſe all your pretences to *Cleopatra*.

At this Diſcourſe of *Auguſtus* (in which a lower ſpirit than my *Maſters*, might have timorouſly taken an occaſion to be ſatisfied) *Coriolanus* appeared to the eies of all the beholders, ſo enflamed with *Choler*, as he found it impoſſible for all the *temper* and *moderation* he could make, to check it.

"Sir, *ſaid he*, it was no other than my Fathers
"*lot* in *war*, that made you a claim to my *obedience*,
"which you exact of me, as from the meaneſt *Ci-*
"*tizen* among the *Romans*, I am deſcended of a *re-*
"*gal ſtock*, which before the luckleſs chance of *Ju-*
"*ba*, never gave precedency to any, the unkind-
"neſs of his *fortune* has reduc'd me to ſuffer all
"things from thoſe ſhe has made our *Maſters*; but
"ſhe has not abas'd my *Courage* to make me accept
"a preſent from you, after the receipt of ſuch un-
"worthy *uſage*; you have not a reward in all your
"*Dominions*, that, in the *meaneſt degree*, can weigh a-
"gainſt the *worth* of that *Princeſs* you have taken
"from me, and if ever the Gods grow willing that I
"re-aſcend the *throne* of my Fathers, I ſhall find
"ſome other ſteps to mount it, than by the *libera-*
"*lity* of a man, who contrary to his *promiſe*, has de-
"priv'd me of a *Gem*, a thouſand times more preti-
"ous, than all that he is capable of giving: I refuſe,

deſpiſe

" deſpiſe your offer, and inſtead of diſclaiming (as " you would have it) my right to *Cleopatra*, I do here " declare, that unleſs you remove my life out of his " way, there is not a man upon *earth* ſhall poſſeſs her.

Theſe words, (bold beyond all expectation, and parting from the mouth of a man, whoſe *deſpair* had extinguiſh'd his deſire to live) fir'd the *Soul* of *Auguſtus* with a rage ſo impetuous, as, furiouſly riſing from his ſeat, he was infallibly about to pronounce ſome dreadful *Sentence* againſt my *Maſter*, if *Marcellus* on the one ſide, and *Agrippa* on the other, had not haſtily fallen at his feet, and ſtreightly embracing his knees, conjur'd him to forgive the tranſports of a deſperate man, & rather impoſe the puniſhment, he deſerved, upon them, than let the effects of his *reſentments* fall heavy upon their *friend.*

Auguſtus, who in himſelf excus'd a *Paſſion*, that ſeldom leaves us the uſe of *reaſon*, when it ruſhes to ſuch *Extremities*, ſeeing two men at his feet, which he tender'd as much as himſelf, began to cool in his *fury*, and turning his Eies from my *Maſters face*, for fear it ſhould re-inflame him; *Let him live*, ſaid he, *ſince you deſire it, but immediately get him out of our ſight, and depart* Rome *within three daies, if he has no mind to dye an ignominous death.*

My *Maſter* had no time to underſtand theſe laſt words, to which he had infallibly reply'd, whatever peril had menaced him; for before *Cæſar* was come to his period, *Marcellus* and *Agrippa*, clapping hold of him on either ſide, had almoſt drawn him by force out of the *Chamber*, for fear his anſwer ſhould wind up the *Emperors* choler, ſo high, as would poſe all their power to appeaſe it.

When

When my *Maſter* was gone out of the *preſence*, *Marcellus*, *Agrippa*, and the reſt of his *friends*, deeply afflicted at his *diſaſter*, and not knowing which way to reverſe the *Emperors orders*, appear'd with a greater dejection, than doubtleſs they would have ſhewed for their proper Intereſt; but *Coriolanus* reading their troubles in their looks, and ſlighting that which inſtructed their *friendſhip* to admit fear in his behalf, after he had regarded them with a confident Eie, *Let not my Deſtiny*, ſaid he, *diſquiet you, the* Gods *will take care of it, and poſſible mine own arm may aſſiſt their providence; 'tis* Cæſar's *will that I go out of* Rome, *and I am reſolved to obey him in ſuch a manner, as perhaps he will quickly wiſh to ſee me again within the precinct of his walls.*

When his friends had conducted him home, he there paſs'd away the reſt of the day, and though by *Marcellus*'s means, he might have ſeen *Cleopatra* that Evening, he was ſo ſenſible of his own *diſtemper*, as he would not appear before her in that condition; *Marcellus* was much to ſeek for advice to give him, and only contented himſelf to tell him, that his Intereſts ſhould ever lye in an equal ballance with his own, and that he would not ſtick to ſerve him in all occaſions, and againſt all ſorts of *Enemies*, only the *Emperors* ſacred perſon excepted, as that of his *Fathers* and his *Benefactor*. Though my *Maſter* could not diſtruſt *Marcellus*, yet he thought it not fit to unmask his intentions to him, ſuppoſing by the advice of divers reaſons, he would ſtrive to diſſwade the *reſolution* he had taken, and the next day knowing that *Tiberius* was gone to ſee *Cleopatra*, in *Veſta*'s *Temple*, who there aſſiſted at ſome *Sacri-*

Sacrifices with *Octavia*, and divers other *Roman Ladies*, he went thither with the young Prince *Ptolomee*, follow'd by thoſe of his friends that came to viſit him at his riſing; all thoſe that ſaw him enter the *Temple*, diſcover'd in his face a large part of his inquietude, and paſſing by ſuch of his acquaintance with a furious look, as ſtood in his way, without lending the leaſt regard to any, he went and plac'd himſelf right againſt *Cleopatra*, not far from *Tiberius*, who retir'd his eyes from the Princeſs, where they had been taſting thoſe *rarities*, to fix them upon his with a Countenance, wherein I read the Contents of trouble enough; my Maſter made choice of that ſacred place to ſpeak to him, well knowing that he could not have taken the ſame liberty in any other, and that all the *Romans* were ſo well inſtructed in their difference, as their *Diſcourſe* would have been cut off at the firſt encounter; at firſt *Coriolanus* for a time ſeriouſly beheld *Cleopatra*, and ſhe often anſwer'd his regards with ſome of her own, that were very advantagious and obliging; but the Prince, feigning that he was not advanc'd far enough to take a free and eaſie view of her, he quitted the place where he ſtood, & went up to *Tiberius*. *Tiberius* ſtaid for him in his *ſtation*, without the loſs of any aſſurance, and when my Maſter came neer him, joyning his cheek to his, that he might not be heard by thoſe that encompaſſed them: *Tiberius* ſaid he, *do not hope to poſſeſs* Cleopatra, *while I am on this ſide my Tomb, 'tis a fortune that will not be peaceably enjoy'd, till thou haſt fought with me, and cut me from the* world; *my birth is no way inferiour to thine, and my former actions may happily invite thee to gain*

an

an improvement of glory upon me; the weapons *are at thy* choice, *the place of* Combat *at thy* diſpoſal, *and if thou haſt a* Courage *worthy to ſerve* Cleopatra, *ſure thou wilt as readily facilitate the means of this* perſonal deciſion *as poſſible.*

That ſhall be done, reply'd *Tiberius*, with an untroubled look, *when I am poſſeſs'd of* Cleopatra, *and till then I will not diſturb ſo neer a happineſs to content thy* deſpair; *but when I once can call her mine, I ſhall greedily embrace all occaſions to preſerve a* treaſure, *of which thy death muſt aſſure me; nor will I then refuſe any ſort of* arms, place, *or kind of* Combat *to ſatisfie thy paſſion and mine: if thou ſtayeſt for the enjoyment of* Cleopatra, reply'd my Prince *before our trial, thou wilt never ſee the time thou haſt appointed, and this excuſe thou haſt found to defer the* Combat, *is baſe and unbecoming a perſon of Courage, for ſhame do not ask the delay of an action that carries an undiſpenſible neceſſity: and ſince thou ſeeſt that I yet keep the* high way of honour, *do not provoke that* deſpair *wherewith thou upbraideſt me, to ſeek ſome private* path *to thy Deſtruction: were I as diſtractedly perplex'd*, anſwer'd Tiberius, *and as neer my ruine as thou art, 'tis likely I might leap the ſame* precipice; *but as my affairs are now temper'd, I am reſolv'd to ſeek mine own* Ends *as well as thine, and though my deſire of the* Combat *be as hot as any thy heart can hold, thou wilt hope it but in vain, till three dayes after our* Nuptials.

Is that thy laſt reſolution, ſaid *Coriolanus* all in flame? *Yes*, reply'd Tiberius, *and if thou doſt not hunt thy deſtruction too haſtily, thou wilt preſſe me no further: and here I proteſt by all the* Gods *that hear us*, reply'd

reply'd the furious *Coriolanus*, *before the* dawning *of thy* Marriage-*day*, *though guarded by all the* puiſſance *of the* Empire, *thou ſhalt dye by this hand.*

After he had pronounc'd theſe words, he went out of the *Temple* with ſuch a *Tempeſt* in his *looks*, as affrighted all thoſe that met him in his paſſage.

He retir'd to his chamber, but ſtaid not there, for fear the words he exchang'd with *Tiberius*, being carried to *Auguſtus* ear, might bring a ſudden Siege of the Emperours guards about his *Lodgings*, and ſo deſpoil him of the means to execute his intentions: in homage to theſe thoughts, he mounted preſently on horſ-back, and taking no perſon with him but my ſelf, we got out of *Rome* through ſome blind unfrequented ſtreets, and in ſtead of keeping the high-way, we croſs'd over the fields to a little *Village* which we made our *retreat*, where my Maſter reſolv'd to ſtay the *remainder* of that *day*, and the *night* following.

There did he paſs away that whole time, in the ſtrangeſt condition that ever I beheld, and all thoſe reaſons which from the affection he had ever ſhew'd me, I took the liberty to urge, could not draw him to ſo much as a moments truce wth his furious thoughts. *Thou ſhalt dye*, ſaid he, *thou inſolent* Rival, *Savage* Enemie, *and all the* Tyrannick puiſſance *of thoſe that ſupport thee againſt me, ſhall not guard thee from the hands of a* deſperate Lover, *that very deſpair, ſo late a ſubject of thy mockery, may prove more terrible than all the power of* Auguſtus; *the* Mariage *thou believeſt ſo neer, does doubtleſs keep a remoter diſtance than the death I intend, which I will either give thee, or receive at thy hands in ſuch* terms *as* honour *ſhall appoint,*

appoint; and yet since those are rejected by thee, think it not strange if I seek out others, that may lawfully serve my resentments.

Such Discourses as these, with thoughts of the same alliance, swallowed the whole night, and the next morning without imparting any other Command than to follow him; we remounted our Horses, and bent our course back to the City.

By this time nothing made so great a noise at *Rome* as the *Marriage* between *Tiberius* and *Cleopatra*, all things were provided there for the *solemnities*, and the *preparation* advanc'd so far, as none doubted but three or four daies would consummate it; in vain *Cleopatra* had deeply protested her aversion to espouse *Tiberius*, in vain engag'd *Octavia*, *Marcellus*, with the rest of her friends, most powerfull with *Augustus*, since all their intreaties did rather obdurate than soften his obstinacy; for the same day we went to the *Village*, he came himself to speak with *Cleopatra*, and in spight of all the Rhetorick of her *grief* and *Reason*, expresst in *tears* and *words*, he redoubled his Command in so absolute a manner, to prepare her self within three days to tye the knot with *Tiberius*, as she lost all hope of obtaining milder *Conditions*; I know not how her *resolution* was then temper'd, but she has since deeply vowed to my Master, she would rather have taken a *Dispensation* from *Death*, than give her consent to this *Marriage*, what-ever *Discretion* stood before at the Helm of her *words* and *actions*, all could not now hinder her from appearing desperate, *Marcellus* was torn upon the *Rack* of a violent *grief*, *Octavia* most excessively afflicted, and *Tiberius* with his party

party ſung their Triumphant *Jo's* in the forward expectation of a happineſs, which he was not yet too well aſſur'd of.

This was the *conſtitution* of *affairs* when we entered *Rome*, and advanc'd towards the Lodgings of *Tiberius*, at the hour he was accuſtom'd to go wait upon the *Emperor* at his riſing, my *Maſter* had the ſame Horſe under him which he charged upon in the laſt battel againſt the *Aſturians*, one of the ſtrongeſt, fierceſt, and faireſt in the world, and choſen by him as the fitteſt in all his ſtable, for the execution of that hardy deſign which then buſied his thoughts: we had twice paſt by the Corner of a Street, where we waited the coming out of *Tiberius*, when at laſt he appear'd, as my *Maſter* expected him, he was mounted upon a little white Nag, with a rich *Capariſon* embroidered with *Gold*, and ſet with *Jewels* that trailed after him upon the ground, *Caius Druſus* his *Brother*, and *Marcus Sulpitius*, rode on either ſide of him upon two Nags of the ſame ſtature, after them followed a large train of people on foot, as well *Servants* as free *Perſons*, that fawned upon the fortunes of *Tiberius*, with a ſervile complacence: my *Maſter* no ſooner ſpied *Tiberius*, but without ſpending a thought upon the numbers that follow'd him, he ſnatcht out his Sword, and ſpurring up to him with a ſwiftneſs comparable to *lightning*; *Behold* Tiberius cryed he, *ſee here the* Bridal *I prepare thee*, he had ſcarce finiſhed theſe few words, when he joyned up to him, and though *Tiberius* had been allowed leiſure to get out his Sword, the aſſault of my *Maſter* was ſo prompt and impetuous, as before his *Enemy* could put himſelf in a poſture of defence, he

he was run quite through the body by *Coriolanus*, and tumbled all bloudy in the midſt of his men; but if his Sword overthrew *Tiberius*, the ſhock of his Horſe at the ſame time did no leſs to *Druſus*, and perceiving *Sulpitius* had got his *Sword* in his hand, and lifted it up to oppoſe his paſſage, by a ſudden blow with the Edge of his, he ſent it to the *Earth* with the hand that held it amongſt the horſe feet; after this prompt Execution, he eaſily open'd himſelf a path through thoſe that were on foot, among which he found none hardy enough to oppoſe his fury, and though we met at the end of the Street with ſome *Pretorian Bands* that were going to relieve the *Emperors guard*, my Maſter broke through them like a *thunder-bolt*, encountring no reſiſtance that had power to arreſt him: ſo few endeavour'd to ſtop my *Carriere*, as I found it not hard to follow him at the heels, beſides, I was mounted upon ſo gallant a horſe, as it would not have prov'd an eaſie task to have taken me.

You have aſtoniſh'd me, ſaid Tyridates, *with the recital of ſo grand a daring, and though I have liſten'd to this piece of your ſtory, as a thing prodigious, yet I cannot forbear to interrupt it, with the tender of ſuch* praiſes *as his bravery has highly merited: I ought not* replyed Emilius, *to diſclaim the glory of my Maſters actions, and yet in that I muſt acknowledge the depth of his* Deſpair, *had as great a hand as the height of his Courage, though the advantage of his* Horſe, *and the ſwiftneſs of the action acquainted him with leſs danger than his own imagination could fancy, but my* relation *muſt now ſucceed to greater things, and ſo in the ſequel draw to the End of this tedious Story.*

Hymen's

HYMEN'S *Præludia*:
OR,
LOVE'S Maſter-piece.

PART II. LIB. IV.

ARGUMENT.

Coriolanus *flyes with* Hippias *and* Liſippus *into* Mauritania, *where his Fathers Subjects unanimouſly riſe to recover his* right, *and their own* liberty. *He bravely defeats* Canidius, Cecinna, Sillanus, Voluſius, *and* Domitius Ænobarbus *in ſeveral battels. Totally reduces both the* Mauritania's, *and is ſolemnly Crowned King. Leaves his new Subjects, and in diſguiſe of a private man, goes to meet* Cleopatra *at* Siracuſa; *ſhe bitterly upbraids him with* Diſloyalty, *and* Igratitude, *which throws him into a* Feaver. *He is taken* Priſoner *by the* Governour Lucius Varus, *and is again ſet at liberty by* Claudius Varus *his Son, from thence he repairs to* Alexandria *in purſuit of his incenſed Princeſs.*

WE got out of *Rome* with as much facility as we wiſh'd, and leaving the way that led to *Oſha* on our left hand, we ſought (not for the *Village* where we paſs'd the precedent night) but for a houſe that ſtood remote from all high-waies, in a wood above 100

furlongs from *Rome*, which my Maſter had often ſeen when he was a hunting, and remember'd it had ſhelter'd him from divers ſtorms, there he decree'd to expect the approach of night, well knowing that after ſhe had ſpread her ſhades, he might ſteal back into *Rome*; and becauſe the *City* was vaſt, and the Inhabitants very numerous, he might hide himſelf there for divers daies with more ſafety, than any of the adjacent places could promiſe him.

We were no ſooner got into the fields, when my *Maſter* ſtopping his horſe, and turning towards mee, with a look that acknowledged the ſatisfaction he took in the ſucceſs of his enterprize: *My Rival is dead*, ſaid he, *or at leaſt in too feeble a condition to rob me of* Cleopatra, *and now let the* Gods *do what they pleaſe with my* Deſtiny.

I was ſo amaz'd at what I had lately ſeen, as, till then I had not the power to command a word, and though accuſtom'd to ſee my *Prince* do great things, the ſuddenneſs of this laſt act ſo ſurprized me, as I had not time enough to recover the uſe of my *reaſon*; but when his diſcourſe had a little diſpell'd the clouds of *my amazement*; "'Tis true Sir, *ſaid I*, *Ti-*
"*berius* is dead, and if my Eie did not cozen me, I
"ſaw him in an eſtate to diſhearten all hopes of re-
"covery; but, *My Lord*, what meant you by all this?
"and what deſign do your thoughts now drive at?
"I meant, *ſaid Coriolanus*, to free my ſelf of a *Ri-*
"*val* that would have taken my *life*; to break his
"*Marriage* with *Cleopatra*, wherein I muſt have
"found my *ſepulchre*, & for the deſign my thoughts
"are hatching, if they have but the luck to bring it
"forth, a few daies will acquaint thee with it.

This

This diſcourſe, with others upon the ſame *ſubject*, held us play till we arriv'd at the houſe, where we alighted, yet ſtill holding our Horſes by the Bridles, and ſtanding ready to make a ſudden retreat upon the allarm of any noiſe that deſerv'd ſuſpition; the night was no ſooner come, but we mounted again, and taking a great compaſs, return'd to the *City*, which we enter'd by a gate, that was very far from that we came out at, and paſſed through a blinde Street to the houſe of one *Strato* a faithful Slave of my Maſters, on whom, for ſome important ſervice he had lately beſtow'd his liberty, with a bounteous *Donative* to ſupport him in his free condition.

To his houſe unknown to all the Court he rather choſe to retire, than to any of his *friends*, whoſe *quality* might ingender *ſuſpition*, and ſo by ſheltering him, expoſe their Credit to ruine in the breaſt of *Cæſar*.

Strato, who with the reſt of *Rome*, had learn'd the diſaſter of *Teberius*, no ſooner ſaw my *Prince* at the door, but throwing himſelf at his feet with all the motions of a paſſionate *loyalty*, beg'd of him not onely to diſpoſe of the goods he held of his *bounty*, but employ his life too in the ſervice of his *deſigns*. *Coriolanus* being enter'd the Houſe, and having caus'd the Horſes to be carryed away, demanded news of *Strato*, what the *City* talked of his laſt action, how *Cæſar* reſented it, and how *Tiberius* far'd: *Strato*, who was very diſcreet, and whoſe affection to his Maſter had carried him all that day about the *City*, to inform himſelf of things wherein it gave him ſo great an *Intereſt*, preſently told him that

Tiberius was not dead, but almoſt paſt all hope of recovery, that *Cæſar* had appeared tranſported with ſuch an exceſs of *fury*, that he had not onely ſent vaſt numbers in his ſearch, caus'd his lodging to be ſeiz'd, and confiſcated all the goods he had at *Rome*, but proclaimed a promiſe of two hundred talents to any that could bring him his head, and one hundred to him that could detect the place of his reſidence.

This Diſcourſe awak'd the Reſentments of *Coriolanus* againſt the Emperour; *He has reaſon*, ſaid he, *to deſire my ruine, and if he takes me from the world, he may poſſible free his apprehenſions by that act of none of the meaneſt of his* Enemies. *Strato* added, that *Auguſtus* had conceiv'd ſo high a pique againſt all my Maſters *friends*, as he would never ſince endure *Marcellus*, *Agrippa*, nor *Octavia* her ſelf to come in his ſight, and beſides had made a promiſe to *Livia*, his revenge ſhould reach to all thoſe that could be proved accomplices in that action.

After ſome other Diſcourſe, in which my Maſter aſſur'd *Strato* he would truſt him with his life, he got again on horſ-back, and taking him along to the corner of a ſtreet neer *Marcellus* his houſe, he commanded him to go thither, endeavour to deliver his Meſſage in private to the *Prince*, and conduct him to that place where he would wait his approach: *Strato* quitted himſelf of his Commiſſion ſo handſomely, as we had not ſtaid half an hour in the place where he left us, when we ſaw him return with *Marcellus*, (without either *Follower* or *Torch*, but the light of the *Moon*, which was then at the full) on Horſ-back like us, with his face half muffled in a Cloak;

Cloak; he found my Maſter in the ſame Eſtate, and no ſooner came neer him, but throwing his arms about his neck, as if ſome long time had crept between that and their laſt *Interview*: *Brother*, ſaid he, *what have you done? to what a torment have you put me in behalf of your ſafety? I have done that*, replyed my Prince, *which, were it undone, I would do again at the hazard of a thouſand lives, and poſſible I have not yet done it to purpoſe, ſince* Tiberius *is ſtill alive: Indeed he is not dead*, anſwer'd Marcellus, *but there is ſo little appearance left of* Life, *and his wound is prov'd ſo deep and dangerous, as none have yet ſeen it without deſpair: Do not then torment your ſelf*, ſaid Coriolanus, *for my* ſafety, *my own hand has carv'd it for me in that action, nor ſhould I ever have enjoyed it, had* Tiberius *eſpous'd* Cleopatra. *I do not ſo much as pity that man*, reply'd Marcellus, *ſince his* life *was an* Enemy *to your* repoſe; *but how will you now diſpoſe of your intentions? and what can we do for you in this* Extremity, *to which you have hurried your Affairs, if we were not able to ſerve you when they rode at* Anchor *in a calmer* Ocean? *You ſhall do*, reply'd Coriolanus, *what you have ever done, ſtill continue to love me, ſtill aſſiſt me in the perſon and opinion of* Cleopatra, *and leave the reſt to the* conduct *of the* Gods, *who will not abandon me, nor can they involve me in a worſe condition than what this happy blow has ſo lately prevented: But do you believe your ſelf in any ſafety at* Rome, added Marcellus? *and though the vaſt extent of the* City *has often conceal'd other perſons, do you think to defraud the diligence of ſo many ſpyes, who are both Ey'd and wing'd for a narrow ſearch, by the promiſe of a rich reward for your diſcove-*

ry . For the time I intend to ſtay at Rome, replyed Coriolanus, *I hope to finde it a ſafe* retreat, *and ſince I have employed the three dayes that* Cæſar *gave me as my wiſh contriv'd it, I will now quit it without another diſpleaſure, than thoſe I reſent in being divided from* Cleopatra *and* Marcellus : *In the mean time I ſhall finde other places enough, that will lend me enntertainment, and if I thrive in one* deſigne, *perhaps I ſhall have no need to borrow it ; I will onely intreat the ſight of* Cleopatra, *(which you may eaſily obtain in my behalf) once or twice before my parting, and then repoſe that dear truſt, with ſome comfort in your hands, till the* ſucceſs *of my affairs will reſtore her to my Eyes.*

Marcellus took ſome time to ſtudy upon this, and then taking the word; "I believe, *ſaid he,* ſince my "Mother and all her family are at your devotion, "you have no more to do but go to the little door "at the brink of *Tiber,* which you are well acquain-"ted with, and ſtay there till I bring you ſome news, "I will come and open it my ſelf, after I have ſpoke "with *Cleopatra*, and diſpos'd her to meet you in "the *Garden.*

My Maſter finding this contrivance very expedient for his purpoſe, return'd a thouſand thanks to his *friend*, and giving him leave to go upon his own *deſigne*, he releas'd him upon promiſe to meet at the place appointed, and when we were got about an hundred paces from thence, he alighted, and commanding *Strato* to ſtay for him with the Horſes in *Marſe*'s field, which was not far from thence, we walk'd upon the *banck* of *Tiber*, ſtill expecting when the opening of the door ſhould invite our approaches : indeed it coſt us leſs patience than

we

we appointed, and *Marcellus*, the moſt reall, and therefore the moſt diligent of all his *friends*, in half an hours time made all things ready as my *Maſter* wiſhed them. To make good his promiſe, himſelf open'd us the door, and we were no ſooner enter'd the *Garden*, but the light of the Moon ſhew'd us the *Princeſs Cleopatra*, followed by her Siſter the *Princeſs Antonia*, youngeſt *Daughter* to *Antony*, and *Octavia*, with *Camillia*, the *Darling* of her *Maids*, going into one of the Arbors.

Octavia had come her ſelf, if the conſideration of her *Brother*, and the *Dignity* of her own perſon, had not advis'd her to ſuborn ignorance to excuſe it, *Cleopatra* was half undreſt, and yet that *diſadvantage*, by the help of an imperfect light, was not able to conceal her *Beauty*, nor did ever the *Star* that rul'd at the *interview*, in all her *Celeſtial travels* behold a mortal beauty that could equal her.

My *Maſter* no ſooner came near, but falling at her *feet*, and embracing her *knees*; *I aſk your pardon my adorable* Princeſs, ſaid he, *for what I have done to preſerve you, and could I have kept you out of his* power, *without ſpilling the bloud of a man that lov'd you, I would have bought off his loſs at the expence of my own, but ſince there was no other way to ſave the* life *that is yours, and defend you from a yoak that would have been impos'd againſt your* Conſent, *do not you ſtill give me leave to appear in the dreſs of my former Innocence?*

The Princeſs took ſome time to anſwer my *Maſter*, when ſuddenly lifting up her head, and looking upon him with a languiſhing action; "Ah *Coriolanus*, *ſaid* "*ſhe*, how raſh you have been! how well might you "have ſpar'd me a *diſpleaſure*, by curing our common

cc misfortune with means leſs violent: If I thought
cc you bemoan'd the fate of *Tiberius*, *reply'd my Prince*
cc I could be content to retrive his *ſafety*, by ſtaking
cc my life to the ſame *danger* that threatens his; my
cc regret for *Tiberius*, *ſaid the Princeſs*, ſtretches no
cc farther, than becauſe I love not blood, nor deſire
cc the death of my cruelleſt *Enemies*; you cannot but
cc know that what you have done has made me a
cc prey to very ſenſible perplexities, that your ſelf
cc has robb'd your own *deſires* of the means to ſee me,
cc and block'd up your way to the fruition of a hap-
cc pineſs, which you aim'd at in the death of your *Ri-*
cc *val*: I am better acquainted with the dangers that
cc menace you here, than to ſuffer your longer aboad
cc at *Rome*, and you know too well how dear you
cc are to me, to ignore the grief that will gall me at
cc our *ſeparation*: I am willing to believe, that in your
cc *abſence* you will keep me that *affection* pure & un-
cc deflowr'd, which I prefer'd before the offers of *Li-*
cc *via*, & do ſtill prize above all the gay things where-
cc with the world can tempt me, but what comfort
cc can be left me in ſo cruel & dangerous an *abſence*,
cc in ſo ſad an *incertainty* of your *return*? Beſides the
cc mercileſs orders of *Auguſtus*, will reach to all, and
cc there are few *Corners* of the *Earth* can hide you ſe-
cc curely, ſo long as he is your *Enemy*: what ſhall be-
cc come of me in theſe woful *apprehenſions* I ſhall ſuf-
cc fer for you? & which of the *Gods* will promiſe me I
cc ſhall ever be permitted to ſee you again? Heavens,
purſu'd ſhe, with ſome warm pearls that broke away from her fair eies, did the faults of unfortunate *An-*
cc *tony* & *Cleopatra* ſo highly incenſe you, as your *pit-*
cc *tileſs anger* muſt ſtill purſue the Relicks of their de-
cc plorable family?

A throng of ſighs cut off the courſe of her words, and hinder'd the *Princeſs* from going on: *Coriolanus*, whatever ſhare he went in her grief, took a marvellous comfort in thoſe woful proofs of her *affection*, which touch'd him ſo feelingly, as after he had ty'd his lips for a time to one of the *Princeſs* hands: "Now "let *Auguſtus*, cry'd he, diſplay all the *puiſſance* of his "*Empire* againſt me, & let the whole world aſſiſt him "in his ayms at my *overthrow*, I brave them all, *my* "*Princeſs*, in the eſtate to which your goodneſs has "exalted me, and ſince your inviolate affection is "mine in a greater meaſure, than my lawfulleſt "hope could ambition, I can ſuffer nothing in my *ex-* "*ile*, nor in thoſe *perils* that threaten my *ſafety*, ca- "pable to counterpoiſe the meaneſt part of my hap- "pineſs: I know Madam, that I am forc'd to leave "you, and were I in your heart, with as much ad- "vantage as the hand of *Hymen* could place me, I "could not own one ſingle deſire to ſee you follow "the *fortune* of a man, to whom *Heaven* has deni'd "a place to repoſe you; no *Madam*, I muſt have a "*Kingdom* to receive you as I ought, & inſtead of de- "ſiring you ſhould tye your ſelf to the condition of "a *wretch*, I will never raiſe my pretences to the *ho-* "*nour* of your *poſſeſſion*, till I am able to ſet a *Crown* "upon your *head*: perhaps I am not ſo far from per- "forming this, as it is believ'd, & if fortune does not "uſe me too rudely, I may happily come back in a "*Condition*, that will enable me to ask the *proofs* of "your *affection* in a more *becoming poſture*; let me "beg the favour of your confidence in theſe words, & "do not look for leſs than extraordinary effects, "from a man that could not have liſted himſelf in "your ſervice with a common *Courage*. *There*

There is nothing too hard for my hopes in your vertue, replyed the Princeſs, *nor can I acknowledge any default of thoſe* Crowns *in your* perſon, *which for my ſake you rejected; 'tis true, I could wiſh my ſelf a power to inveſt you with thoſe that* Antony *deſigned me in my* child-hood, *or be content to wiſh you a* throne *in ſome other place; not that* Diadems *can add new* graces *to your* perſon, *too lively of it ſelf to need an Exterior* Ornament, *but to provide us a* Covert *againſt the ſtorms of* Tyranny, *and ranſome our* liberty *from the power of thoſe, who after the pulling down of our houſes, do ſtill inhumanly proſecute the remainders.*

At this *period*, *Coriolanus* looked round to obſerve if any liſtened their *Diſcourſe*, and perceiving *Marcellus* (to leave them the greater liberty) was *walked* with his Siſter into the *Garden*, and *Cleopatra*'s *maid*, who ſtaid with her *Miſtreſs*, ſtood yet at the diſtance of ten or twelve paces, letting fall the *tone* of his *voice*; *Madam*, ſaid he, *I have a* deſign *which I would, if you pleaſe, reveal to none but your ſelf; if I hide it from* Marcellus, *'tis not ſuſpition that adviſeth me, ſince, if the fates could ſpin me as many threds, I would truſt him with a thouſand lives, but the conſideration I keep for his Intereſt, not willing to involve him in a plot that may ſpeak him criminal to* Cæſar, *but I hope your goodneſs will give him my excuſes after 'tis once broke out*: To theſe words, when he had begged of the *Princeſs* to preſerve it a *ſecret*, ſucceeded the *Diſcovery* of ſome thoughts, to which I was yet a *ſtranger*, and which you ſhall learn in the *Stories ſequel*: the *Princeſs* timerouſly reflected upon the *difficulties* ſhe found in the *deſign*, but

but after ſome *conteſtations* with her *fears*, ſhe remitted all to the conduct of *Coriolanus*, and that to the *Gods* to whom ſhe recommended him.

By this time *Marcellus* and his Siſter were come back to the Arbour, and, after they had ſpent an hour together in *Diſcourſe*, my Maſter, fearing to incommodate the *Princeſs*, and at that ſeaſon, the nights not being over-warm, he took his leave for that Evening, intreating the Company to give him the favour of a ſecond meeting in the ſame place the following night, wherein he reſolv'd to part from *Rome*; he intreated *Marcellus* to be there with the reſt, and not think of ſeeing him all the next day, reſolving to ſhut up himſelf in *Strato*'s houſe, where he could not viſit him, without running the hazard of a dangerous *Jealouſie*; *Marcellus* though mortally afflicted at this *ſeparation*, at laſt conſented to his *friends* deſire, and, becauſe all that *Coriolanus* had at *Rome*, were ſeiz'd by the *Emperours* order, he furniſhed him with *Horſes*, *Slaves*, and all things elſe his neceſſity demanded, and ſent them out of the City before day, with orders to ſtay for us at the Port of *Brindes*, under the conduct of one of my Maſters *Officers* that had formerly ſerv'd *Marcellus* with an uncommon *fidelity*.

My Mr. told his friend, he intended a retreat to the King of *Libia*'s *Court*, the neereſt of his *Kinſmen* where he could ſtay with *aſſurance*, till the choler of *Auguſtus* was waſted to a cooler *temper*, which he would learn to hope from the power of his *mediation*; but the *Reaſons* he alledg'd to that *Princeſs* would not let him unrip any part of that deſign he communicated to *Cleopatra*.

We

We retir'd to the Houſe of *Strato*, and were no ſooner there, but my Maſter (in ſtead of beſtowing the remains of that night upon reſt) ſent me to the Lodgings of *Hippias*, and *Liſippus*, to intreat them to come and ſee him before day. Theſe were two of the principal men in *Mauritania*, who, by the general ſufferage of that People, were ſent to *Rome*, to carry their complaints to *Cæſar*, of the violent and harſh uſage they receiv'd from the *Roman* Garriſons, & the *Pretor Voluſius*, whoſe inſufferable inſolence and cruelty had reduc'd the poor Inhabitants to deſpair: Theſe two Deputies had been with their complaints at *Cæſars* feet, without obtaining any redreſs, and it was much about the time we return'd from the *Auſturian War*. Theſe *Moors*, who had already learn'd my Maſters repute from the common noiſe, beheld him with a reſpect proportion'd to the *Son* of their late *King*; and him that had been born to command them, if *Fortune* had not ſtripped him of thoſe Dignities, before Nature compleated his being; and meeting with all the qualities in him they could deſire in the perſon of a *Sovereign*, after they had made themſelves particularly known by divers viſits, at laſt they ventur'd at the *liberty* to tell him, if he would preſent himſelf to his lawful Subjects, and ſhew them the face of the *Son* of *Juba*, (a *name* they ſtill honour'd with a deep *veneration*) and of a Prince already known by the bruit of his beautiful *actions*, they did not queſtion, but the *People*, taking *Courage* as well from their *affection* to him, as *averſion* to the *Roman Government*, by an univerſal riſing, aſſiſted by his *valour*, would ſet him in his *Fathers throne*.

Theſe

Theſe two *Agents* had often renew'd this *propoſition*, to which, though the firſt *appearance* of *Cæſar's partiality* had open'd his ear, becauſe he was not yet his *Enemy*, he had as often rejected it, believing he could not anſwer any ſecret contrivance at the bar of *Honour*, againſt a man that had been his *Benefactor:* during this private Treaty, they received news from their *Country* that did no way cool their *proceedings*, and ſtill as my Maſters *reſentments* boil'd higher by degrees againſt *Auguſtus*, they fail'd not to ply him ſo hotly with freſh *ſolicitations*, as my Mr. perceiving all things grow deſperate for him at *Rome*, and underſtanding that *Auguſtus* had proſcribed his *name*, and caus'd it to be ſet up in the *Streets*, (as in the time of the *Triumvirat*) with a propoſal of a recompence to his *Murderers*, his juſt reſentments was wound up, to the reſolution of a revenge upon his Enemy, by a way that ſhould lead him to his lawful heritage: this was the deſign he imparted to *Cleopatra*, and the ſame that made him ſend me for *Hippias* and *Liſippus*.

Theſe two men (raviſh'd at the knowledg of their *Prince*'s abode) for whom they had all the preceding day ſuffer'd ſo many fears, immediately parted from their lodging, and came along with me to *Strato*'s houſe: my *Prince* no ſooner ſaw and embrac'd them, but he declar'd his *deſign* to ſerve their honeſt deſires, in chaſing the *Romans* out of his Fathers Territories, he promis'd he would be ready to go away with them the following night, and bade them be aſſured he would not be ſparing of his life, to requite the injuries of *Auguſtus*, nor make himſelf an inconſiderable gift to that *People*, who

had

had preſerved ſo much affection for his Family.

The *Mauritanians*, almoſt beſides themſelves with joy at this Diſcourſe, fell both at his feet, proteſting they would be ready to ſerve him as faithful guides till he ſet his foot upon thoſe *Dominions* the *Romans* had uſurp'd, and aſſur'd him he ſhould not finde a man in both the *Mauritania*'s, that would not willingly hazard his life to beat out the *Romans*, and gladly ſubject himſelf to his *Sovereignty*.

This reſolution confirm'd, and all the circumſtances ſetled, the two *Moors* went home to order their affairs for a *Journey*, and prepare themſelves to go away with us the following night. I ſay with us, for though I was born a *Roman*, and deſcended from a *family* noble enough, ſo real an affection ty'd me to my Mr. as neither the *Intereſt* of my *Country*, nor the love of my *kindred* could ſlack my carreir in running his *Fortune*.

Strato having carefully ſought up the faithfulleſt of my Maſters ſervants, without diſcloſing where he was, aſſign'd them to be ready about the beginning of night, at a place he appointed; the reſt ſtaid behind at *Rome*, for fear too curious a ſearch of all ſhould betray us.

Every thing thus diſpos'd of, we paſs'd away the day at *Strato*'s houſe, the greateſt part of which, my Maſter, wearied with his former watchings, beſtow'd in *ſleep*, at leaſt as much of it, as the *grief* he took to part with *Cleopatra* would permit him: ſo ſoon as the night was a little advanc'd, we mounted on *Horſe-back*, and render'd our ſelves at *Octavia*'s *Garden gate*, which was preſently open'd to us, where with

with *Cleopatra*, *Marcellus*, young *Ptolomee*, and the *Princeſſes* her *Daughters*, *Octavia* came her ſelf in perſon, to bid *Coriolanus* adieu.

My *Prince*, very ſenſible of the favour, paid his acknowledgment to that great *Princeſs*, in the humbleſt language he could utter, but after ſhe had ſpent ſome time in his *company*, accepting her thanks for her friendly *offices*, and renewing the *proteſtations* of her *amity*, with a promiſe to employ her whole *life*, as well to mediate his peace with *Cæſar*, as preſerve him freſh in *Cleopatra's affections*, ſhe would needs leave him the freedom of taking a private leave of the *Princeſs*; when, after ſhe had often embrac'd him with as tender an *indulgence*, as if ſhe had groan'd for his *birth*, ſhe retired to her own apartment: it would poſe me to repeat all the endearing *language*, that *Love* and *Amity* directed to *Coriolanus* at this parting, as well from a *Princeſs* ſo paſſionately lov'd, as a friend ſo dear, and ſo worthy of his *amity*.

Marcellus, *Ptolomee*, and the *Siſters*, made the like retreat as before, to give *Coriolanus* an unwitneſſed leiſure, of entertaining *Cleopatra*; and reſuming the ſame Diſcourſe, he let fall at his laſt parting, repeated the negotiation betwixt him and the two *Deputies* of *Mauritania*, and mentioned all the probabilities of ſucceſs that he ſaw in his *Enterprize*: "If the *Gods* conſent, *purſu'd be*, that I thrive "in this project, and arrive at the power to declare "you the *Soveraign* of a *King*, puiſſant enough in "the number of his Subjects and extent of his *Do*"*minions*, as you are now of a deſpoil'd and exil'd "*Prince*, will not my *Princeſs* permit me to ſue for

"the

"the Complement of my fortune, in the conſent of "*Octavia*, whom you have choſen for a *Mother*, "and the *approbation* of *Marcellus*, with the *Prin-*"*ces* and *Princeſſes* your *Brothers* and *Siſters*; if e-"ver Heaven gives leave that I ſeiz upon that *Scep-*"*ter*, I am reſolv'd to return hither in *diſguiſe*, where "being admitted to the ſame *Priviledge* of a private "interview, which you now grant me, if you ſtill "condeſcend to vote me happy, we will tye the *ſa-*"*cred knot* betwixt us, and by conſent of your neer-"eſt *friends*, you may then go and receive the *Crowns* "that ſhall wait your *arrival*; I can eaſily convey "you hence, if your *Love* be ſtrong enough to con-"fute the ſtrict rules of ſeverity, that may oppoſe "the *reſignation* of your ſelf, to the conduct of him "you have choſen for a *Husband*: 'tis true, there "are *Seas* to croſs, and *toyls* to encounter in the "*voyage*, to which I ſhould not deſire to expoſe my "*Princeſs*, but thoſe ſhort-liv'd troubles perhaps "may prove as eaſie to be endur'd, as the *Tyranny* "of *Auguſtus*, and *Livia*, to which your preſent "condition ſubmits you: and thus my *Divine Prin-*"*ceſs*, for this happy unfortunate, you ſhall ripen "the fruits of that *affection*, which does ſo glorioufly "ſweeten his *Calamities*.

At the *Period* of theſe words, *Coriolanus* fell at *Cleopatra*'s feet, and embracing her knees, kept him-ſelf in the poſture of a man, that with *fear* and *im-patience*, expected the *effect* of his earneſt *Petition*: *Cleopatra*'s doubts, that the engagement of her word might ſin againſt her duty, bred a long *War* in her thoughts what anſwer to return, but at laſt over-coming the *Scruples* that oppos'd her *deſires*:

Yes

Yes my dear Coriolanus, ſaid ſhe, *I do allow your requeſt, and when you have got the conſent of* Octavia, *and my* Brothers *that I eſpouſe you, without ſeeking that of* Auguſtus, *or reparing to any other power but theirs, my own heart and hand ſhall freely confirm it, and when I have once received you for my* Husband, *I will ſhut my eies upon* pain *and* danger, *while I follow your* Fortune *upon* Earth *and* Sea, *accept*, ſaid ſhe, ſtretching out her hand, *the promiſe I offer you, and believe it if your fidelity ſtands firm and unſhaken, nothing ſhall have power to blot my ſoul with it's violation.*

My *Maſter* appear'd ſo over-joy'd at this promiſe of his Princeſs, as it put a large part of that grief to flight, which he took to leave her; but, after he had tender'd a thouſand thanks at her feet, in the moſt *paſſionate language* that love could utter, riſing from his knee in a deep ſucceſſion of ſighs, that witneſſed the return of his *woes*, to their old *poſſeſſion*, and a face over-flowed with *tears*, which riſe in *rebellion* againſt his *Courage*, he diſpoſed himſelf to take his leave: the *Princeſs* wept exceſſively; and my *Prince* and ſhe felt the pangs of their *affliction* riſe to that height of *torture*, as they both drew an unlucky *Augury* from that ſeparation.

Cleopatra kept him a long time cloſe Priſoner in her arms, but, having at laſt unlock'd thoſe dear chains and let him go, after ſhe had left him her laſt adieu, ſhe retir'd to her lodgings, in ſo woful a poſture, and ſo enfeebled with *grief*, as it had ſcarce left her ſtrength enough to guide her foot-ſteps; young *Ptolomee* and the *Princeſs* her *Siſters* were

ſad to *extreams*, but I think the parting of *Marcellus* and my *Maſter* would have ſoften'd all the *ſouls* upon Earth, that were moſt incapable of *amity*: a hundred times did they part, and a hundred times came back again into each others arms, mingling ſuch paſſionate and tender language, with the repetition of every *embrace*, as I that quitted my *Country*, my *Friends*, and the neereſt of my *Bloud* with a *moderate regret*, could not look upon them, and not melt at the eies with a *feminine weakneſs*: at laſt neceſſity rent them aſunder, and they deem'd it not ſafe for *Marcellus* either to go himſelf or ſend any company with *Coriolanus* to bring him part of his way, for fear the courteſie ſhould make too much noiſe, and leſt there ſhould be found ſo cheap and ſordid a ſoul among *Marcellus followers*, to ſell his *fidelity* for the *Emperors* reward, in revealing our departure, and the way we bent at.

After this cruel *adieu*, we went to meet the two *Deputies*, who with *Strato* and our *Horſes* ſtai'd for us in *Mars's field*, where my *Prince* having armed himſelf, we marched out at the neereſt gate, and following the track of our *Equipage* (which *Marcellus* ſent away the night before) we found them at the *Port of Brindes*, with ſuch of our *ſervants*, as our Order commanded thither, and ther finding ſome *veſſels* that accuſtom'd to traffick upon the *Coaſts* of *Affrick*, *Hippias* and *Liſippus* hired one with the *Merchants* in it, to whom they gave their *deſires*, and we preſently imbarqu'd with a favourable wind, and put off to *Sea*; Ah how many ſad looks, and deep ſighs, did *Coriolanus* ſend back to the *Italian ſhoar*!

how

how ſenſibly did he feel himſelf torn from the *precious pawn* he left behind him? Winds would he ſometimes cry, the more kindly you breath upon our deſigns, the further you remove me from *Cleopatra*, nor can you be propitious to our *voyage*, unleſſe you divorce me by a large diſtance, from the nobleſt part of my ſelf; he ſtill inlarged his diſcourſes upon that *ſubject*, undiſguiſing the marks of all thoſe cruel *quietudes* wherewith his paſſion ſhook him

In the mean time our Sails were filled and guilded with the breath and beauty of Heaven, nor did ever any *voyage* of that length begin and end with a *Calm* more agreeable; the *Horizon* was not ſullied with a *Cloud*, and we felt not ſo much as a blaſt that was not requiſite to ſwell our *Canvas*, and drive on our *Barque* to the *African ſhoar*.

At laſt, after a happy *Navigation* we paſſed *Hercules Pillars*, and, a few dayes after, entred the Cape of *Ampeluſa*, the chiefeſt Promontory upon all the Coaſt of *Affrick*, where diſ-embarquing our ſelves, we mounted on Horſ-back, and lay the next night at the City of *Liſſa*, ſeated upon the River *Lixus*, the Metropolis of all *Mauritania*, from thence we marched to the City *Babba*, and then ſucceeded to *Banaſa*, where the *popular credit* of *Hippias* and *Liſippus* had greateſt influence, and there it was they thought fit my Maſter ſhould firſt begin to own himſelf, they caus'd the report of his arrival to be ſown among their friends, with the deſign that brought him thither to diſ-inthral them from the *Roman Tyranny*, if they had Courage enough to draw their Swords with his in the *Quarrel*, and prefer

the *Government* of their natural *Prince*, to the intollerable yoak the *Romans* had impos'd: the *reputation* of those great things my Master had done, as well of late against the *Cantabrians*, as in the *Tirociny* of his *arms* in *Germany*, had travell'd through all *Affrica*, and his *Fathers Subjects*, who deeply concern'd themselves in his *Fortune*, had listen'd to the *story* that *Fame* told them, of their lawful *Princes Heroick acts*, with a *Joy* full of *affection* and *tenderness*: a thousand and a thousand times had they sigh'd for the same happiness, that then offered it self to their acceptance; and those of *Banaso*, no sooner understood that he was within their Walls, but they flew into a throng to see him, and at the first sight meeting with that in his *face*, which promised more than report had spoke of, they threw themselves at his feet, call'd him their *King*, and beg'd he would bring them on to redeem his Fathers Subjects from slavery; by little and little, the preasse was swollen to such a bulk, as the tenth part of those that run thither, could not get neer to *Coriolanus* lodging, and while *Hippias* staid neer his *person*, *Lisippus* ranging through the City, and proclaiming the arrival of *Juba's* Son, the people rose so universally, as the very *Women* & *children* loudly cryed out in the streets to be shown their *Prince*, to let them see the Son of *Juba*: you will not think this strange when I have told you, that the *Romans* having exerciz'd an untroubled authority in *Mauritania*, for three or four and twenty years, and believing their horrible *exactions*, had aw'd that people with too servile a fear, to attempt the removal of any pressure, had neglected the care of such things as

as neceſſity requir'd to preſerve it, in ſo much, as (the places of greateſt importance excepted) they kept no *Garriſons* in the reſt, that were not too weak for the *inhabitants*; beſides, the *Souldiers* had ingrafted themſelves into thtir *families* by Conjugal *alliance*, and liv'd among them with a fearleſſe *ſecurity*, though the cruelty of their *Companions* that held the ſtronger *holds*, and the *rigour* of their *Governour*, and *Vice-roy*, had run them into deſperate apprehenſions.

The Garriſon of *Banaſo* no ſooner ſaw the *tumult*, of which they learn'd the cauſe as ſoon as the *Citizens*, but finding themſelves too feeble to face the ſtorm, they quitted the *City*, and with all the haſt they could make, retir'd to a Neighbouring Garriſon, while ſome that followed too ſlowly, were torn in pieces by the firſt fury of the multitude.

The *Prince* perceiving he had now no longer time to diſſemble, openly pull'd off the *Maſk*, and the ſecond day mounting on Horſ-back, rid through the whole *City*, ſhewing himſelf to thoſe that had not ſeen him, making *Orations* in the publick places to all that could hear him, with a charming *Rhetorick* of *Garb* and *language*.

The *people* ſtill improving their wonder at thoſe bewitching gifts of nature, they found about him the *Beauty* of his *ſhape* and *viſage*, the ſmooth *facility* and *Elegance* of his *language*, and in fine, the united *graces* that ſhin'd and ſmil'd in every excellent part, their *Joy* got up to ſuch extremes, as might be ſaid they indue'd it, and they cry'd on all ſides, *Long live* King Juba, *the* Son *of our* King Juba, *the lawful*

heir of our ancient Kings, *and let the* Tyrants *die, let the* Romans, *his Enemies and ours be deſtroyed.*

Theſe cryes Eccho'd on every ſide through the *City*, and to anſwer them, the *Prince* in ſeveral *ſpeeches*, encourag'd a perſeverance in their loyal *intentions*, with a *promiſe* to ſweeten his Government, with all ſorts of *mildneſs* and *lenity*; the *principal* men of the *City* tender'd him their *Oath* of Allegiance, in behalf of the whole, and preſently after they ſent to all the neighbouring Cities to excite them by their Example to ſhake off the *Roman ſervitude*, and acknowledge the *Son* of their *King*, who proffer'd the *employment* of that *valour* for their delivery, which in his blooming years had made him ſo famous at *Rome*, and carryed his name to the utmoſt corners of the Empire: they needed not much ſpurring to this Enterprize, ſince all received the news with as much height, and heat of reſolution, as thoſe of *Banaſa*, and in leſſe than eight dayes, the Cities of *Liſſa*, *Tingy*, *Babba*, and *Sala*, had either driven them out, or cut the throats of their Garriſons, beaten down the *Roman Eagles* on all ſides, and re-advanc'd the antient Standard of *Mauritania*: never did affair of this nature ripen ſo ſuddenly to ſucceſs, the people that were up ſtill ſwelling in their numbers, rowl'd on like a *Torrent*, arming all the *Country* as they went, and in leſs than three weeks time caus'd all the *Cities* upon the *Atlantique Sea* to declare for the *Quarrel.*

My Maſter perceiving this happy progreſs, was willing to make a prudent uſe of it, and judging the noiſe it made, had allarm'd *Voluſius* and his *Lieutenants*

tenants to march againſt him, he form'd the groſs body of an *Army* of ſuch *Troops* as flock'd in to him from all *quarters*, voluntarily rais'd, and ſent in at their proper coſt, by the *Cities* of his *party*, expoſing their *Wives Jewels* to *ſale*, with all their richeſt *furniture* to relieve their *Princes neceſſities*: Every day contributed a large addition to his forces, till at laſt my *Maſter* thought himſelf ſtrong enough to take the *Field*, and marching out of *Banaſſa*, he put himſelf into the head of 15000 fighting men, thus attended, he marched up to the *Gates* of ſuch *Cities* as ſtill held for the *Romans*; and his *fortune* was ſuch, as in leſs than three weeks time, without drawing a *Sword*, he rang'd all that *Country*, that lies between the *Promontory* of *Ampeloſa*, and the *Mountain Atlas* under his *obedience*: the *City* of *Ancotote* at the *Entrance* of *Getulia*, which the *Romans* had better fortified than the reſt, was the firſt that made *reſiſtance*, & my Maſter was ſet down before it, when *Canidius*, *Lieutenant* to *Voluſius*, with 4000 Horſe, and 12000 Foot, ſpeeded towards us by large *Marches*, while *Voluſius* was buſied in gathering of a greater body, to oppoſe the *torrent* of our *Progreſs*.

Our *Regiments* were already grown ſo full, as the *Army* marched not leſs than 20000 *Combatants*, the third part of which *Coriolanus* left before the *City*, to continue the Siege, under the command of *Liſippus*, while himſelf marched with the reſt to meet *Canidius*: I cannot expreſs the fierce joy that people ſhew'd, as they follow'd their new *Prince*, they went to the Combat as to a certain *victory*, and though a great part of the *Enemies* they were to

charge were *Romans*, and so by consequent the most formidable and redoubted Soldiers upon *Earth*, the confidence they reposed in their *valiant Leader*, taught them to despise the foe with as brave a scorn, as if their Army had been composed of *Lidians*, or some other *Nation* yet more soft and effeminate.

The *Romans* as your judgment will tell you, had disarm'd the *Country* as they march'd, but the *Cities* that declar'd for us, after the defeat of their *Garrisons*, had seiz'd all their arms, wherewith my *Prince* had furnish'd his *Soldiers*, and from the first day of his *Command*, had ever train'd them to the *Roman Discipline*, and taught them the *Lessons* of *War* as perfectly as the *Romans* themselves could repeat them.

It was upon the *banks* of the *River Cosenus* neer the *confines* of the *Scelatites* Country, where we encounter'd *Canidius*, & there did my Master range his *Battalians* with such a *military method*, as instructed his new *Subjects*, how well he was skill'd in the trade of *War*, and lead them on to the *combat* with forward hopes of *victory*; to which, both as *Captain* and *Soldier*, he hewed them a *passage* by *actions* so full of *wonder*, as his *Africans*, highly animated by his *Example*, powr'd themselves upon the *Enemy* with a storm too impetuous to be resisted; at the first shock they disordered their *battalians*, and giving them no time to rally, my *Master* charged through and through with so much *fury*, as at last they were forc'd to abandon themselves to a general flight; the *slaughter* was very great, *Canidius* fighting in the head of his ranks like a valiant man, fell one

one of the firſt *Sacrifices* to my *Maſters fortune*, and of all that number he brought into the *Field*, there was not ſav'd above 12 or 1500 men that were taken *Priſoners*.

This firſt ſucceſs ſo prided the *Mauritanians Courage*, as they cryed to their *Prince* to lead them through the world, that all ſort of *Enemies* ſhould find them invincible, ſo long as he fought at the head of their *Troops*: after this victroy he returned to reinforce the Siege of *Antotole*, but he that commanded it for the *Romans*, had no ſooner underſtood the defeat of *Canidius*, upon whoſe *fortunes* his hopes depended, and diſtruſting not only his own *ſtrength*, but the *Citizens faith*, whom he knew to be his *Enemies*, and affectionated to the *Prince*, he march'd out of the *Garriſon* upon an Honourable *Capitulation*.

My *Prince*, contrary to the Moors advice, ſent back all his *Priſoners* without a *Ranſome*, and treated thoſe that fell into his hands with a generous *humanity*, of which that *Country* had never ſeen a *Parallel*; after the taking of *Antotole*, he over-run all *Getulia* whereof the Cities, where the Garriſons were weakeſt, received him with open *Gates*, and the others, that the *Romans* had fortified to abide a *Siege*, were part rendered by *Compoſition*, and the reſt carryed by *Storm*, with a great *ſlaughter* of the *Soldiers* that defended them, though *Coriolanus* did all was poſſible to ſave them from the fury of the *Moors*.

From *Getulia* we marched into the *Province* of the *Scelatites*, where my *Prince* continued his *progreſs*, and defeated (with as ſignal *advantages* as thoſe he

he carryed of *Canodius* (*Cecinna* and *Sillanius* two other *Lieutenants* to *Voluſius*, their *Troops* were all cut in pieces, and our *Soldiers* enriched themſelves with their *Spoils*, every *City* and all the Country as we paſſed, gladly contributed money and victuals to the entertainment of our *Army*, and in exchange received a treatment from the Soldiers that carried a neerer reſemblance to a Brotherly Viſit, than an Invaſion.

From the *Scelatites*, whoſe Country was totally reduced, after we had paſſed the Rivers *Darath* and *Palſus*, we ſucceeded to the Province of the *Pharuſians*, on this ſide the Promontory of *Barce*, and there it was that *Voluſius*, contrary to the rules of Military Prudence, having drain'd all his *Garriſons*, & drawn up the forces that lay upon the *Frontiers*, reſolving to cruſh us in pieces with one great *effort* for all, came up towards us with 12000 Horſe, and above 30000 Foot, ſtrowing the way as he paſſed with proud menaces againſt us, which daily arrived at our *Ears*, and indeed the feeble reſiſtance, the *Romans* had formerly found in thoſe people my Maſter commanded, gave him ſo eaſie a *Confidence* of the *victory*, as with an unſeaſonable providence he had already diſpos'd of all things that were to ſucceed it.

Our Army ſtill receiving additional numbers from every place we touched at, was then compoſed of 8000 Horſe, and 32000 Foot, which my *Prince* had already embued with ſo fair a *Diſcip'ine*, as the *Roman Legions* could ſcarce boaſt a better *order*, or a more exact *obedience*.

You ſee Sir, I have given you this relation in as narrow precincts as poſſible, though I believe your patience

patience had ſuffer'd in the recital of divers things, whereof the knowledge may poſſible ſeem impertinent to my Maſters life.

The *Army* of *Voluſius* being now within a days *journey* of ours, my Mr. who till then had advanc'd to meet him, reſted his upon a fair Plain, ſome Furlongs from the City of *Daridi*, where he reſolv'd to expect his *approaches*, and prudently lay out his time in the choice of ſome local advantages: That day he receiv'd a *Letter*, or rather a *Defiance* from *Voluſius*, in which he proffer'd him to fight the following day, I think the words were theſe.

Septimus Volutius Pretor of the two *Mauritania's*, and *General* of the *Roman Armies*, *to* Coriolanus, *Son of* Juba.

"WE have underſtood that in contempt of what "thou oweſt to the *Roman name*, and the ſa- "cred *Authority* of *Auguſtus Ceſar*, thy *Emperor* and "*Benefactor*, thou art come upon theſe *Provin-* "*ces* which thy *Father* loſt in a juſt War, to raiſe his "*Subjects*, and trouble the repoſe of his *people*, and "though this *ingratitude* againſt thy *Lord* & *Maſter* "would be better requited by an ignominious pu- "niſhment, than the glory thou maiſt reap in com- "bating the *Roman Army*, yet we have not diſdain'd "this employment of our Swords againſt thee, to "try if the *Roman Education* has render'd thee wor- "thy to inherit thy *Fathers Deſtiny*, whoſe haughty "attempt to ſhock our *puiſſance*, was rewarded by a "glorious

" glorious *death* from our hands: to morrow, if thou " haſt *Courage* enough to attend us, we ſhall decide " thy pretences by the battel we offer thee, and pay " what we owe to the memory of *Julius Cæſar*, in aſ- " ſuring his Conqueſts by thy *Defeat*, ſtay for us, " and by a generous reſiſtance prevent our bluſhes " for the *victory*.

My Mr. having read this defiance of *Voluſius* aloud, mock'd at his *arrogance*, and turning towards us with a ſmile full of indignation, *He may chance to ſpeak in a milder Accent*, ſaid he, *before to morrows* Sun *has ended his Carreir*; yet he would not ſend back the Meſſenger without an anſwer, and calling for Paper, he made it ſpeak in theſe terms.

Juba Coriolanus, *KING of the two* Mauritania's, *Enemy* to the *Roman Empire*, and legitimate heir to his Fathers Crowns, to *Septimus Voluſius*.

THY *proud threats, that have rather provok'd our* deriſion, *than* Anger, *could not diſſwade us to vouchſafe thee an anſwer, and though we owe not Juſtification, neither to thee nor* Cæſar *thy* Emperour, *and thy* Maſter, *but not ours, we declare the deſire of recovering our lawful* heritage, *was leſſe officious to arm us in this* quarrel, *than that of delivering our* People *from the hard* ſervitude, *wherein thy horrible exactions, and daily repeated Cruelties do hold them:* Cæſar *has refus'd the Juſtice they demanded againſt thee, and they have found it in their naturall* Prince, *who, by the* Gods aſſiſtance, *and the* Juſtice *of his* Cauſe, *does*

climbe

climb the throne of his Predeceſſors, *which the* Roman Tyranny *had injuriouſly uſurp'd; if my* Father *fell, his* Fortune *gave way to the greateſt man that ever was, and thou art too ſhort of his* worth, *upon whom* Heaven *beſtowed the* Thapſian victory, *to menace us with the ſame* fate, *to morrow (ſince thou wilt have it ſo) ſhall determine a part of our difference, and if thou dareſt ſpare the blood of many* thouſands, *who will finde their* Funerals *in that* Battel, *I ſhall not ſcruple (however the diſparity of our* Conditions *may diſallow it, to decide our* quarrel *by a perſonal Combat againſt thee) if thou doſt not diſapprove, thou wilt ſignifie thy acceptance of this offer; in the mean time rectifie thy* fear, *& rather dread the ſhame of thy* defeat, *than of a* victory, *which will be hotly diſputed.*

This was my Maſters anſwer, who employed the reſt of the day with a marvellous care and knowledg in preparing all things for the *Combat*, and the next day a little after the Sun was riſen, our *Scouts* bringing intelligence that the *Enemy* was advanc'd within a few *furlongs* of our *Army*, he compos'd it to a fighting *poſture*, with an admirable *method* rode bareheaded through all the *Squadrons*, expoſing the *viſage* of their *Prince* to the *Soldiers* view, which they contemplated with a ſacred *veneration*, and ſpurring their ſpirits to the *Combat* with an extraordinary ardour.

There are few men endow'd with an eloquence comparable to his, & that day particularly animated by the importance of the action he was to perform, the force of his *Rhetorick* left an impreſſion of *Courage* upon the coldeſt *hearts*; his new dignity had added *Majeſty* to his *aſpect*, and though it brought no pride along with it, yet his face ſeem'd to give new *leſſons* of reſpect

reſpect to all thoſe that regarded him; to this every thing about him contributed, the mingled *beauty* of his *arms* glittering with *Gold* and *Jewels*, the ſtately pride of his *Horſe*, all things fitly ſuited to the advantages of his perſon.

He had almoſt gone through all the ranks, when *Voluſius Troops* began to appear, at the ſight of which our *Army* ſent up a loud cry to *Heaven*, which marvellouſly confirm'd my *Prince* in his hopes of *victory*, all the *Sacrifices* promis'd a happy *Augury*, and at the *Enemies* approach, there remain'd no more but the laſt *Signal*, which was given by my *Princes* command, who advancing before the reſt, a thouſand times more fierce than *Achilles* himſelf, often called upon *Voluſius* with a loud voice, but he was then buſied in the midſt of his *Battalians*, with the *functions* of his charge, which he would not abandon, to engage with a young man in a particular *Combat:* but my Lord, I detain your attention too long, and my Story has inſenſibly lead me to abuſe your patience, by drawing it out to a length too tedious; at the laſt ſound of the Trumpet the *Armies* joyn'd, and the *Battel* proved the bloodieſt that had been ſeen in that part of the world within the memory of man; my Maſter putting down the *viſour* of his *Caſque*, before hee ruſh'd upon the *Enemy*; *Cleopatra*, cry'd he, *if this day my* Sword *does not purchaſe a pair of Crowns for thy* Temples, *I will not ſurvive it:* This ſaid, he darted himſelf into the *Enemies ranks* with a *fury*, that where-ever he carryed his *Sword*, threw down all before it: after the *Combat* had laſted an hour, the Army of *Voluſius* (compos'd either of *Romans*, or ſuch other as had gotten

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an equal animoſity from their *Example*) preſs'd upon ours with ſo much reſolution, as the Courage of the *Moors* began to ſhrink, and already their *Battalians* were ſo ſhaken, as my *Maſter* (who though in the heat of his *perſonal gallantry*, ſtill kept the Eie of a *General* upon all that paſs'd) began to dread the loſs of the *Battel*, that fear brought him back through a throng of his *Enemies*, which he had cloven with a precipitate fury, and running up to thoſe he ſaw moſt ſtagger'd, he preſented himſelf at the head of them, and galloping along the ranks without a *Caſque*, that they might ſee his *face*, wherein Choler had lighted up it ſelf in a fiery *bluſh*: *My friends*, cry'd he, *if you judge me unworthy to Command you, let me dye by your hands, or if you deſire I ſhould live, do not diſhonour the* Royal preſent *you have newly given me, by a* Cowardiſe *unworthy of your ſelves and me too, what will you quit a victory that our Enemies are now upon the point to abandon? Ah no! my valiant friends, let us either vanquiſh or dye together, there is neither ſafety for you nor me, after the loſs of this Battel*; while he brought forth theſe words, his Soldiers thought they had ſeen rayes of flame break away from his *viſage*, and to give their *Courages* a greater *rowze*, the *Prince* perceiving *Voluſius* in an eager purſuit of the *victory* which the valour of his men had already ſtarted, ran up to him with a rage ſo impetuous, that as well by the ſhock of his *Horſe*, as the mighty blow he let fall upon his head, he tumbled him in a *Trance* at the feet of his men: this action joyn'd with the words of *Coriolanus* gave fire to his Soldiers hearts with a reſolution ſo vigorous, as after they had firmly, for a while

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kept their ground, and ſuſtain'd the ſhock of their Enemies, they not only arreſted the rapid ſtream of their *Fortune*, but began to repulſe the forwardeſt, and by little and little, ſo improved their *advantage* as at laſt they open'd their Ranks, broke their Order, and after a very obſtinate diſpute, inform'd them to turn their backs and reſign the *victory*: what ſhall I ſay more? the *glory* of that day, remain'd as entire to my *Prince*, as his own wiſhes could contrive it, and the *Maſſacre* of the *Enemies* was ſo great, as *Coriolanus* by his orders could ſcarce ſtop the Execution at the end of the day; more than 30000 men loſt their lives upon the place, a few ſaved themſelves by flight, and the reſt, whereof the greater part covered with wounds, were taken Priſoners, and with them the *General Voluſius*: I preſented him my ſelf to my *Maſter*, having lighted on the fortune to ſave him from the hands of ſome Moors, who had infallibly killed him, if I had not ſeaſonably arrived to his reſcue.

Coriolanus received him with *honour*, bad him caſhire all his *fears*, and ſtrive to ſweeten the ſenſe of his *diſgrace*, with very affable and obliging *language*; he would needs have a wound that *Voluſius* had taken, to be ſearched by the ſame perſons, who had newly performed that office to himſelf, in dreſſing three ſlight hurts he received in the Battel, and, maugre the Menace, and words of contempt he ſent him the day before, he caus'd him to be ſerved according to his former *Dignity*, and forbad all his Servants, to let fall any word within the reach of his ear, that might diſpleaſe him.

After this *victory* (for I ſhall not ſtay the Current

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of my Story, upon the leſs important particulars that ſucceeded it, as the order of dividing the booty the Priſoners and interring the dead) my *Maſter*, ſo ſoon as the cure of the wounds would permit him, having now no more Enemies to Combat, marched with erected looks & expanded Enſignes, to *Iol* the *Capital City* of that *Kingdom*, ranging all the places of ſtrength as he paſſed under his Dominion, without a blow; and, (having given ſafe *Conduct* to the reſt of the *Roman Garriſons*, that were willing to give up the Cities they yet held, and retire to ſome place of ſecurity beyond his dominions, in leſs than two months time, (thoſe excepted that he held his Priſoners) he had not one ſingle *Enemy* left in all *Affrica*.

At laſt he arrived at that proud *City* where the *Palace Royal* of his *Anceſtors* was ſeated, where having received the *Oath* of the *Maſſeſians*, the *Nigrites*, *Bannurians*, *Venuſians*, with other people of his *Monarchy*, (that had not yet acknowledged him) by a *general aſſembly of States*, and an *univerſal applauſe* of his *Subjects*, he was ſolemnly crown'd *King* of both the *Mauritania*'s, under the name of *Juba*; for his *People*, *Enemies* to all that he held of *Roman*, would never endure to call him by that of *Coriolanus*, though he had ever preſerved it as leſs barbarous than the other, and an appellation, under which he had render'd the greateſt part of his ſervices to *Cleopatra*: if my *relation* has dwelt too long upon ſome particulars, perhaps I have made your patience a bad requital in paſſing theſe too ſuccinctly, but I aſſure my ſelf you learn'd at *Rome* all that we did of greateſt *conſequence*.

When my *Maſter* ſaw himſelf eſtabliſhed in his *Monarchy*, he apply'd his matureſt thoughts to conſider of a means to preſerve it, not doubting but *Auguſtus* would ſtrive to trouble him in his new Conqueſt, and puiſſantly rekindle the *War*; loath to be tamely ſurprized, he made grand proviſion of *Soldiers*, *Arms*, *Ammunition* of all ſorts, and cauſed a great number of Ships to be rigg'd and made ready for a mighty Army by Sea, intending to anticipate his *Enemies* approaches.

In the mean time *Voluſius* had ever been treated, and ſerved, with as much reſpect as was due to the proper *Perſon* of the *King* my *Maſter*, whoſe *Authority* was neceſſary to defend him againſt the *hatred* of the *Moors*, who doubtleſs would have faſtened ſome revenge upon him, to requite the *Cruelties* he had exerciſed in his government, if my Maſter had not protected him: ſo ſoon as he had put on the *Crown*, he grew deſirous to reſtore him his *liberty*; and, to that purpoſe, cauſing him to be brought into his preſence: *I am ſorry*, ſaid he, *for the diſpleaſure you have received by the* lot of War, *and if your uſage here has been ſhort of what your* quality *might chaleuge, I muſt aſſure you my intentions have been diſhonoured in it; you may return to* Rome *when you pleaſe, and beſides the liberty I give you, you ſhall have Shipping to tranſport you, with all other requiſites for your voyage; but becauſe in this action I have no deſign to oblige* Auguſtus, *who has treated me unworthily, you ſhall addreſs your ſelf to* Marcellus, *to whom I ſend you; and, in requital of theſe Civilities, which, for his ſake I confer upon his* Country-men, *you ſhall demand, if you pleaſe, in my behalf the continuation of his* amity.

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Voluſius, (whoſe rude deportment had pleaded no title of deſert to this *generoſity* of *Coriolanus*) gladly accepted it, and proteſting, with a humility far below the haughty pitch of his former *Arrogance*, that he would employ his whole life to finde out fit acknowledgements for the favour he had done him, he receiv'd the *Shipping*, the *Convoy*, with every thing elſe that *neceſſity* demanded for the *voyage*, and with all the *Romans* that were *Priſoners* with him, parted from *Iol*, and a few days after embarquing at the next *Port*, took his way to *Rome*, full of ſhame and confuſion.

The young King, perceiving himſelf to ſit faſt on his *Throne*, rewarded the ſervices he had receiv'd of his Subjects with a grand *munificence*, eſpecially thoſe of *Hippias* and *Liſippus*, who were rais'd to the talleſt offices in the *Kingdome*; and if the poſſeſſion of *riches* and *honour* could have rais'd my *felicity*, which I ever bounded within other limits, I had there full cauſe to be ſatisfied with my *fortune*: but ſcarce had the people taſted the firſt ſweets of his Government, when he was advertis'd by ſome veſſels that return'd from ſcouring the Seas, that *Auguſtus* had ſent out a Fleet againſt him, under the charge of *Domitius Ænebarbus*, who of all the *Roman* Captains, had the deepeſt experience in *Sea Commands*: at the allarm of this intelligence (which was ſo far from ſurprizing my *Prince*, as his *expectation* was ever prepar'd to receive it) he ramaſſed his Forces that were yet undisbanded, to which by new levies he had added great numbers, and marching down to the Sea ſide, he embarqu'd in perſon with them in veſſels of War that lay there ready to receive

them, and with more than 200 Sails, went to meet *Ænobarbus*, who was already come within ſight of the *African ſhoar*; the *Enemies Army* did equal, if not out-number ours, commanded by a great and famous Captain, yet *Coriolanus* aborded it with as much confidence, as if fate it ſelf had aſſur'd him *victory*, and without further delay preſented, and gave him battel.

There has not poſſible been ſeen a more furious *conflict* upon the *Sea*, the *advantages* were hotly diſputed on both ſides for a whole day together, but at laſt the inſuperable *valour* of our *Prince* forc'd them to an entire ſtay upon our party; the Enemies fleet was totally defeated, their Ships part taken, the reſt ſunk, and the General *Domitius*, perceiving deſpair had got the aſcendant, ſav'd himſelf by the courteſie of night, which began to hide the world about the end of the *Combat*, and doubtleſs carried news to *Rome*, capable to make *Auguſtus* repent the injuries he had done my Maſter.

After that famous victory, he triumphantly return'd to ſhoar, ſuppoſing his Enemies ſo enfeebled by that laſt defeat, (the *Roman puiſſance* ever conſiſting more in *Land Forces*, than the number of Ships, or experimented Sea-men) as he judg'd it would coſt them a long recruit, before they could recover a condition, to diſcompoſe the peace of his *Dominions*.

He was receiv'd like a *God* in all the Cities as he paſs'd, and being return'd to the Capitol, he ſtaid there a whole Month, which (by advice of the prudenteſt heads about him) he ſpent in rectifying and receiving the Laws of the Kingdome, which the Tyranny

Tyranny of Governours had oppreſs'd with grand diſorders.

But now my diſcourſe has far enough follow'd the War, and Affairs of State, I come back to *Love*, which ſtrikes the greateſt ſtroak in my Story, nor could ever my Maſters *ſpirit*, in the throng of his greateſt *employments*, obtain licence to lay aſide that *Paſſion* for a moment: of this I am able to paſs a better account than any other, for to me alone he did the *honour* to communicate his thoughts of that nature, and of all men living, I was he that leaſt ignor'd them; a hundred times when involv'd in the greateſt preſſure of Affairs, when the threats of danger ſpoke loudeſt, has he drawn me aſide to talk of *Cleopatra*, that remembrance has taken the *tribute* of a hundred ſighs a day from his breaſt, and ſtill in occaſions the moſt important, the *Idea* of that *Princeſs* re-aſſayling his ſpirit, forced him to betray continued proofs, that Love was his *Maſter-paſſion*. Emilius, *would he often ſay, the* Gods *can atteſt, that I would not ſtruggle ſo eagerly for this* Crown, *had I not deſign'd it an* offering to Cleopatra, *I am aſham'd ſo long to ſee a* Princeſs *that merits to wear the* Diadem *of the* world, *and a* Princeſs *who for my ſake refuſes the* Son *of* Livia, *the greateſt Match among the* Romans, *ſerv'd by a man that does not poſſeſs one* Inch *of* Land, *nor the property of ſo much as one ſingle manſion to entertain her. Ah! could my adorable* Princeſs, added he, mingling ſighs and words, *but ſee, through the diſtance that divides us, what tortures her abſence has inflicted, ſure the generous inclinations ſhe has for me, would give her a ſhare in theſe ſufferings, a thouſand times worſe than any* Auguſtus *intended me,*

and were I not resolv'd to invest my self in the condition I promis'd her, to embolden demands, & raise me a power of obtaining by her friends consent that perfection of felicity, *tis not the desire of acquiring* Empires, *nor the fear of* Augustus puissance, *should bar me longer from her presence.* There passed not a day wherein he did not discourse with me upon the same *subject*, & while the night lasted, in spight of other *thoughts*, that attempted to traverse those of his *love*, that *ador'd Image* could never be depos'd from the Throne of his remembrance: one of his greatest perplexities was, that he could learn no news of her *affairs*, nor easily send her an account of his, for the vast tract of Sea betwixt them, and the cessation of Commerce (because of the War) betwixt *Mauritania* and *Italy*: however, not enduring to continue in that *Condition*, nor be longer ignorant how *Cleopatra*'s was stated; immediately after his victory against *Ænobarbus*, he sent his faithful Servant *Strato* in a vessel that he caus'd to be rigg'd for the purpose, and, having instructed him in the order he was to observe in his addresses to the *Princess* and *Marcellus*, he deliver'd him letters for both, which he did me the honour to shew me, that to *Cleopatra* spoke thus.

Coriolanus Juba, King *of* Mauritania, *to the* Princeſs Cleopatra.

"I would ſay that fortune has been kind, had I "power (while divided from you) to taſt any "happineſs, and I am able to lay the oblation of a "*Crown* at your feet, without holding it by the right "of an Enemies favour; to give it a better title to "your acceptance, could my wiſhes involve the "whole worlds obedience, yet I ſhould prize it much "below the value of this glorious ſervitude, which "my whole life ſhall prefer to the throne of the *uni-*"*verſe.* This faithful *Servant* I ſend you, will ſee "*Rome* but a few daies before me, and I ſhall quick-"ly be at your feet, not to make good my *promiſe*, "whereof the advantages will all reſult to my ſelf, "but to ſummon yours, of which, I hope, *my Divine* "*Princeſs*, you will ſtill prefer the remembrance, as "I ſhall guard to my Tomb, the inviolable deſign "of ever continuing faithfully yours. That to *Marcellus* was thus indited.

Juba Coriolanus *King of* Mauritania, *to Prince* Marcellus.

I Should ask your pardon, my dear Brother, *for prevailing with my self, to hide any thing from you, if your own knowledge did not instruct you, that my silence sprung from the care of your safety; in giving my design to your breast, against* Cæsar's Interests, *I had either posed your amity, by exacting too hard a proof, and if you had kept it entire, render'd you faulty to* Augustus, *to whom your* respects *and* affections *are the children of* Justice. *I will say my projections have happily succeeded, if, what I have gain'd by their event, has not lost me your friendship, and if you be not so neerly alli'd to your* Unkles *resentments, to blot out the memory of a friend, that owes you all, and from whom you may command all things; I shall suddenly be with you in person, to demand those proofs of your affection, and really to protest, that the* recovery *of my* right, *and the* conservation *of my* life, *are things a thousand times less dear than your amity.*

Coriolanus had written to the *Princess Octavia*, but he fear'd an unhappy surprizal of his *letters*, might render her suspected to *Augustus*, and only commanded *Strato*, to deliver her in his behalf, *protestations* of an immortal *fidelity*; if he made no use of the same Caution for *Marcellus*, it was because he knew *Cæsar* was too well instructed in their intimacy to believe all that was past had power to cancel it, and that his letter would rather justifie than impeach him.

Strato

Strato thus diſpatch'd, my *Maſter*, as I told you, beſtow'd ſome time in the reparation of thoſe things that the *wicked Governours* had ruin'd, and in the diſpoſal of theſe cares, diſcloſed a thouſand *vertues* to his people that made them his *Idolaters*, and got him the *admiration* of all that knew it.

I ſhall now trace this ſubject no further, becauſe I am called to a recital of more importance, and, after relating the happy events of my *Maſters life*, 'tis fit my Diſcourſe ſhould ſucceed to thoſe, that compoſe his preſent condition.

In ſtead of eaſing the inward anguiſh, which *Cleopatra*'s abſence had inflicted, by the *lenitive* of *time*, every day render'd it more ſenſible, and the ſame thing that to perſons leſs wounded would have proved a *Cure*, only ſerv'd to redouble his *malady*, which got at laſt to that height, as it chas'd all things from his memory that offer'd comfort; the deſire of returning, as his promiſe bound him, to *Cleopatra*, to demand her in *Marriage* of *Octavia*, (as the *Princeſs* and he reſolv'd at parting) and conduct her to the poſſeſſion of thoſe *Crowns*, which he had acquir'd for her only, made him let fall the care that belonged to the *conſervation* of an Eſtate, but weakly aſſured from the power of his *Enemies*; & though thoſe, to whom he communicated any part of his *deſign*, advis'd him not ſo ſoon to abandon a *Country*, wherein his preſence was yet very neceſſary, and repreſented the inconveniences that might enſue his departure, he was ſo tormented with the violence of his *paſſion*, as the preſervation of two ſuch *Realms*, could not prevail for the reſidence it demanded.

After

After the reaſons had been bandied enough on both ſides, no longer able to reſiſt the motions that enforced it, he reſolved his departure, and no ſooner reſolved it, but remitting the Government into the hands of *Cleomedes*, *Ariſtippus*, *Hippias* and *Liſippus*, he put himſelf upon the way, diſcovering his intentions to none but thoſe four perſons, in whom he repoſed more confidence than all the reſt; he would take no greater *Equipage* with him, than ſuited with a private man, and thus with no more but three *Ships*, we imbarqu'd at the *Promontory* of *Baree*, and by the help of a favourable gale, bent our courſe towards *Italy*. If in the *voyage* we made the year before, my Maſter condemned the officious haſt of the winds, that poſted us ſo faſt to the *African ſhoar*, his impatience now producing revers'd effects, made him chide their ſloath for driving our *Sails* with too ſoft a breath towards *Italy*; and in all that vaſt tract of Sea, which divides it from *Affrica*, he ſcarce chang'd a word with any but my ſelf, with whom he had only power to treat on that ſubject, which had entirely ſeized all his *thoughts*.

Fortune that had ever favour'd him, ſince he quitted *Rome*, lent him one ſmile more in a propitious wind for his *voyage*, and after a peaceable *Navigation*, we were already come within ken of the *Italian Coaſt*, when we ſpy'd a *veſſel* making towards us; which, becauſe the *windes* were leſs ſerviceable to their wiſhes than ours, came up very ſlowly, but at laſt we aborded, and preſently knew her to be the ſame that was aſſigned *Strato* for the *Roman voyage*.

Of

Of this *Coriolanus* was no ſooner advertis'd, but he mounted the hatches with a haſty impatience to ſee *Strato*, who was indeed in the Ship, and preſently paſſing into ours, came to do his obeiſance to the *King* our *Maſter*, *Coriolanus* greedily demanding the ſucceſs of his voyage: *Sir*, ſaid he, *it has prov'd to no purpoſe, and I found not one perſon at* Rome *to whom your Commands directed me*; Auguſtus *is gone from thence with the intent of a progreſs, as report ſtrows it, through all* Aſia, *and has taken* Sicilia *in his way, where the generall belief ſpeaks him at preſent, all the* Court Ladies *follow him attending the* Empreſs, *and it was his will, that* Octavia, *and her* Daughters, *with the* Princeſs Cleopatra, *ſhould go along in the* voyage.

Coriolanus, perceiving his expected ſatisfaction retarded by that *impediment*, ſtood long in a grand *perplexity*, and after the waſting ſome moments in a deep *meditation*, he enquir'd what was become of *Tiberius*: Tiberius *is in perfect health*, replyed Strato, *and gone as 'tis ſaid, from* Rome *with* Auguſtus, *with as hot a paſſion for the* Princeſs Cleopatra *as ever; that paſſion* added the *King* of *Mauritania, ſhall at laſt coſt him that* life, *which I unfortunately left him, and ſince it is allotted to affront my happineſſe, one of our incompatible threads ſhall quickly poſſeſſe the fatall* Sciſſures; after this, concluding from *Strato's* anſwers to divers other queſtions, that *Auguſtus* muſt ſtill be in *Sicily*, he commanded the Pilots to turn the *Prows* of their Ships, and we bent our courſe that way, with all the diligence the winde would let us make uſe of, but my Maſter could not defend his ſoul from the ſad thoughts that aſſaulted it, ſince his

his meeting with *Strato*, and turning his head towards me, as he lean'd upon my arm: *Emilius* ſaid he, *this unlucky beginning inſtructs me; to preſage an inauſpicious* Augury, *and my fears will deceive me, if I finde that full ſatisfaction in this voyage I propos'd at the undertaking*: *Sir*, ſaid I, *I thought you had held it indifferent, to finde* Cleopatra *either at* Rome *or* Siracuſa, *and provided ſhe perſeveres in her firſt intentions, you may finde as ſmooth a path to the execution of your deſignes in* Sicilia, *as* Italy: at this my Maſter ſhak'd his head, and ſtood long in the poſture of a man that diſtruſted his Fortune; in the mean time, we purſued our courſe without the encounter of any impediment, and, becauſe of the neerneſſe betwixt *Sicilia* and *Italy*, our voyage prov'd but a little longer than we deſign'd it; after we had paſs'd the famous Strait of *Silla*, we landed at the *Promontory* of *Pelorus*, there we learn'd according to our hopes, that *Auguſtus* was ſtill at *Siracuſa*, where ſome petty indiſpoſition had detain'd him longer than his ſtay was deſign'd, and that his Shipping lay at the *Promontory* of *Lilibeum*, where he intended to re-embarque for the continuation of his voyage.

We left our Veſſels with all our men at *Pelorus*, my Maſter reſolving to enter *Syracuſe*, with no greater attendance than *Strato* and my ſelf, in a condition the moſt unlikely to betray us: the ſecond days journey brought us thither, but we waited the arrival of night before we enter'd, and ſecur'd by the favour of her ſhades, ſought for a private lodging, which at laſt we found with toyl enough (though *Syracuſa* be one of the faireſt *Cities* of the

the world) becauſe of thoſe vaſt numbers, whereof the Emperours Court is compos'd.

My Maſter paſs'd the night with great inquietude, and knowing the ſame precinct of Walls, inclos'd himſelf and the thing he ador'd, thirſted for an opportunity to ſee her with an impatience, that would not ſuffer ſleep to come neer his Eye-lids: The next day morning, knowing many perſons at Court were too well acquainted with my face to fit me for a day employment, he ſent *Strato* to ſeek *Marcellus* Lodging, with an opportunity to ſpeak with him.

In the mean time we ſtaid in ours, which we had taken neer to one of the City Gates in a very unfrequented quarter: my Mr. not willing to communicate with any, ſhut himſelf up in his Chamber, till *Strato*'s return, who brought him intelligence that *Marcellus* was lately gone from *Siracuſa*, meeting none that could inform him of the way he had taken, but that *Cleopatra* was with *Octavia*, and the reſt of her family lodg'd in a quarter of the City that was called the *Acradine*.

The abſence of *Marcellus* gall'd my Maſter with a very ſenſible diſpleaſure, from whom he expected all ſorts of Conſolation and aſſiſtance, and without him knew not how to compaſs the means of ſeeing *Cleopatra*. *You ſee*, ſaid he, *that my* fears *for the bad ſucceſſe of this* voyage, *did not want the defence of* reaſon, *nor could my apprehenſion ſhape a greater affliction than is befallen me by* Marcellus *abſence: Gods!* purſued he walking about the room with a countenance that betray'd the marks of his diſcontent, *have I thriv'd by your favour in thoſe occaſions*

occasions that so little imported to my life's repose, to be abandon'd in that that has the custody of all my happiness.

He staid in a longer controversie of thoughts about contriving the way to gain a sight of *Cleopatra*, without lighting upon any that did not threaten too much difficulty, there was not a single person in the Court of *Augustus*, that was a stranger to his face, nor could he shew himself by day in the City without running the danger of a discovery from every eye that encounter'd him; and consider, if you please, what a grand hazard he attempted by trusting himself in a City where *Cæsar* was in person, *Cæsar*, to whom he had given so great, and so late provocations to pursue him to the *Death*, and *Cæsar*, from whom his reason could never allow him to hope any favour, if he once fell into his hands; indeed he had not so maturely ballanc'd that act to clear him of precipitation, and if he precontriv'd some cautions to keep himself conceal'd, they were much lesse intended as antidotes against his own *Death*, to the fear of which, I never knew him let fall the least respect, than to start occasions of promoting his amorous *design*.

In the mean time he sent back *Strato* to the City, with order to walk before *Octavia*'s lodging, and strictly observe, if the *Princesses* went out, what company was about them, and the way they bent at; in vain had *Strato* rang'd too and fro, all the morning before *Octavia*'s gate, when, after the day was half worn out, *Fortune* guided his eye to two Chariots that stood ready in the Court, and keeping neer the gate with divers others of the City that came on pur-

purpoſe to gain a ſight of thoſe perſons, that were to go in them, after half an hours waiting, he ſpyed the *Princeſs Cleopatra*, with her two *Siſters*, the *Daughters* of *Antony* and *Octavia*, (faces that were all well acquainted with his knowledge) enter one of the *Chariots*, without any other company, and three or four of their Maids mount the other, taking not ſo much as a man along with them, only ſome ſlaves that follow'd the Chariots on Foot; they no ſooner turn'd their backs upon the *lodging*, but *Strato* kept at their heels, till they were out of the *City*, and, inquiring of one of the *Slaves*, which way the *Ladies* intended, he learn'd that of late the *Princeſs Cleopatra*, went every day out but thinly accompanyed, to take the ayr, that then they had deſign'd a walk in a very delightful *wood* neer the famous Fountain of *Arethuſa*; *Strato*, well ſatisfied with this diſcovery, poſted back to the lodging, and had no ſooner accounted the ſucceſs of his endeavours to my Maſter, but full of tranſport, he haſtily commanded three horſes to be gotten ready; and, follow'd by *Strato* and my ſelf, went out of the *City*, by the ſame gate that was neer our lodging: the ſhortneſs of the way he was to ride in the Streets, made him a probability of paſſing without much danger, and once out of the *City*, he had the whole breadth of the fields, that ſurrounded the walls, to ſhun the encounter of any that he ſaw in his paſſage; not that we were out of the ſhot of danger, but his paſſion had enfranchis'd all his fears, and to humour the motive wherewith that inſpir'd him, he ſlighted every thing that recommended to his care the ſafety of his life. The *Fountain* of *Arethuſa*, is ſo publick-

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ly known about *Siracusa*, as we found it easie to get directions of the way from every person we met, and in a short time having rounded a part of the City, we put our selves upon the track of the *Chariots*, and follow'd the great road that the Ladies had taken: half an hours hard riding brought us within sight of the wood, at the entrance of which we found the *Chariots*, whence the Ladies were allighted to walk among the trees; my Master forgot not to thank the *Gods* for the favour of this encounter, and knowing no reason to suspect either the Sisters of *Marcellus*, or their Maids, he believed he might accost *Cleopatra* with the greater security, because they were alone, and all the slaves staid with the Chariots by their Command; we pass'd a little further by the woods side, till we came up to an *advenue* that lead our eies to the *Princesses*, who walk'd together hand in hand, their Maids seated upon a green bank, about a hundred paces distant: I know not what timorous presage helped the object to strike a *horrour* through all my Masters joynts, but he felt agitations in his soul that were not ordinary, & imputed them to the height and heat of his affection, that after a whole years absence could not be temperately restor'd to the sight of her, that had his heart in custodie; and having commanded me to light with himself and follow him, he left *Strato* at the woods side with our horses, and advanced with hasty steps towards the *Ladies*; when he was approached within 50 paces, the noise we made stop'd their *walk*, and turned their faces towards us; the *Princess Cleopatra*'s *habit* was mean, her dress neglected, and her *face* very pale, but still as my *Master* lessen'd the di-

diſtance betwixt them, a wavering colour often went and came in her *cheeks*, and when he was come neer, I obſerved her ſtiffen'd with aſtoniſhment, as if ſhe had been *Planet-ſtruck*: my Maſter quickly laid himſelf at her *feet*, and embracing her knees with an amorous tranſport, his paſſion roſe to ſuch a tyde, as it drown'd the paſſage of his words, not ſo much as ſuffering the eſcape of a ſingle *ſillable*, but *Cleopatra* had no ſooner faſten'd her eies to his *viſage*, and taken back the aſſurance her ſudden ſurprizal had ſequeſter'd, but turning towards her *Siſters* with an action that expos'd the ſecond part of her amazement: *Gods!* ſaid ſhe, *is this* Coriolanus *himſelf we ſee before us?* My Maſter ſav'd the *Ladies* a labour to anſwer her, and raiſing his eies to fix them upon *Cleopatra's face*; *Yes* Madam, ſaid he, *'tis* Coriolanus *himſelf, and if you have thought his memory worth the preſerving, he is not chang'd enough to poſe your knowledge.*

At this, the *Princeſs* diſſipated the aſtoniſhment that appear'd at firſt bluſh in her *viſage* but it was to plant all the marks of a violent choler in the place, and regarding my Maſter with eies that overflow'd with *rage* and *indignation*, after ſhe had rudely thrown ope his *Arms*, that were tyed about her knees: *Baſe man*, ſaid ſhe, *is it poſſible thou ſhouldeſt bring a face into my preſence, and not fear to find among the many Enemies thou com'ſt to ſeek, a death proportion'd to thy treacheries?*

This language ſtruck my *Maſter* into a deeper amazement, than if a hundred *Cartloads* of *Thunderbolts* had fallen at his feet, &c, not able to manage his reſolution in a diſaſter ſo unexpected, a hundred ſe-

veral changes glided over his face in a moment, which, poſſible confirmed the Princeſs in her angry error: yet preſſing his *Courage* upon the employment of exploring his *misfortune*, and unwilling to betray ſo much *Innocence*, by ſtanding dumb to his accuſation: *Is it I*, Madam cryed he, *is it I that you impeach of baſeneſs and treachery? Yes 'tis thy ſelf*, replyed the Princeſs, *but ſince thy unworthineſs has appeared not only to all* Rome, *but the whole* Empire; *beſides, 'tis to the* world *thou oweſt thy Juſtification, and not to me, who does neither deſire, nor will accept it at thy hands; if thou think'ſt the addition of thy new* dignity *can ſet thee at a higher rate than before, thou ſhouldeſt addreſs thy ſelf to other perſons than thoſe that ſcorn thee as much, now thou art* King *of* Mauritania, *as they prized thee before, while they believed* Vertue *was all thy* patrimony: *the perſon thou lov'ſt requites thee with as high a Contempt, as thy baſe heart has juſtly merited, and if thou wilt take advice from an* Enemy *that does not ſeek thy* death, *for* Expiation *of thy* Crimes, *thou ſhalt fly from this* Country, *that holds not a perſon who does not hate thee*: *Go Barbarian*, purſu'd ſhe, regarding him with more flame in her Eie than before, *go to the* Deſarts *of thy* Affrica, *mingle with the* Monſters *ſhe produces, and if any reviv'd* relique *of that* remembrance *thou once did'ſt cheriſh for* Cleopatra, *ſhould prevail with thy belief, there is a reparation due for the offence thou haſt committed, know thou canſt not pay it better, than by an Eternal* Divorcement *of thy ſelf from her Preſence.*

After theſe words, which took away my *Maſters Speech*, his *aſſurance*, and robb'd him of the very uſe

uſe of his *reaſon*, turning her ſelf to one of the *Princeſſes*; *Let us go*, Siſter, ſaid ſhe, *for Heavens ſake take me away from hence, I can ſtay no longer*: At theſe words, propping her ſelf on either ſide with her Siſters, ſhe fled from my Maſter, as if he had been a *Baſilisk*, or ſome other *Monſter* more dangerous; and running as faſt as her legs could carry her towards the *Chariots*, ſhe left the Prince leaning againſt a tree, without either voice to reply, or force to follow her, in a neerer reſemblance to a *marble figure*, than a *living* perſon.

'Tis here Sir, I feel my ſelf too feeble to repreſent the grief that ſhot it ſelf through the Soul of my poor Prince, and ſtill my memory prompts me with lamentable eſtate, whereto I ſaw him then reduc'd, I have a hard task to keep the marks of my affliction from breaking at liberty, certainly woe did never ſtamp it ſelf before upon any ſpirit with ſo lively an impreſſion, and had but *Cleopatra* ſtaid long enough to witneſs the effects it produc'd, though her anger had borrowed the *reſentment* and *Soul* it ſelf of *Tiberius*, it muſt have relented; the firſt thing he did after his ſenſes were once awake, and he had quitted the tree that ſupported him, was to advance ſome paces forwards, as if he had intended to follow her, and crying out with a feeble voice: *Stay* Cleopatra, ſaid he, *and if thou fly'ſt my* juſtification, *at leaſt look back upon the* ſatisfaction *I prepare thee; I will not be innocent againſt thy will, and it is guilt enough to be the mark of thy indignation.*

At theſe words his eyes mantled themſelves in an Eclipſe of *darkneſſe*, his forces forſook him, and at the next ſtep he attempted to make, he fell upon

the graſſe without either feeling or knowledge.

I preſently flew to him all diſmay'd, and finding he was in a deep ſwoond, after I had often jogg'd and call'd him in vain, I ran to the *Fountain* that was not far off, and brought back water, which I threw in his face in abundance; at laſt his faculties return'd to their ſeveral functions, and perceiving himſelf between my arms; *Prithee let me alone* Emilius, ſaid he, *I would fain dye*; *So you ſhall Sir*, ſaid I, *if this miſhap that ſpurs you to it, can ſhew you a juſt cauſe to pick a quarrel with your life, but by the* Gods *aſſiſtance I ſhall not ſuffer it before you can make a clearer conſtruction of your misfortune; & what greater illuſtration can I ask*, reply'd he in a languiſhing tone, *than I have already receiv'd from* Cleopatra's *mouth, who in terms that needed no comment, has ſentenc'd my life, in condemning me to ſee her no more*: with that he looked about for his Sword, which by a timely precaution I had ſeiz'd before, and the *Gods* were willing his grief, aſſiſted by the malady that then began to aſſault him, ſhould ſubdue his ſtrength to ſuch an Ebb, and the tender affection I had ever for him, ſo redoubled my mind, as what ever ſtrugling he made, he could neither wreſt mine nor his own from my hands; 'tis true, his unwillingneſs to hurt me, would not let him employ all his puiſſance which I could never have reſiſted, but I wound my ſelf into ſuch a poſture, as he would have found it hard to have forc'd my reſolution, unleſſe he had killed me: *Since thou wilt not ſuffer me*, ſaid he, *to fall by my own Sword, thou ſhalt ſee me run otherways to my death, wherein thou canſt not ſtop me.*

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At theſe words whoſe every ſillable was divided with *ſighs*, he roll'd himſelf upon the graſſe, ſtill pouring forth *complaints*, capable to have melted the ſavageſt *Hearts* that ever gave a rocky reſiſtance to *pity*.

After I had ſuffer'd him to take a long tiring upon his grief without interruption; *Sir*, ſaid I, *if you humour this obſtinacy, to run ſo eagerly upon your* death, *for one ſingle proof of* Cleopatra's *anger, you will ſhew leſſe* Courage, *and* Vertue, *than the meaneſt* Woman; *had death divorc'd you from the perſon you loved, were ſhe married to* Tiberius, *or any other whoſe felicity had power to murder all your* hopes, deſpair *might then be pardon'd; but for a ſingle fit of* Choler, *that may reſolve into the aiery nothing that begot it, for the* Caprichio *of a* Spirit, *who as it hath ſtrayed from* Love *to* Anger, *may ſtep back again with the ſame facility from* Anger *to* Affection, *or a* Malady, *whoſe* Cure *you carry about you, for a* Diſeaſe, *which, riſing from no other womb but* Report, *and foſter'd with a falſe* opinion, *will give way to a ſingle Juſtification, and flye like a thin miſt before the beams of truth; to throw your ſelf upon Death, is a deſigne unworthy of your* Courage, *unbecoming the* luſtre *of your* Judgement, *and diſproportion'd to thoſe great endowments the* Gods *have given you: I allow Queen* Cleopatra, Cato, *and the* King *your* Father *bravely fled the world, to flye the ſhame that was intended them, but that a petty breach (either made by Jealouſie or any other* motive) *in affection, ſhould raſhly procure a* ſelf-ſacrifice: *Ah Sir! and where ſhould be the* Judgement? *where the* Vertue? *where the* Reſolution *in adverſity? and where the* Conſtancy *I*

have ſo often known you preach to others?

Coriolanus was too great a Maſter of *reaſon*, not to diſcern ſome in this Diſcourſe, but ſorrow had ſo entirely prepoſſeſs'd his Soul, as *reaſon* & *truth* both loſt their *influence*, and had I not added the intereſt of *honour*, of which he had ever been more ſenſible than of all things elſe, my endeavours had doubtleſs been too weak to draw him from the *precipice* of *Deſpair*; *Sir*, ſaid I, *I know it muſt be ſome treacherous practice againſt your quiet that has rais'd this ſtorm in* Cleopatra's *breaſt, try to diſ-invalue the truth, which once diſcover'd, will either help you to diſ-abuſe the Princeſs, and wipe out thoſe impreſſions have been given her of you, or guide your revenge to thoſe artificial* Enemies *that plotted this miſchief againſt you. Sir, I aſſume the liberty to tell you, that your* honour *binds you to allow theſe reaſons, nor can you without ſinning againſt your Courage, reſigne to* Tiberius *(whom I ſuſpect the Author of your diſgrace)* a treaſure, *which none but his ſubtilty can carry from you.*

All that I ſaid to my Mr. though ill expreſs'd, was yet ſo ſtrongly built upon *truth* and *reaſon*, as he could find but little to reſiſt it, and he liſten'd ſo eagerly to the propoſal I made him, of ſeeking his revenge upon thoſe that had deſtroy'd his *repoſe*, as at laſt he concluded to prolong his days onely in homage to that intention; and after he had taken ſome time to ballance this reſolution in his thoughts;

Yes Emilius, ſaid he, *I will live and but live to no other purpoſe, than to give death to thoſe whoſe perfidie has drop'd ſo many ſtains upon my* innocence, *yet I feel my grief grown ſtrong enough to poſt me from the world, before it lends me the leiſure to act theſe thoughts,*

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unleſs a timely ſuccour prevents it: *O* Death! purſu'd he, lifting up his eies to heaven, as they ſwam in their own tears, *if by thy means* Cleopatra *may be ſatisfied, my heart ſhall receive thee with open embraces*; and thus he went on enlarging his laments, which would never have ended, if, (perceiving the night at hand) I had not conjur'd him to remount his Horſe, and return to the *City* where I hoped his *woes* would find a *lenitive*: as I ſtill preſs'd him more eagerly to retire, by chance I touch'd his arm, and found by the high diſtemper of heat, that a violent Feaver had ſeiz'd him; this fomented a fear of his life that encreas'd my importunity, which at laſt prevaled ſo far, as he grew contented to quit that unlucky place, where he had receiv'd ſo bloudy a diſpleaſure, to go learn the cauſe of his misfortune at *Siracuſa*, and find out *Tiberius*, whom we both ſuſpected guilty of laying the train: earneſtly inferring theſe hopes, I got him on horſeback, and at laſt drew him to the *City*, which we enter'd without any precaution, becauſe the night had already ſhed her ſhades upon the earth: we had ſome trouble to find our lodging, becauſe the *City* was ſo every where peſter'd and ſtuff'd with perpetual throngs of *people*, we were no ſooner gotten thither, but perceiving my *Princes malady* encreaſe, I quickly got him to bed; he would not be perſwaded to take any thing, nor did I much preſs it, becauſe his *Feaver* was grown very violent, but the next day it raged to that height, as I really feared his *life*, and within three more it was almoſt deſpair'd by all thoſe that undertook him.

I had no eaſie *Province* to combat his averſion to remedies, but the deſire of ſurviving the revenge he

intended, upon those that had ruin'd him in *Cleopatra's* breast, which still by perpetual urgings I remember'd to imprint in his memory, contributed more to his cure than all other considerations: but, to exasperate his *anguish*, the third day after he fell sick the *Emperor* parted from *Siracusa*, follow'd by the whole Court with the *Princess Cleopatra*, however I insinuated some *Comfort*, by representing, that he needed not desire to be neer his *Enemies*, so long as his *malady* tyed his hands, that when the return of his *health* had once unbound them, it would not be hard to find them out, & follow the motives wherewith his just resentments inspir'd him.

The fourth day his disease rose to that height, that he scarce spoke any more by the rule of *reason*, and was ordinarily in a high *frensie*, yet in the greatest *fury* of his fits, he had ever the name of *Cleopatra*, in his *mouth*, often those of *Tiberius* and *Augustus*, but I had the hardest task in the world to seduce the attention of those that served him, for fear his wild discourse should betray us: when his *senses* return'd, and he knew there was none to over-hear him, he would break into loud complaints against *Cleopatra's ingratitude*; and, sometimes figuring to himself, that the harsh usage she had given him, was the child of *change*, and sprung from no other *womb* than the *levity* of her *Spirit*, coloured with a *pretext* of *imaginary offences*, refer'd to which, his strictest examinations could not find a spot in his Innocence, he fell into a grief that disclaim'd all comfort, and held a Discourse with himself in the most passionate manner that ever was brought forth by the greatest *pangs* of *affliction*; but within one moment relapsing

ſing into his frenſie: *Ah! behold Tiberius*, cryed he, *ſtay the Traitor*, then addreſſing his language to *Cleopatra*, he brought forth a broken Diſcourſe without anyorder or method, yet mingled ſuch things in the wild compoſure, as might have given dangerous hints to the ſtanders by, had they lent attention.

When I ſaw his malady was like to grow tedious, by his Command I diſpatcht *Strato* to *Pelorus*, to ſend back all the perſons that follow'd us in two of the *Ships* to *Mauritania*, leaving none in the third but ſuch as were neceſſary to conduct us.

The 15. day my Maſter had a favourable *Criſis*, from which the *Phyſitians* concluded the danger overblown, and a few daies after the *Feaver* left him, but he was ſtill ſo weak, as it was long before he could uſe his legs, and it coſt him ſix weeks time before he recovered a condition to quit his chamber; about that time demanding news of thoſe that ſerv'd us, we were told in that *fame* talk'd of nothing elſe in *Siracuſa* but the *Mauritanian War*, that the *Emperor* (reſolv'd to pay back the *affront* he received in the loſs of that *Realm*) had not only ſent a 100000 men, under command of *Domitius Ænobarbus* and *Strato* to reinvade it, but had arm'd all the *African Countries* in his *quarrel* under the *Roman Dominion*, and denounced the threat of *War*, in caſe they refuſed to march againſt the new *King* of *Mauritania*, who in all appearance, not able to reſiſt ſo great a power, would quickly be trampled under foot.

Coriolanus rouz'd at this report with a *pique* of *honour* (for he could not bow to any other Intereſt) was ſorry *Mauritania* wanted his preſence in a condition to defend it, and I think the deſire to arm his anger againſt thoſe *Enemies*, that went to diſturb

ſturb the *Kingdom*, advanced his recovery.

In effect he made ſuch haſt to be well, as in a few daies he was able to ride, and diſpos'd himſelf to quit *Siracuſa*, when by a ſucceſſion of frowns, which as well as favours, took their ſhare in his *fortune*; *Lucius Varus Governour* of *Sicilia*, friend and neer *Kinſman* to *Tiberius*, having learned, by I know not what means, that my Maſter was in *Siracuſa*, and the houſe where he lodg'd, came with a great *guard* into his Chamber, and took him *Priſoner* in his bed for *Cæſar's Intereſts*.

This accident marvellouſly ſurpriz'd me, but my *Maſter* ſhew'd not the leaſt *aſtoniſhment*, and regarding *Varus* (whom he had often ſeen at *Rome*, and known of *Tiberius* party) without Emotion: *Thou haſt done good ſervice for thy friend* Tiberius, ſaid he, *who, while I had liberty, could never have worn his life ſecurely, but now* Varus *thou haſt given it him entire, thou ſhalt do me a leſs injury by taking mine, than letting me live without a power to aſſiſt my* Country. *It is not the Intereſt of* Tiberius, reply'd Varus, *but thoſe of* Cæſar *your declared Enemy, and the obligations due from my charge, that makes me ſeize your liberty.*

This ſaid, he led us to a ſtrong houſe in the *City*, where he ſet a ſtrict guard upon my *Maſter*: at the beginning, *animoſity* had the upper hand in that action, but he had not long frequented my *Prince*, whom he often viſited, before his vertues had ſubdu'd him to a kind of repentance, and ſlacken'd his intended haſt of giving *Auguſtus* an account of his ſurprizal, for fear he ſhould pronounce ſome *cruel arreſt* againſt him, and poſſible he could have been contented to return him his *liberty*, if the danger of *Cæſars* anger, and his own life had not diſſwaded it.

it. However he caus'd him to be ſerv'd with all the reſpect his condition demanded, yet held him *Priſoner* three whole months, which, by the help of a greater affliction he ſupported ſo ſweetly, as all the time his Captivity laſted, he was never heard to complain of any thing elſe but *Cleopatra's unkindneſs.*

His reſtraint would have been longer, and doubtleſs more dangerous, if *Claudius Varus* Son to *Lucius*, a vertuous young man, that had ſerv'd under *Coriolanus* in *Aſturia*, and been oblig'd by many noble offices to his *generoſity*, had not return'd to *Siracuſa*, leaving *Auguſtus* in *Macedonia*, who is ſince paſs'd into *Aſia*, on purpoſe to come back to us upon the invitation of a deſign.

His father aw'd by the requiſites of his charge, and the fear of puniſhment, if he longer defer'd it, was at laſt conſtrain'd to inform *Cæſar* by a *Meſſenger*, that *Coriolanus* was taken; he that carried this intelligence, addreſs'd himſelf firſt to his Maſters Son to preſent him to *Cæſar*, but young *Claudius* had no ſooner learn'd the cauſe that conducted him thither, but calling to mind what a deep ſcore he was in to *Coriolanus* nobleneſs, and preſerving a marvellous eſteem of his vertues, reſolv'd to put by the danger that was level'd at his life, and could not have miſſed it, if once the notice of his *ſurprizal* had arriv'd at *Auguſtus* ear; upon theſe reflections he undertook to deliver the *Meſſage* himſelf, and the next day telling him that brought it, that *Cæſar*, already advertis'd what his buſineſs imported, had commanded him back to *Sicily*, with private inſtructions to his Father, he diſmiſſed him without the ſpeech of the Emperour, and preſently put himſelf upon the way to *Siracuſa*, where he render'd himſelf with

with a winged expedition; and quickly inform'd his Father he was ſent by *Cæſar*, to deliver him his imperial thanks for the affection he had witneſs'd to his ſervice, with a charge to keep the *Priſoner* as before, till he receiv'd a new order for his diſpoſal: In all his open *diſcourſes*, he expreſs'd but little deſire to ſee my Mr. and the better to diſguiſe his intentions, he hid all the high thoughts he had for him within the *maſk* of a perſonated ſeverity againſt him: but a few days after, when we leaſt dream'd of any ſuch aſſiſtance, we ſaw him about midnight, or later, enter my Maſters chamber.

Coriolanus preſently knew him, and raiſing himſelf up in his bed, to demand the cauſe of his coming at ſuch an hour: *Sir*, ſaid he, *I owe too much to that generous treatment I once received at your hands, & know too well what your* vertues *may chalenge, to ſuffer your longer ſtay where danger threatens ſo loudly; riſe* Sir, *if you pleaſe, and follow me out from hence, I ſhall preſently ſecure you your* liberty, *and put you in a condition to turn your back upon* Sicilia.

My Maſter too well acquainted with the vertuous inclinations of that young man to diſtruſt him, preſently calling to *Strato* for his cloaths; *I am too unfortunate*, ſaid he, imbracing his Preſerver, *to hope a power of weighing my requital in an equal ballance againſt this noble office, but if the* Gods *lend me the uſe of my life, it ſhall ever dwell with my memory, that I hold it of your goodneſs, and will ever be ready to pay it back upon your Intereſt. The glory that ſprings from the act it ſelf*, replyed young Varus, *does overpay the poor ſervice I have done you; but* Sir, *if you pleaſe make haſt from hence, leſt too long a delay ſhould forfeit the occaſion;* This ſaid, he

he commanded a ſlave to bring him his *Arms*, which, becauſe of their *beauty* he had tak'n care to preſerve, and leading us down by a little pair of Stairs into a *Cave*, we roſe again in the Street, at a breach made in the corner of a Wall, where we found four horſes ready to receive us (three of which were the ſame that belong'd to my Maſter, and a faithful ſervant of his that had been inſtrumental to the contrivance of our *liberty*, which was to conduct us to the *Promontory* of *Pachinus*, where there lay a Ship ready rigg'd to carry us away; I ſhall forbear the repetition of my Maſters acknowledgments to *Varus*, which fell far ſhort of what they would have been in another ſeaſon, when a greater eſtimation of his life might have ſet a higher price upon the benefit; but as well as his ſorrows would give him leave, he teſtified his reſentments of the generous act, and, by *Varus* importunity, getting on horſ-back, upon the pawn of his word for the mans fidelity, remitting himſelf to his conduct, we quitted *Siracuſa*, and rode all night at a great rate towards *Pachinus*, where we arriv'd betimes the next day, and found the Ship ready to receive us: after my Maſter had rewarded the *faithful guide* with the gift of ſome *Jewels*, we preſently went aboard, and ſpread our Sails for *Mauritania*. Two days had we follow'd that courſe, but the third, meeting ſome veſſels, known by thoſe that conducted ours for *Sicilian Merchants* that traffiqu'd into *Affrica*, my Maſter deſirous to know what report ſpoke of the *Mauritanian* War, ſtaid to ask ſome queſtions; but we no ſooner open'd our mouths upon that ſubject, when the men, very forward to unlade their news; *Mauritania*, ſaid they, is reduc'd under the *Roman Dominion*, thoſe which the King of

that

that Countryleft to command in his place, have been defeated in three *battels*, and all the *Cities* frighted by this ſucceſs into their old obedience, have open'd their gates, and implor'd the clemency of *Auguſtus*. This news was confirm'd the ſame day by divers other Ships we encounter'd, that paſs'd us a more particular account; we underſtood that *Hippias* had been killed in a battel, *Liſippus* taken *Priſoner* and carryed to *Rome*, that the Inhabitants of the firſt Towns they ſtorm'd, had been all put to the Sword without diſtinction of *Age* or *Sexe*, and that this politick rigour, joyn'd with the dreadful puiſſance *Auguſtus* had ſent to invade their *Country*, ſo intremidated all the reſt, as they entirely ſubmitted to whatever conditions the *Conquerour* was pleaſed to impoſe, that all the *parts* upon the *Coaſt* of *Affrick* were ſeiz'd and guarded ſo ſtrictly by the *Romans*, as it was impoſſible for any veſſel to put in without paſſing their *examen*, and in fine we clearly and diſtinctly underſtood, that *Coriolanus* was a *King* without a *Kingdom*, and of all that noble conqueſt, which had coſt ſuch ſeas of blood (by a diſmal viciſſitude of *Fortune*) there remained no more than the naked glory of thoſe actions by which he effected it.

One thing Sir I muſt tell you, that may claim your *wonder*; my Maſter whoſe important loſs might well have juſtified a grand regret, let fall ſo little regard of *Fortunes malice*, as his *face* ſcarce acknowledg'd a mark of a new diſpleaſure; and indeed his thoughts were ſo ingroſs'd with the ſenſe of *Cleopatra's inconſtancy*, as what ever power it might have exercis'd upon any other *Spirit*, his *Soul* had no room for the later misfortune.

After he had ſtood ſome time without expreſſing his

his thoughts by any of his actions: *Cleopatra*, ſaid he, *for thy ſake only I recover'd a* Crown, *but ſince it is fallen beneath thy ſcorn, and with it, him that prided himſelf with a hope to place it upon thy* head, *the* Gods *all know I have loſt it without the allowance of a ſigh, and after the ruine of thoſe hopes that related to thee, there is not another miſchief in Fortunes power, can ſink deep enough into my breſt to find a feeling.* At theſe words, he caus'd the Ship to be ſtaid, & commanded thoſe that ſtood at the *Helm*, to change their conrſe for *Alexandria* (where by report of thoſe that told us the *Mauritanian ſtory*, *Auguſtus* was ſhortly to be in perſon, & had already been expected by ſome that waited his arrival, to treat with him upon the affairs of *Aſia*) he reſolv'd either to periſh or kill *Tiberius*, whom his ſuſpicion could only accuſe for the late misfortune, to this he eaſily bought the *Merchants* conſent at the price of ſome preſents that he made them. And ſince it is now time to put a cloſe to this tedious *ſtory*, I ſhall only tell you, that after a happy *Navigation*, we landed ſafely upon this Coaſt, where our ſtay had been three daies old, when we firſt encounter'd you; ſo ſoon as we were ſet a ſhoar, he gave leave to the Merchants that had propriety in the *Ship* to put off again to *Sea*, and go whither they pleaſed, never troubling his thoughts with the care of his own return, & reſerving no greater Equipage about him, than *Strato*, my ſelf, and our Horſes: we enter'd very late and unknown into *Alexandria*, where we learn'd the *Emperor's* arrival was really expected within a few daies, and that the *Governour* was preparing to give him a magnificent reception, but my Maſter impatient of knowing further, ſent his faithful *Strato* to find out *Auguſtus*, with order to inform

inform himself, if *Tiberius* was at Court, and whether common discourse made any mention of his Marriage with *Cleopatra.*

The expectation of this *intelligence*, which *Strato* was to bring us to a house where we lodg'd not far hence, has detained my Master here; who, but for that reason, would have made no stop till he had found out a fit place to be the *scene* of his *tragick design*; in the mean time not able to endure the *Society* of men, he daily went out to breath his woes in the solitariest walks he could light on, & such a melancholy employment as this, guided him to the place you had chosen, where encountring the valiant *stranger*, you know what oblig'd him to draw his Sword.

See Sir the faithful relation you desir'd of my Masters *life, for the vast extention of which, all his* adventures *are my advocates to plead your pardon; and now Sir, you have that confirm'd which I told you at the beginning of my story, of Fortunes malitious obstinacy in the persecution of vertuous persons.*

'Tis true, said the Prince Tyridates, interrupting Emilius, *the world cannot boast a person that has given a fairer evidence of* vertue, *& grandeur of* Courage, *than the* Pr: *your* Master, *& had* Fortune *been impartial to his deserts, it would not only have re-ascended the throne of his Ancestors, but mounted that of the whole universe*; Thus he went on, enlarging the *Character* of *Coriolanus* merit with a greater *variety* of *praises*, which when he had ended, no longer able to stay from his sight, & perceiving the night approach, he went from his *Chamber* with *Emilius* to go visit a guest of that importance; but now let us leave them a little in this Estate, to return to the fair *Queen* of *Æthiopia*, whom we left in the power of the *Pirate Zenodorus.*

FINIS.